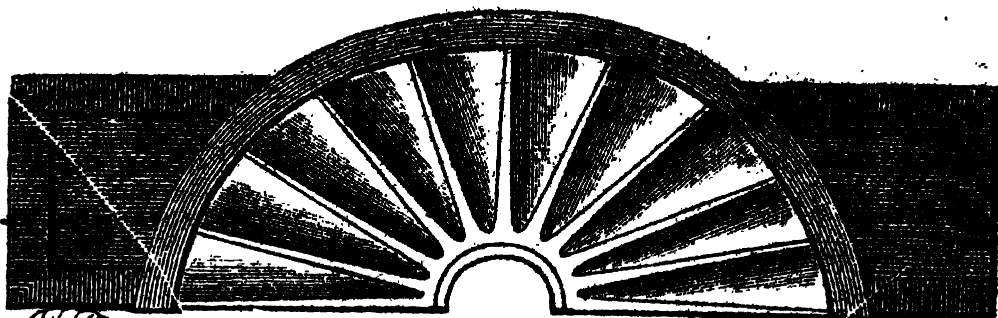
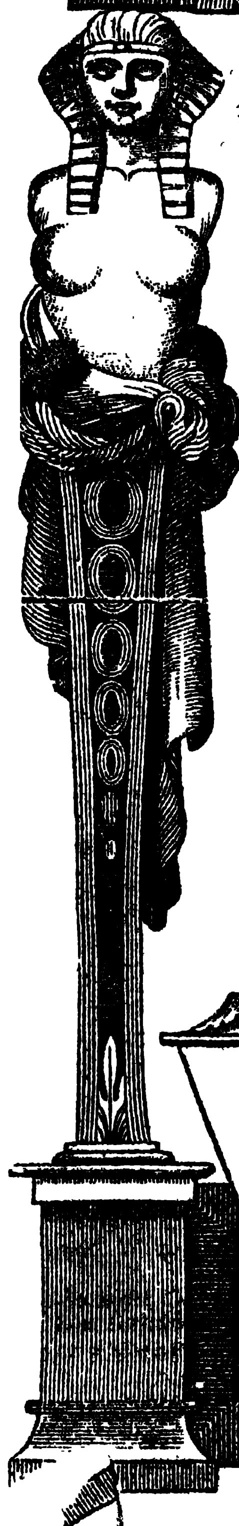
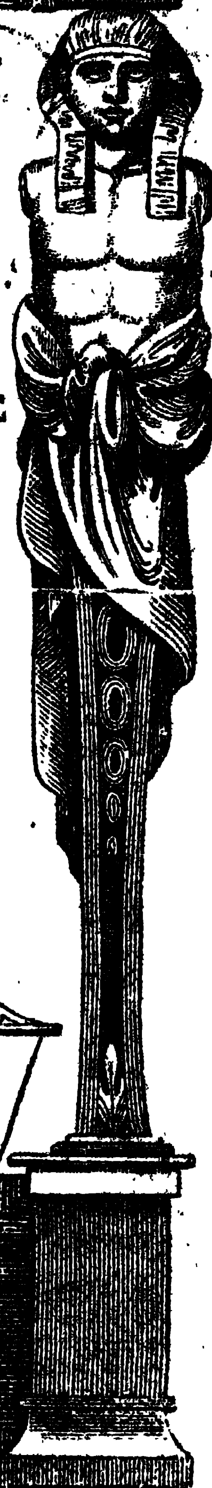






LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

OR,

COURT AND FASHIONABLE Magazine.

ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO

THE LADIES.

VOL. XXVII.

FROM JANUARY 1, TO JUNE 30.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY G. & W. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE; & W. SAMS, PALL-MALL.

1823.



AUSTIN

LONDON:
PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The completion of the twenty-seventh volume of "La Belle Assemblée" brings with it the grateful task of returning our sincere thanks to the Subscribers, for the kind patronage with which they honour our labours; a patronage which has now been continued, without diminution or decay, for a period of seventeen years. Amid the numerous publications which, during that period, have aspired after fame or struggled for existence, this highly favored Miscellany has had the good fortune to enjoy the gale of popularity, and to be borne along, unimpeded in its course, on the full tide of public approbation. It has not only given satisfaction to its old friends, but it has created many new ones; and while, as a Magazine of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts, "La Belle Assemblée" maintains its wonted pre-eminence, its Conductors have the pleasure of knowing that, in the best Circles, it is universally regarded as the Oracle of Fashion.

To speak of the various merits of the work, or of the improvements which are now in progress, would be superfluous: what those improvements are, succeeding numbers will best explain; and as the public taste will therein be alone consulted, so it is confidently expected that public approbation will follow. Some alterations must have been already perceived, and though they have not been very important, yet it is trusted they will be taken as an earnest of future endeavours, and as evincing a disposition on the part of the Conductors to keep pace with the liberal encouragement with which their exertions have been rewarded.

EMBELLISHMENTS IN VOL. XXVII.

No. CLXX. A very highly finished and correct Likeness of Miss F. H. Kelly, of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, engraved from an original Painting by Miss Drummond.

View of a very Ancient House at the Corner of Chancery Lane.

Two Whole-Length Portrait Figures in the Fashions of the Season, beautifully coloured.

Il est minuit, chant de la première heure. Etrennes pour l'année 1823, paroles de Mons. Le Comte de Lagarde.

No. CLXXI. A finely engraved Portrait of Miss Paton, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

Two Whole-Length Portrait Figures in the Fashions of the Season, exquisitely coloured.

Devine Moi, a Romance, composed and written expressly for La Belle Assemblée by Monsieur Le Comte de Lagarde.

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Two Whole-Length Portrait Figures in the Fashions of the Season, finely coloured.

The First Commandment, a Canon, by Dr. Haydn, engraved expressly for this Miscellany.

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The Lament of a Poor Primrose Girl, a Ballad, the words by Edward Ball, the Music composed by Miss F. E. Copeland.

No. CLXXIV. An exquisitely engraved Portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, from an original Painting by an Artist of Celebrity.

Two Whole-Length Portrait Figures in the Fashions of the Season, beautifully coloured.

The Drummer Boy of Waterloo, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, composed by H. Bond, the words by Edward Ball.

No. CLXXV. A finely engraved Portrait of Miss Mary Russell Mitford, from an Original Painting by Miss Drummond.

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Down by yon shining River, a Ballad by W. Scott, Esq. to a favourite Venetian Air.

SUPPLEMENT.

No. CLXXVI. A Group of Five Half-Length Portrait Figures. 1. Carriage Airing Dress. 2. Opera Costume. 3. Lane's Chapeau de Paille. 4. Evening Dress, and 5. Carriage Visiting Dress. The whole exquisitely coloured, and offering Specimens of the most attractive Fashions for the Season.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY 1823.

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A highly finished Portrait of MISS F. H. KELLY, of Covent Garden Theatre, from a Painting by Miss Drummond.
2. A beautifully finished whole length colored Portrait Figure, in Christmas Festival Dress.
3. A beautifully finished whole length colored Portrait Figure in Walking Dress.
4. A View of the Buildings, corner of Chancery Lane.
5. Il est Minuit, composed by M. Le Comte de Lagarde.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published.

French Literature.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to postpone forwarding their several contributions beyond the 18th day of the month, otherwise their insertion cannot be depended on, as the magazine is partially arranged for the press on the above mentioned date.

We must again repeat our request, that our literary friends, who send us notices of "Works in the Press," would be less tardy. We should have all such intelligence by the 16th or 17th of the preceding month, to the publication of our magazine, at farthest.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. Cowie, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months. Orders also, post-paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to No, 4. Brydges-street, Covent Garden, London.

TO ADVERTISERS.

London: Printed by J. M'Gowan; *and Published at No. 4, Brydges Street, Covent Garde*

1823.



Miss F. H. Kelly,

of the

Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Engraved by [illegible] from an original painting by Mrs. Drummond

London Published Jan.y 1 1823 for La Belle Assemblée
No. [illegible]

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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For JANUARY, 1823.

A New and Improved Series.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Seventy.

MISS F. H. KELLY.

Miss F. H. Kelly, the daughter of Captain Kelly, was born June 30th, 1805, and having from her earliest years determined on her arduous profession, made her first appearance at Cheltenham, (where she remained during the month of June, 1819,) as Amelia Hildenheir. After an interval of twelve months which she spent in Paris to complete her education, she appeared at the Brighton theatre, where she performed throughout the season, during which Mr. Shiel, the admired author of Evadne, the Apostate, and other successful tragedies, saw her, and advised Mr. Harris to engage her for his theatre in Dublin, not doubting that she was destined to fill the vacant throne of tragedy in London. He likewise introduced her to his friend Mr. Macready, who has since given her much useful instruction, and to whom she is principally indebted for her present success.

Miss F. H. Kelly appeared in Dublin January 1821, and after playing Juliet, Mrs. Haller, Virginia, Desdemona, and all the first line of characters, at the close of the theatre returned to England, to fulfil several provincial engagements at Birmingham, Nottingham, &c.

On her return to London, she received a proposal for Covent Garden from Mr. Harris, which she declined until she had more practice. Shortly after Mr. Young being engaged at Dublin, (1822) Mr. Harris concluded an engagement with Miss Kelly for the season, at the highest salary, in order to support him. After the conclusion of that agreement, Miss Kelly performed at various provincial theatres in Ireland, in order to obtain as much practice as possible, previous to her appearance at Covent Garden, where she uniformly obtains the universal applause of the audience, and is likely to remain a powerful auxiliary to her company.

ELLA,

A CHARACTER FROM REAL LIFE.

LIVELY, ingenuous, of various and elegant accomplishments, of splendid connections, with the most undisguised and contemptuous scorn of those who could not boast similar distinction; at no pains to suppress her almost adoration of our own monarchial government, or her indignation, amounting almost to rage, against the French revolution, and all its supporters; of exquisite taste, sensibility, and refinement; proud but affable; tenacious of her rank, but gentle as gentleness itself. Such was the female who will be described under the name by which she was always distinguished among her friends. Yes! such was Ella. This lady was first known to the author, and obtained a place in his recollections, by one of those singular accidents, which sometimes bring individuals together, who enter the world at opposite ends of the diameter, with different objects, pursuits, and employments, have but little seeming probability of ever meeting at the centre. Ella was extravagantly fond of poetry. It occupied all her thoughts, and was seated in her very soul. Among other trifles which our friend had written for amusement, and which had found their way into the world, a poem which had received more of his time and attention than he usually gave to such things, (for he did not estimate his talent in this line very highly,) was sent to a friend who happened at this period to be resident under the same roof with Ella.

It mightily struck her fancy, and she determined on obtaining the author's acquaint- Her mind was of that eager and ardent temperature, that having once resolved on any measure, she spared no time or pains in accomplishing it. She accordingly sent him by the post a copy of verses complimenting him on the late production of his muse in terms like herself, easy, airy, and elegant. The writer was soon discovered, (or as Pope said of Johnson *deterée*,) and a familiar acquaintance commenced, which was only terminated by death. If Ella's mind and talents had been under the regulation of sedate feelings and sober judgment, she would have been one of the most delightful and interesting creatures in the universe; but unfortunately for her, she was in every thing an enthusiast. She obeyed without reflection the first impulses of her mind. She read whatever excited public attention and curiosity, but she read to no effect, she impatiently hurried over the volumes before her, that she might begin something else; the consequence unavoidable was that in a very short interval, she retained no recollection of the principal features, facts, and characters, of the books she had recently read.

She also wrote a great deal, and some specimens of her poetical taste and talent are really beautiful, but she wrote with extreme haste, and revised nothing. She was particularly solicitous, and not always with sufficient discrimination to have a personal acquaintance with those of both sexes, who were distinguished in the world by their reputation for talents. Unhappily for her there was no moderation in her attachments, from which she frequently became the victim of artifice and fraud. Perfectly artless and unsuspicious herself, she thought that intellectual superiority necessarily involved ingenuousness, honesty, and truth, nor was she cured of this infirmity, till her fortune had been irretrievably impaired. Her liberality knew no bounds, and she literally gave, till no more remained for her to bestow.

Her captivating manners, her high birth, her connexions, her talents necessarily drew a crowd of young men about her, for many of whom in their turns she suffered love: but the flame was transitory in its effects, nor did she ever seriously entangle herself in an engagement which had marriage for its object, except with one individual, as unlike herself in every possible particular, as the imagination can conceive. Her playfulness and most bewitching familiarity often, however, were the cause of entangling others. Some might be named, who, though grave, reserved, and dignified personages, were unable to resist the fascinations of her charms and manners, and glided into her net with the easiest captivity imaginable.

(*To be continued.*)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

STRICTURES ON THE POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. 7.—J. H. Leigh Hunt.

> "Let but true reason once resume her reign,
> This god shall dwindle to a calf again."

To any cause rather than that of his genius may Mr. Hunt's celebrity be ascribed; often as he has told us he is a poet, we still remain sceptical on the subject, and for all we see of him are likely to remain so; nevertheless, as he has had ingenuity or good fortune enough to get himself placed on the list, it is our business to review him as such. There are, perhaps, few instances of such consummate vanity and conceit as he presents; and his affectation is even still more offensive, a fault the more conspicuous, from its being the very one he pointedly disclaims. There is no remark more true than that modesty is always the concomitant of genius: the petty pretender must put a good face upon the matter, and himself appear confident to infuse a disposition to confidence into others. This mode of acting has carried many a paper skull through the world with a tolerable reputation; for nine-tenths of the multitude will accept the appearance of a thing for the reality of it, and take up ready-made opinions, sooner than be at the trouble of forming one of their own. But with the discriminating part of society their impudence is even more intolerable than their ignorance; the latter standing by itself may be pitied or overlooked, but when it is in company with the former, it at once provokes chastisement and contempt.

How Mr. Hunt ever contrived to establish his absurd school of poetry, it is difficult to conceive; some of his imitators, too, really men of sense and talent. It can only be ranked among those follies of a day, which, with the infatuation of a mania, prevail for a time, and then sink into oblivion, thus will it be with Mr. Hunt and all

> "Procurers of th' extravagancy,
> And crazy ribaldry of fancy."

Novelty will often lend a charm to that which has no intrinsic merit, and there is no folly that fashion will not sanctify. The Ethiopian courtiers, when their king was maimed in any of his limbs, maimed themselves in the same; and it seems Mr. Hunt's imitators have gone much upon the same plan, and knowing the paucity of his brains, instituted a drawback upon their own. It is a wonder none of them thought of composing a dictionary of the words and phrases they and their "mighty master" have so industriously coined or revived; but they probably shrunk from initiating the vulgar into the divine mysteries of their school, and obscurity is a cheap substitute for sublimity.

John Keats was a man of genius, and the want of judgment that led him to seek a model in Leigh Hunt, must be forgiven and imputed to the immaturity incident to his years, had time been allowed, he would have proved an ornament to English literature. Cornelius Webbe is another whom this rage of imitation has spoiled: some of his sonnets are exquisitely beautiful, but slurred here and there with Huntean phrases. The productions which have appeared under the name of Barry Cornwall have merit, but have been praised far beyond their deserts. But it is not with his imitators, but with Mr. Hunt himself we have to do at present. He was educated at the Blue-coat school, and so precocious was his talent, that he was looked on by his friends as little less than the eighth wonder of the world—it is no wonder if they have since changed their opinion. His first *poetical* step on the grand theatre of life was "Juvenilia," stated to have been written between his fifteenth and eighteenth year. Under those circumstances it purchases an immunity from the severity of criticism. But we cannot forbear saying it is dull, heavy, and common-place, unirradiated by one ray

of incipient genius, while the advertisement shows the *budding* of that overweaning conceit which is now *full blown*. It is, however, free from the gross absurdities which characterise his subsequent productions. For some time he filled a subordinate situation under government, which was for some cause or other exchanged for the profession of authorship. He wrote for the daily prints, especially "The News." In conjunction with his brother he then set up the paper called "The Examiner;" and in the course of time published "The Feast of the Poets," a piece possessing some merit; "Liberty," a Masque; and "The story of Rimini," which we will take the trouble to examine, and to paraphrase Mardonius's compliment to Xerxes, is not only the most absurd thing that ever was, but that ever *will be* written.

That no part of this curious *morceau* may be lost, we will begin with the dedication to Lord Byron, which is, to our feeling, in a strain of offensive familiarity; this, however, may be false delicacy, since, if they are *really* on terms of intimacy, it is nothing more than the tone which intimates commonly assume to each other. But we feel the immeasurable distance too strongly—it is a pigmy affecting to walk with careless arm-in-arm ease with a giant. We would remind Mr. Hunt of the fate of the frog in the fable. He besides libels his lordship in asserting that he (Lord Byron) "likes his verses." It is very probable that politeness may have extorted some words of unmeaning approbation, for what are you to say to a man when he pops those home questions about himself, which such opinionated and egotistical beings as Leigh Hunt are so apt to do? The most fastidious lover of truth will forgive his lordship in such a case. "You have yourself," he continues, "set the example of *poet dedicating to poet, and it is under that nobler title, &c. &c. I address you.*" Who does not see the effort to establish equality, and "who but must smile?" It seems he should not have written the dedication, had he not felt convinced, "*the poem was capable of standing on its own bottom,*" and proceeds to add, that having vindicated his "*fellow dignity,*" and "*put on his laurel,* (how got he this same laurel?) to meet his lordship in public," he takes it off again to recur to the "humanities" of private life This is surely the *ne plus ultra* of self-sufficiency, yet we cannot help fancying we see beneath this bombast a conscious sense of inferiority, which the writer vainly endeavours to shake off; aware that no one else would do it for him, cost him what labor it might, he determined to raise himself to the elevation of the greatest genius of the age; but, alas, it is "Love's (self-love's) labor lost!" How weak, how impolitic to provoke such a comparison.

A peep at the preface, and then to the poem. "With the endeavour to recur to *a freer spirit of versification, I have joined one of still greater importance,—that of a free and idiomatic cast of language.*

* * * * * *

made an attempt to describe natural things in a language becoming them, and to do something towards *the revival of what appears to me a proper English versification.*" Peace to its manes! may it rest for ever, if it is such as we find in "The story of Rimini." The poem commences with a description of a cavalcade coming to take the bride from Ravenna. It was a fine morning, there was a "crystal clearness all about," the leaves were "*sharp,*" "*the hills looked out,*" very much delighted, of course, with the pageant, and "a balmy briskness came upon the breeze."

"And all the scene, *in short*—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathed like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly."

It seems the roads were "*leafy,*" a word we could have comprehended, had the season been autumn instead of spring; and "*the deep talk heaved,*" and "with *heaved out tapestry* the windows glowed;" at length

——————— from the walls
Firm, and at once *a silver answer calls,*
Then heaved the crowd.

This, and many other "rude heaves from side to side, is all for the *heavers* (whether coal-heavers or not is left to imagination) to see the "procession proud" of the bride. Among the objects worthy of notice on that brilliant day, it seems there was a young man

With the poet looking out in his earnest face.

The bride had a "*clipsome waist,*" and the people gazed at her with "*tiptoe looks.*" In

the course of two pages we meet the following repetitions:

> " Which tell us they look backward in the wind, [behind."
> The bearings of the knights that ride

> " Which thrown apart, and hanging loose behind,
> Rests on his steed, and ruffles in the wind."

> " But all are wide and large, and with the wind, [behind."
> When it comes fresh, go sweeping far

The horses of the Prince's cavalcade are described as having "*their jauntiness-behind, and strength before.*" The procession passes where the Princess is seated, and after an interval of "*stately length,*" comes by " a troop of steeds,"

> " Milk-white and unattired, Arabian bred,
> Each by a blooming boy *lightsomely* led."

Which same beautiful animals

> " *Lend their streaming tails to the fond air,*"

at how much an hour is not stated. After a minute narration of all that passes, it appears there is another interval, not as before, of "*stately length,*" but of "*a lordly space,*" and

> " *A pin drop silence strikes o'er all the place.*"

At length the young Prince, who comes as his brother's proxy, appears:

> " Never was nobler finish to fine sight."

This prince is uncommonly handsome, and he

> " *Lightsomely dropt in, his lordly back,*"

his thigh

> " *Was heaped with strength.*
> But above all, so meaning is his look,
> *Full, and as readable as open book,*
> And so much easy dignity there lies
> *In the frank lifting of his cordial eyes.*"

That this hero is a most wonderful fellow, may be guessed from the circumstance, that in spite of the rearing and prancing of his stead, he

> " ——— ——— on his back sits still,
> *And looks where'er he likes,* and sways him at his will."

The prince distinguishes in the crowd the poet with " the earnest face," and sends him a jewel, and on receiving it, " the youth smiles up." The circumstance on which the story hinges is, that the Princess mistakes the proxy for the real husband, hence the foundation of a passion which terminates so fatally. When the parade was over, there was some dissatisfaction among the people,

> " Who got in *clumps,* or paced the measured streets, [*heat.*"
> *Filling, with earnest hum, the noontide*

Who does not feel the *elegance* of the following lines descriptive of the Princess's sentiments:

> " *She had stout notions on the marrying score.*"

She finds the Prince Giovanni very different from his brother, but she resolves on a strict performance of her duties. We almost forgot to mention, in the course of her journey to Rimini, she met with a great natural curiosity—"*an old religious tree.*" Her dangerous friendship with her brother-in-law continues; they are much together, and she is the perpetual contemplation of charms of no common order,

> " A graceful nose—lightsomely brought
> Down from a forehead of clear-spirited thought."

> " It was a face, *in short,* seemed made to shew [*go.*"
> *How far the genuine flesh and blood could*

We have found a match to an instance of elegance, which we noticed above, speaking of Giovanni's disposition, we are told he was not

> " ——— *wanting on the generous score.*"

The Princess is often described with a " downward cheek," and a " double smile," which never having had the pleasure of seeing, we are at a loss to conceive them. In the course of time, however, her smiles were *reduced,* we suppose, to single ones. Among her luxuries she had a beautiful summer-house, situated at the end of a wood, to add to the climax of its beauty,

> " Indeed the whole was *leafy,*"

whenever you pleased you had the power of turning off "into a *leafy* walk," and there the buds kept "*leafy* houses," the summer-house itself

"*Looked lordly forth with many window'd ken.*"

This was the Princess's favorite retreat, and one summer evening she went there through "the low-talking leaves;" she sat in musing melancholy some time, and then

"— reached o'er-head, and took her down a book,
And fell to reading with a fixed air."

Paulo, her brother-in-law, strolls by chance to the same place, and stood some time viewing her through the window, and at length cries, "May I come in?" "*His smiling voice*" made her start, but she replied, "O yes, certainly." The hitherto virtuous wife falls from her innocence, and the short transport of a guilty passion is succeeded by bitterness and sorrow. Francisca betrays the secret to her husband, by some words she utters in her sleep, and he flies off to his brother's room,

"May I request, sir," said the Prince, and frowned, [ground?"
"Your ear a moment on the tilting

"*There,* brother?" answered Paulo with an air surprised and shocked. "Yes, *brother,*" cried he "there." They proceed to the place appointed, where the Prince said

"Before you answer as you can,
I wish to tell you as a gentleman,
That what you may confess—
* * * *
Will implicate no person known to you,
More than disquiet in its sleep may do."

Paulo for a long time parries his brother's efforts to make him fight, during which the dialogue is contemptible, at last he is provoked to draw his sword, but he rather plays than fights.

"Paulo retired, and warded, turned on heel,
And led him, step by step, *round like a wheel.*"

At length he manages to throw himself on Giovanni's sword, who utters a long soliloquy in praise of the deceased, very weak and very dull. Paulo's squire informs Francisca of his fate; she receives the mournful news with fortitude, and gives the bearer of it a ring, he accepts it with tears,

"And looking on it once, gently *up started,*
And in his reverent stillness, so departed."

Francisca died that night, and that the lover's may be buried in the same graves, their remains are carried to Ravenna, where the hapless Duke Guido receives them.

"He clasped his hands, *and looking round the room,*
Lost his old wits forever. From that morrow
None saw him after. *But no more sorrow.*"

In mercy to our readers we have omitted to notice many absurd passages, but they must already have had sufficient. Never had a poem fewer counterbalancing beauties, but it is but justice that we should endeavour to see if there is a brighter side of the picture. It appears that Mr. Hunt has sometimes very tolerable ideas, but he is always a bungler at giving them expression, his best passages are deformed with affected or obsolete phraseology, the following is pretty:

"And in the midst fresh whistling thro' the scene, [green,
A lightsome fountain starts from out the
Clear and compact, till, at its height o'errun,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

The apostrophe to Francisca is even still more unexceptionable,

"But ill prepared was she, in her hard lot,
To fancy merit where she found it not.—
She, who had been beguiled,—she who was made
Within a gentle bosom to be laid,—
To bless and to be blessed—to be heart-bare,
To one who found his better likeness there,—
To think for ever with him like a bride,—
To haunt his eye like taste personified,—
To double his delight, to share his sorrow,
And, like a morning beam, wake to him every morrow."

"The story of Rimini" is a fair specimen of our author's style and talents, and we shall therefore have too much regard for our limits to enter into an examination of any other of

his futile productions; he is so possessed with ridiculous affectation, that he cannot write twenty continuous lines of plain sense, and heaven defends us from the *ornaments* of his verse. His song of "Mary, dear Mary, list, awake," has been very much admired, but it partakes largely of all his faults—it is full of false imagery, and *sound* in the place of *sense*. From any other writer we might hope amendment—might suffer ourselves to anticipate future efforts from a mind purified by the ordeal of criticism: not so with Mr. Hunt, his errors are rather *burnt in* than eradicated by censure, however judicious or well meant, and we may therefore be allowed most devoutly to hope he will write no more. We *may* hope, but *dare* not expect such an event; for, if he pleases no one else, he certainly does himself to the utmost point of satisfaction. If we have been free with Mr. Hunt, let it be remembered it is only in his *literary* capacity, with his private character we do not meddle; and if he had kept his muse at home to amuse "little ranting Johnny," who, according to his father's account, sings "Nonny nonny," we should certainly have neither felt a right nor an inclination to have interfered with it.

THE MAN OF GENIUS,

A TALE.

The following narrative, if deficient in every other, has at least the recommendation of truth. The subject of it flourished some twenty years since in the fashionable and literary circles of London. It is delicacy towards survivors that induces throwing a veil of fiction round this tale of truth; which, if the writer of the present article lives to fulfil a long cherished design, will yet appear in a more enlarged form. The adoption of real initials is objectionable, and leaving blanks embarrasses a tale, I shall therefore adopt the name of Essex for the hero of this narrative, chiefly because in many points he bore a striking resemblance to that unfortunate favorite of Elizabeth: like him he was generous, sanguine, and impetuous, and like him unfortunate, in spite of all that nature and fortune had done for him.

Unfortunate men are often fatalists, and such in the latter years of his life was my friend, whom I have often heard declare that he had been so uniformly unsuccessful in every thing he had undertaken, that he verily believed, if he set up as a baker, the people in his neighbourhood would leave off eating bread. Thus are we ever willing to lay the blame any where but at our own doors, and even suppose the stars in confederacy against us, rather than yield to the suggestion of that internal monitor, conscience, which tells us in the midst of such sophistry, that our deviations from the path of peace, and prosperity, is rather to be traced to the blind impetuosity of passion, and an ungovernable temper, such at least was the case with Essex.

He was the eldest son of an ancient and opulent family; the Manor of B—— was granted to his ancestor by Henry VIII. at the dissolution of the monasteries, and one of his progenitors on the maternal side was secretary of state in the reign of James I.; he had also the advantage of descending from a family remarkable for personal beauty, and in this point he strikingly attested his consanguinity. In early youth he did not evince the genius which afterwards distinguished him, but I have heard it ascribed to indolence, rather than dulness, and I am more inclined to yield to the opinion, from having remarked a proneness to indolence about him, in every thing, but his literary pursuits, and it was probably owing to the same circumstance, that his father urged his preceptor not to spare the birch, an injunction which he strictly observed, for, to use the expression of my friend, "a forest of birch had been spent on him before he was twelve years old." The abolition of this brutal school practice, at least to a great degree, may be reckoned among modern improvements; and I should rejoice to see it extended to the army and navy, where the severity of such degrading discipline is often carried to a most dreadful excess. Corporal

punishment should be a *dernier resort*, and even then sparingly used, for I have usually observed, that it is a practice that brutalizes or debases the mind. In all large communities there must be modes of punishment, but may not these equally as well, nay better, consist in privation, imprisonment, or the wearing badges which designate disgrace? In all inflictions, on a creature above the brute creation, let there be some appeal to the *mental* character.

At the usual time Essex was sent to Oxford, and there he first felt himself free from parental and preceptorial restraint. I should not forget to mention, that, as some counterbalance for the severity of his father, he had ever experienced more than maternal tenderness from his mother, and was besides the decided favorite of *her* father. This old gentleman had many peculiarities, but all of an amiable nature; among these, was a habit of going up to bed of a night with his hat on, that he might bow to the picture of his deceased wife, a full-length portrait of whom hung in the room adjoining his bed-chamber, which having bent before with the most profound respect, he retired for the night. In after life, when the feelings naturally lose much of their sensibility, and the affections much of their fervor, I have heard Essex speak of his grandfather and his mother in the warmest terms of admiration and gratitude; in fact, in their loss he included that of all feeling and affection towards him from home. His brothers and sisters were all compounds of art, envy, weakness, vanity, and selfishness; the only difference consisted in the predominating quality, since they all combined those I have mentioned in different proportions; that which prevailed in the eldest brother was envy, in the youngest vanity, in his junior sister art, and in the senior selfishness. These then were the friends with which home was garrisoned, these were the scouts who watched their opportunities to betray his imprudencies to the unrelenting bosom of his father, and when he had once gone forth a fugitive, bar the possibility of return. And here, as in many other instances, I cannot but observe how much greater is the success of the slow continued effort of even dull intellect, to the occasional and rapid exertions of genius. While Essex at one moment commanded thousands, and the next dissipated them, his more prudent brother took the unambitious path of professional business, and walked with unoffending prudence under the paternal eye, at last saw himself possessed of an ample fortune, and rich in the expectancies from parental favor, he married a woman of family, and thus every way secured himself from every charge of apparent error.

At college Essex soon struck into the path of pleasure, and extravagance, with an avidity proportionate to the restraint he had formerly experienced, yet, to his honor be it spoken, with a moderation little to be expected from his impetuous and ardent character: his allowance dictated by a spirit of parsimony and narrow policy, was small, and his unvitiated unhackneyed mind shrunk from the contraction of debt or obligation, yet this was not sufficient to keep a nature prone to profuseness, from expences often, if not improper, at least unnecessary, and unfortunately he about this time formed a close intimacy with a young man whom I shall call Elliot, a year or two older than himself, who initiated him in the ruinous expedient of borrowing money on his future expectations. Thus commenced the involvements that entangled and embarrassed all his future undertakings—thus commenced the sacrifice of patrimony, which prudence would have left untouched, or at least retrievable.

Being designed for the bar, on quitting college, he was placed as pupil under an eminent sergeant-at-law in London. A new scene now opened to him, in the circles to which he was introduced, he soon felt the full power of the advantages nature had bestowed upon him; the fascination of his manners, and the elegance of his person, opened a thousand avenues to pleasure, and with a more prudent man to preferment, but with Essex it was the direct reverse; he was obliged again to have recourse to the money lenders; but let it be remembered as some extenuation, that his allowance even now was far from being liberal. Elliot's example, aided by the pressure of many real and some imaginary wants, hurried him on regardless of consequences, till the ruin was irretrievable. At this time the greatest expectations were entertained of him, both at home and abroad; his ambitious father indulged in the fond hope of seeing him

rise to the first eminence in a profession in which he was formed to shine, and intermary with some family of consequence that would aid such a consummation; even the envious spirit of the rest of the family was not unmixed with pride in his high endowments. But, alas! Essex was destined to disappoint the fond prophecy of friendship, as well as the reluctant anticipation of his foes; and here I must mention a circumstance, which perhaps served to assist the wayward current of his fortune. In one of his visits to his family he met the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, a very beautiful girl, whom he remembered a child; a mutual attachment took place, and the affair was soon the talk of the county; he was the pride of his native place, and she was every way his equal; such an union seemed to promise more than common felicity, and no obstacle appeared likely to interfere; all that was wild and exuberant in the character of Essex would then have found a proper channel into which to flow; that which no individual feeling could teach him to do for himself, he might then have learned to do for others, and he would have been solicitous of climbing the steeps of fortune for the sake of those he would have borne along with him. The cold policy of both the fathers interfered; *his* looked to his forming some noble alliance, *hers* could not think of her entering into an engagement with a young man whose prospects were as yet so undecided, and thus fell this bright vision of happiness. She afterwards married, and is probably now living, and would give a sigh to the fate of poor Essex if she knew it. I am glad to accumulate these excuses for the subsequent errors of my friend, for in the review of a man's life, people are apt to take his faults in the aggregate, without allowing any of the extenuating circumstances which perhaps originally produced, and afterwards continued those very faults, of which the unhappy object bears at once the penalty and opprobrium.

When the term of his engagement closed, Essex took chambers in Paper-buildings, in the Temple; but here, it must conscientiously be allowed, he was more devoted to pleasure and the muses, than solicitous to procure business; and launching out, as he always did. on a large scale, he soon found himself dreadfully involved. About this time chance threw him in the way of a lively woman, of French extraction, and, contrary to every principle of prudence, he married her. It is needless to pursue him through the long and unassisted struggle previous to his quitting England. In 17— he embarked for America, for the purpose of practising in the United States. His marriage had contributed little to his happiness, and was likely to make a temper like his even still more erratick, and we have it in the circumstance of his living among the brown Indians, writing a history of America, and a thousand things equally at variance with the duties of his arduous profession. With an encreased family he returned to England; but the scene was changed; he was no longer an object of ambitious expectation to his father, who threw him entirely upon his own resources, and refused him the assistance of a shilling. To any one else he scorned appealing; but they knew his situation, and should not have waited that to fly to him with succour; but alas, as he has often said, "the name of friend is not included in that of relative." I will not say that the friends and intimates of his brilliant days deserted him, for he no longer sought the same circles; by many he was doubtless forgotten, and many might remember, without giving themselves the trouble to seek him.

He was not long in England before he was thrown into prison for debts to a large amount. Elliot, whom he had joined in a hundred things, from which he derived no other consequence than rendering himself liable, was dead, and consequently the whole weight fell upon him. Under these circumstances his pen was his only resource, for no hand was stretched forth to his aid. After a tedious interval he was relieved under the insolvent act; but there were many claimants whom he did not include in his schedule, feeling himself in honor bound to pay them, and thus, though he got out of prison, he was still an embarrassed man. Let me here again appeal in his behalf, and pause on the circumstance, to show, if he wanted prudence, he was not deficient in honor, feeling, and integrity. In truth, Essex always *meant* well, but his best intentions were so often frustrated, that some, and more especially his own family, often doubted them.

In the course of some years, in which I lost sight of him, he had been again in America, and in Ireland, Scotland, France, and Switzerland. Death had dissolved his first engagement; and he had entered into a second, equally *mal-a-propos* on the score of rank and fortune, but far happier in those points which more materially concern the felicity of a wedded life. At this period he was in his forty-second year, though scarcely looking thirty, and as much behind hand in the world as ever, for want of a steady application of his powers. Comparatively speaking, he was now humbly situated, but I have seldom spent happier evenings than I did at this period at his fire-side. His stores of information were exhaustless; his spirits, in spite of fortune, buoyant; his conversation, whether serious or humorous, was indiscribably fascinating; he also read admirably; and we (that is Mrs. Essex, her children, and myself) have often given up a scheme of going with him to *see* a play, on condition of his reading one. Mrs. Essex was the soul of domestic comfort; she had the art (and no woman can possess a more valuable one) of making his home the true scene of calm enjoyment, and I was happy to perceive him more domesticated than he used to be. He was tenderly attached to her, I might say gratefully, for he has often told me she suffered much and uncomplainingly for his sake. He was a fond and indulgent father; and his children, as I remember them in infancy, beautiful. Had he at this period been generously taken by the hand, he might have subsequently done well; the effervescence of youth had flown off; he speculated now less from the pleasure of enterprise, than the necessity of getting bread for his children; and though time and experience had done little in teaching him caution, he was now certainly more anxious in the pursuit of money, and perhaps more prudent in the applieation of it, than he used to be. But he was an alien from the home of his father—because he was poor, because his unbowing spirit lost none of its original and prescriptive elevation in its poverty. His brothers were fortunate, his sisters well married, his father was in the midst of them, and adding to their abundance; while Essex, the neglected Essex, with superior rights, by the institutions of society, claims that mocked comparison in the qualities of his heart and the endowments of his mind, stood alone, as unconnected as if he dropped from the skies, without resource for himself and family, but the precarious one of his pen. There are men who would have forced and shamed their family into a different line of conduct, but Essex was not one of those; he preferred the proud liberty of telling them what he thought of them, than the being tongue-tied from the sense of petty obligation. It may probably be traced to this source that he preserved his spirits in the midst of suffering and misfortune, the independence of all assistance but what he drew from his own mind; and it may be forgiven him, if in moments of irrascibility he spoke and wrote with galling severity to his unworthy relatives; that he did so, however, was another instance of his want of prudence, since it not only barred *him* from the succour that late repentance or remorse might have bestowed, but his children also. It is a very coarse, but a very true remark, that some people are like hogs, of no use till they are dead; but the hogs of his family did not benefit him in their deaths, any more than in their lives; every stream which in the outset of life promised to flow towards him, stagnated or diverged, and every year seemed only to encrease his destitution.

The creditors whom he had hoped to satisfy long ere this, became again importunate; he had made every effort to reinstate himself once again in the world, but in vain; and in an evil hour he determined on once more quitting England. Previous to his taking this step, he paid a visit to his father, the result of which was the obtaining a small sum of money, and an annuity of sixty pounds a year. Having arranged for his family to follow him at a stated time, he embarked for a commercial city in Lower Saxony, under an impression, he told me, that he should there enter into business. I shook my head, knowing his utter incapacity for a thing which required patience, regularity, and caution; but I knew the inefficacy of advice in such cases, and to such persons, and was therefore silent. He entreated me to see his family as often as I could, and I never remember to have seen him so much affected:—"Should any thing happen to me," he cried, while the tears

filled his large blue eye, "they will not have a friend in the world—I am a wretch to whom ruin cleaves; my life has been one continued struggle to parry misfortune, and it is my greatest misfortune that I cannot meet the gulf alone, but must drag those along with me, who are dearer than my heart's blood." I assured him I would see them, and do all in my power to cheer their drooping spirits, till their reunion with him. His countenance, always expressive, thanked me with a look which memory has registered among the things which defy the power of oblivion. We parted. I saw, though he rallied his spirits, how low I left him; and it was long ere my own heart lost the sadness with which he had impressed it.

In fulfilment of his last request, I immediately called on Mrs. Essex; I found her in the calm reserve of suppressed feelings, and the rigid practice of frugality; the past had taught her lessons of sad experience, never to be forgotten; she had been content to have sat down with Essex in the humblest cottage, on a bare and deserted common, for the sake of peace. Her children had still the appearance of health and neatness, which always distinguished them; but she was herself thin and pale. In one of my visits, she was surprised at receiving one from the youngest brother of her husband; he was a young naval officer, very handsome, and very conscious of being so; very noisy, and very rattling. Essex had requested him to call, and he brought the children *some barley-sugar*. This was the utmost extent of benefit they ever received from this uncle, with whom their father was on tolerable terms. To a man without feeling and sentiment the scene was a dull one, to one whose whole life was one continued course of vain display, and idle and luxuriant enjoyment, such visits were a sacrifice, and in spite of all the promises to his brother, and the knowledge of their necessities, the lieutenant never called again.

In the course of a few weeks I saw Mrs. Essex embark to join her husband; she seemed to gather new spirits in the hope of meeting him, and she set sail with her little ones with my prayers for their happiness. At that moment, as I had often done before, I thought on Essex, and the strange fatality, as he would call it, which had marked his existence. With every prospect in early youth of one day occupying the woolsack—of being the head of the house of which he was born the heir; he had gone into voluntary exile, and in the event of his powers, the only sources of his wealth failing him, had only a pittance to depend on, which would scarcely keep life and soul together. He had besides been reared and habituated to all the luxuries and enjoyments attendant on opulence and rank; and I knew, whenever they entirely fell off, Essex would be a gone man. I was no stranger to the country to which he had flown—to the poor, or the struggling man, it was a comfortless scene; and the remark holds good almost all over the continent; it is true provisions are cheap, and so are the more common kinds of wine, but when you have said that, you say every thing; house-rent and firing were then (and still are) high, besides a thousand disadvantages too tedious to detail; but as there are injuries too petty to resent, yet too humiliating to be borne, so are there wants too trifling to particularize, though too essential to be dispensed with. London was the scene for Essex, and for all like him, especially with such a manager as his wife. Having no living language but his own, abroad he was necessarily debarred much of that occasional relief to be found in coffee-rooms, libraries, &c., and I easily anticipated the cheerless fate in which he had involved himself. For my own part, I would prefer a prison in London, to liberty and comparative opulence abroad, so infinite is my aversion to foreign manners and customs, so high my estimation of the comforts and resources which London before the whole world presents.

All I now knew of Essex I derived from an occasional letter from him, for he was often a negligent correspondent; I saw, with sorrow, that his spirits, as he told me, were far under proof, and trembled for the total wreck that would follow. I was sensible, too, how much the irascibility of his temper had increased. I had written to him on the subject of a work on heraldry, of which I was about bringing out another edition, and he thus replied to me:—

"I am favored with yours of the 24th, which I answer immediately from the impression of the moment, desiring you, however, to keep in mind that it is a subject on

hich I have neither taste nor knowledge, xcept as connected with history; it is *to me* disgusting subject. Had you written indeed n the abuse of titles, and shewn how rarely ey are merited, and still more rarely judiciously applied, it would have been interesting and useful; the quick strong *vitriolic acid* (not the dull subject of panegyric) is alone wanted to make it palatable. I abhor, and I will tell you so since I am in the humor, kings, courts, and courtiers, the uniform evidence of history shew, they are enemies to the rights of humanity, and to the peace and happiness of mankind; my creed is, that the very air is tainted which monarchs breathe, and that there is not a single flower of courtly growth that does not contain poison in its bosom or conceal an *asp* in its folliage."

This sally, considering I was from my relative situation included in its violent interdiction against courts and courtiers, was somewhat Johnsonian; but I knew the violence of temper, and the strength of expression he always used, and when I remembered the aristocratical principles in which he had been bred, which once tinged his character with a little of the tyrant, I could not help reflecting how the various opinions of mankind may be traced *not* to the result of meditative conviction, *not* from a just estimate of the merits or demerits of a question, but how they take their complexion from the waywardness of temper, warmth of passion, and bias of cherished prejudices, cherished because they gratified a momentary feeling of spleen, and expectorated because ejaculation relieves the heart. Thus it is that the fortunate man is perfectly satisfied with all the institutions of society, and feels no desire for the repeal of abuses which do not affect him, while the unfortunate churlishly refuses to acknowledge the advantages and benefits that have failed to extend their influence to his fate.

Circumstances in the course of four or five years induced a necessity for my visiting the continent, and I took the first opportunity to extend my journey to the part of country where Essex resided. I found him indeed an altered man; his person had lost much of its brilliancy, and an indescribable air of melancholy had infused itself over his whole appearance. The few years since we parted had been pregnant with misfortune; the commercial scheme into which he had entered, as I predicted, failed; every one obtained goods, and nobody paid him; his servants abused his confidence, robbed, and deserted him; and with a mind harrowed with anxiety, he retired to a small house on the banks of the Elbe. Here, after a time, the spirit of projecting rose again, and he set up an English paper; and this, with his talent, would certainly have succeeded, but for an event that no human prudence could have averted—the blockade of the Elbe. This again threw him back, and with a considerable loss. The affairs of the continent were at this time assuming a most serious aspect; the French were overrunning Europe; political changes were so frequent, and so rapid, that it was impossible to calculate with any certainty on events, and in such circumstances, with a large and helpless family, Essex may be forgiven the despondency that often overwhelmed him. "I am grown such a coward in life," cried he, "that I could at any time lay in my mother's lap, and be at peace."

I was never, not in the events that concerned me most intimately, most vitally, so shocked and hurt, as one day on going into his little study; I surprised him in tears. I am certain he then felt the certainty that his mortal course was drawing to its close; and though for himself he could not wish to arrest the hand of the remorseless creditor, whose shivering touch was already on him, for the helpless and gentle sharer of his many sorrows and misfortunes, for his unconscious and ill-fated children, he wished there was more sand in the glass. With the approach of death, it is natural to suppose we lose much of the strength and energy of character; I now saw that all resolution had failed the unfortunate Essex, and that, like a stately oak seared and scathed in many a storm, he waited but the next to overthrow him. He had lost the happy power which till lately had supported him of looking forward—reasoning from analogy, what had he to expect in the future—the past presented him too many "golden opportunities weakly lost," too many errors to lament; and the present was a scene of privation and struggling. In this situation I wished him to return to England, for here he was even without society, a dreadful loss to him. The English were flying in all directions, and of

those who remained, there were many he would not know, and some who, with the reserve peculiar to the national character, required to be conciliated, but this he would not do; humility had never been one of his virtues, and now less than ever, though the soul of benevolence, generosity, and affability to his own circle, or to the poor and unfortunate, his carriage was calculated rather to *command* the attention and respect of mankind, than to solicit or obtain it, for at the very moment that the influence of his presence was acknowledged, the want of the attendant circumstances of rank and fortune was seen; and that very air, which, with the regalia of state, had carried him through bending crowds, now only served to make them give reluctant way, and curious of his past history, rather than solicitous of his present acquaintance. In proportion also as he had lost the externals of appearance and situation, had his pride grown sensitive, and thus, partly from the impressions he made, and partly from the impressions he received, both often transient and fallacious, he lost many opportunities of forming connections who would have properly estimated his great qualities, saved him from the almost utter destitution of social intercourse into which he fell, and left at least an inheritance of friends to his children.

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE CHOICE OF SOCIETY AND FRIENDS,

(*In an original Letter from a Lady to her Friend.*)

My heart responds to your kind wishes for my company at C———, dear Harriet, and sighs for the verdure of the country, and the dear society, that would give a zest to all its charms. Surely it is the most unnatural and unhealthy of all practices, to remain immured in cities during this delightful season of the year, and yet we see the gay world seldom migrate till near its close. Had I the power, I would hail the earliest flowers of spring in the country, but true as the needle to the pole, return to town with the closing autumn; for London, as you very justly estimate it, is the centre of every rational and desirable enjoyment, possessed of every advantage and disadvantage a place can possess; and those who are blessed with some share of sense and circumspection, will embrace the one, and avoid the other.

Amid all my repinings at fortune, I have yet something to be grateful for; I have met much good society, a circumstance that stands very prominent among my grateful acknowledgments to heaven. I am not, Harriet, one of those who, to relieve the ennui of a tedious hour, would forget myself to a familiar gossiping with any casual comer, or when circumstances left me without society, exalt those into the rank of friends and associates, who were never designed for it. I know you will be inclined to reprove the pride of this remark, but believe me it springs from no such feeling. The qualities of the heart and mind are the standard by which I have judged mankind; the only inducement I have ever acknowledged, in shunning or seeking any one, poverty should form no bar to the reception of an individual distinguished by virtue and by talent, and feeling thus, I have naturally been little solicitous to the extent of connexion, or the depth of purse, of those whose society I have made choice. I have introduced the present subject with a view of reproving one of your few faults, a liberty you have long allowed me, and which, I trust, I have never abused. A polite silence on such points would make me, I know, a more agreeable correspondent, but a less worthy friend, and I would not gain the character of the first, by any sacrifice of the principles of the latter.

You have, in common with many young women, a habit of making your servant your confidant, and from the affability of your nature, and the seclusion into which circumstances have thrown you, your tradespeople, your associates, habits always weak, and often fatal. I am not passing a general veto against the classes of individuals I have mentioned. I believe, virtue and good sense to be indi-

genous to no rank, and denied to none; and if, *after the test of experience*, you find a being in the humbler walks of life worthy of the distinction, cherish that being by all means. But you allow yourself neither time to prove, nor opportunity to discover character. Remember that, in the subordinate classes, little time is allowed to the cultivation of the understanding; and I firmly believe, that the heart depends more on the mind than is generally imagined. That being who is confined to one spot, one circle, one employment, that absorbs every moment and every faculty, accustomed from the first dawnings of perception to the society of the uncultivated, is particularly favored by nature if he escapes the tinge of narrowness and vulgarity; and though these habits, at least the first, are too common among those who have less excuse for them, yet in a candid and even *unaristocratical* review of the subject, we should hardly hesitate in best chosing a friend, companion, or acquaintance, from our own walk in life.

Guided by this principle, after having passed through many vicissitudes which involved pecuniary distress, and much mental anguish, I have the satisfaction to say, I have formed no intimacy to which I cannot turn with pleasure; but with your disposition, it had been far otherwise. In place of the decent privacy, which makes distress respectable, and leaves a return to opulence, unincumbered by the consequences of indiscriminate associations, I should now have to lament many an ill-placed and abused confidence, and to countenance many a coarse and illiterate acquaintance, or provoke their enmity and not unjust reprisals if I slighted them. Do not imagine that I am assuming the dictatorial voice of superior wisdom, I am merely giving you the result of maturer years, and more experience than you have yet proved. Though with a mind much more fitly organized for the calm calculations of prudence than years, I can remember being a very different creature at sixteen to what I am at present, and am astonished that a few years can make such a change. Then I was for trying every thing by the old Roman standard, and expected, nay demanded, from every one a degree of perfection, which humanity cannot attain: in all my romantic speculations, I never thought of weighing the weaknesses, and deficiences of the mind in which they were brooded—but such is youth, ever blindly in the extremes; *now*, though not yet quite seventy, I am more inclined to take the world as it is, believing every soil produces weeds as well as flowers, and forgiving the one for the sake of the other.

I should wish you to reap the field of experience without having sown it, not but that I am afraid you have already scattered seeds enough to yield you some time hence a plentiful harvest of your own. You will tell me that you have a kindly heart, that yearns for the social interchanges of confidence and discourse. I am not questioning the goodness of your heart, but believe it is this cant of feeling that ruins many women. Before we can repose confidence, we must meet congenial manners and sentiment, the confidence that is ready to overflow upon every body that comes in its way is not worth having. And tell me (for I know the person) what sympathy can there be between you and your servant; you have not two ideas or feelings in common; you are leaving on record in your conversation and letters to her, a thousand ebullitions of mind, which you will perhaps be one day startled to find preserved and perverted; you will blush at warm professions of unmerited regard, and they may be brought forward to support claims you may not feel it right to answer. It is nothing but the idleness of habit, a habit which you perhaps never reflect on without feeling ashamed of it, yet still persevere in from custom.

Whatever may be your future destiny, you will find the friends and intimates of other years affect your happiness either directly or indirectly. However unsocial it may sound, it is better to have *none* than unfit ones. We create many wants, that have no real existence but in our morbid fancies; and this want of a *confidant*, so common among novel-reading young ladies, is one of them. In the strict meaning of the word, few of us can hope to have many *friends*; if we meet with *one*, we should be happy. And having found that one, cry with Rowe:

———"Who knows the joys of friendship,
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness?
The double joys, where each is glad for
both?"

In the choice of society, towards whom you



Corner of Chancery Lane 1798

may feel good will, and do good offices, without engaging the deepest sympathies of the heart, after the moral requisites of worthy members of the social community, regard their intellect, their habits, and their manners; the first of these will determine the quality, and the two latter the form in which you will receive either pleasure or improvement. Among the evils resulting from an inferior association, is the false estimate we are often led to entertain of ourselves, and the consequent arrogance and dogmatism that is so frequently the ridiculous characteristic of the leaders in subordinate company; another is the carelessness and inertia which it engenders, there is no stimulus, no collision, no *necessity* for observing those points, which though rather felt than seen, form a great part of the witchery and fascination of elegant society. "Rust will eat, where use does not wear;" and I am convinced you will be surprised by a thousand habits, expressions, and opinions which you have unwittingly acquired, whenever circumstances remove you to your proper sphere. I am aware the utter absence of society occasions deficiencies, but with a little attention they may be supplied; but an intercourse with the unpolished and uncultivated, encumbers us with habits that must be removed, before we can substitute better ones in their place. "Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase."

All minds either more or less imbibe a portion of character, and almost the entire of their manners from those by whom they are perpetually surrounded. How infinite the consequence then, to make choice of such as can impart no narrow prejudices to the soul, no false or vitiated sentiments to the heart, no unprepossessing habits to our exterior carriage. You will probably think I am a little too much of the school of Chesterfield, but believe me they are unwise who neglect the early acquirement of the graces of deportment. "A good countenance is rightly said to be a good letter of recommendation," but I have seen instances of its utter failure from its possessor being unable to follow up the first impression, while others to whom nature has been particularly unfavorable, like Madame de Stael, have talked themselves into beauties. The aggregate of mankind are superficial observers, and even the wisest are more swayed by appearance, than they are willing to allow; and though there are few worthy of being courted, all may at least be conciliated. So far, however, am I from wishing to make you a superficial creature, that I believe none can secure the benefits of a friendship worth having, without possessing a certain standard of native merit; and the politeness that flows from innate benevolence of character and genuine good nature, is worth all the graces that could be accumulated from all the courts of Europe.

OLD HOUSE, AT THE CORNER OF CHANCERY LANE.

Chancery Lane was the most ancient street westward of the city of London, having been originally erected in the reign of Henry the Third, when it was known by the name of the New Lane; which was subsequently changed to the title it now bears, from being so contiguous to the several courts of law. Of the house represented in the annexed plate, we have nothing particular to say, and therefore depend upon its antiquity and external embellishments, for a passport to favor; unless the public, imbibing a mania for antiquarian research similar to that which impresses the mind of the writer, should picture to his imagination, the various pageants and shows at intervals witnessed from the casements of this antique dwelling, which was peculiarly well situated for the enjoyment of such sights.

Its proximity to Temple Bar gave it a command of all that occurred upon the ceremony of opening that gate on particular occasions. For instance, when his majesty or any of the royal family paid a visit to the city, it formerly was, and still continues the custom to

close the portals, which are only opened by sound of trumpet, and the demand of the herald in his majesty's name, when the lord mayor, accompanied by his marshal on horseback opens the gate, each being bare-headed. As it may not have fallen to the lot of many readers to witness this ceremony, we will here insert a short description of that which occurred upon the proclamation of peace in 1802.

On this occasion the gates of Temple Bar were kept closed, in order to prove that the jurisdiction of the city of London is completely under the government of the lord mayor. The knight marshal with his officers, having reached this barrier of the city authority, the trumpets sounded thrice, when the junior officer of arms riding up to the gates, knocked with a cane. The city marshal from within then demanded, "Who comes there?" the herald replied, "The officers of arms, who ask entrance into the city, to publish his majesty's proclamation of peace." On this the gates were opened, and he alone admitted, when being conducted to the lord mayor, he shewed the royal warrant, which his lordship having read and returned, ordered the city marshal to open the gates, which being done, the heralds resumed their places; and the procession, joined by the city magistrates, proceeded to the Royal Exchange, where the proclamation was read for the last time.

On the eastern side of Temple Bar, was an inscription, now nearly obliterated, to the following effect:

"Erected in the year 1670, Sir Samuel Starling, mayor; continued in 1671, Sir Richard Ford, lord mayor; and finished in 1672, Sir George Waterman, lord mayor."

Independent of Temple Bar, our antiquated dwelling commanded a complete view of the chief entrance of the Temple, one of our most celebrated seats of law, which derives its name from the famous religious and military order of the knights templars. The original members of this venerable society were crusaders, who came into England in the reign of king Stephen, at which period they had a mansion granted them in Holborn, which was called the Old Temple. The New Temple was founded by this fraternity in 1185, where they continued until the order was suppressed in 1310.

After this period the Temple passed into the possession of several noblemen, and was finally given to the students of the common law, in the reign of Edward the Third; to whose exclusive use, with some trifling interruptions, it has continued to the present period.

Not far westward from the end of Chancery Lane, and in view of the house delineated in our view, stood the famous devil tavern, occupying the ground which now bears the name of Child's Place. This asylum of public resort was so called from its sign, representing Saint Dunstan in the act of seizing his satanic majesty by the nose, with a pair of red hot tongs. The tavern was immortalised by the facetious Ben Johnson, as well as by the profligate Lord Rochester, who notices this scene of revelry in the course of his writings. It was here that the first mentioned personage, "*O rare Ben Johnson*," in his *Leges conviviales*, which he wrote for the regulation of a club of choice wits, held in a room dedicated by him to Apollo, over the chimney piece of which they were scrupulously preserved. This tavern was, in Ben Johnson's time, kept by one Simon Wadloe; whom, in a copy of verses over the door of the Apollo, he dignified by the title of *king of skinkers*.

In one of these visits of royalty to the city, we have the ensuing curious account in regard to the very dwelling represented in the present engraving; it is extracted from the Herald of May 20, 1779.

The house in Fleet Street, which the city is now pulling down, in order to widen Chancery Lane, is the oldest in that street, being built in the reign of Edward the Sixth, for an elegant mansion, long before there were any shops in that part of the city.

It was from the top of this residence that several cherubs flew down and presented Queen Elizabeth with a crown of laurels and gold, together with some verses, when she was going into the city upon a visit to Sir Thomas Greshman. This was a contrivance of the Temple students, and the accounts in the books of that day, state that "The Queen's highness was much pleased therewith."

The fourth cherub was made to say,

"Virtue shall witness of her worthyness,
And fame shall registrate her princelie deeds,
The world shall still praise for her happiness,
From whom our peace and quietude proceeds."

SKETCHES OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

ROSSINI, THE CELEBRATED MUSICAL COMPOSER.

JOACHIM ROSSINI was born in the year 1791, at Pesaro, a small town in the papal dominions, on the gulph of Venice. The only portion he inherited from his father was his musical talents, which had been in some degree cultivated by that father; his education was confined, and he first went on the Italian stage as an *amateur;* but though Rossini now sings with taste and spirit, he had no success then as a public singer. He composed, however, detached airs, which were handed about in company, and their style was original and sprightly. He was next engaged by two or three amateurs of Venice, to compose an Opera. He was then but a mere school-boy in appearance, and the manager of the Opera House entertained but a poor opinion of such a composer: his patrons, however, threatened the manager that they would withdraw their patronage, if they did not give the youth encouragement; he, therefore, consented to bring forward this first operatic attempt. This was *L'inganno Felice;* it was in the reigning taste, but there were in it a charming duo, and many bright flashes of genius. Soon after Rossini composed those his master pieces, namely, *Il Tancredi, L'Italiana in Algeri,* and *La Pietra di Paragone.* The opera of *Tancredi,* in particular, circulated rapidly through Italy: but Rossini had a strong aversion to composing overtures, and actually did not compose one for *Tancredi;* this opera was therefore preceded by one or other of the two overtures composed for the other two operas.

Rossini went to Milan, and there he assumed the high rank he now holds among composers. It was for the Milanese that he wrote *La Pietra di Paragone.* It was at Milan he became a general favorite amongst the most beautiful women; and the ladies of rank dispensed with the attentions of their noble cecisbeos, and the favorite *Cavaliere Servente,* was the young and engaging composer; but the most beautiful among them all made him her captive, while he rendered her the first musician in all Italy; and we are told, that when seated by her at the piano, love inspired him to compose the greatest number of those airs since introduced in his operas. When he quitted Milan, he went to see his family, for whom he always evinced much affection; he had never been known to write letters to any one except to his mother, to whom they were addressed to the *Illustrious Signora Rossini, mother to the Celebrated Composer,* &c. &c. Certainly he has received homage for his exquisite talents ever since he was eighteen, and must be conscious of his own celebrity, though he often speaks jestingly of his fame.

About the time that he visited Pesaro, he was exempted from the laws of conscription. The minister of the interior proposed to the viceroy of Italy, an exception in favor of Rossini, who, at first objected, but at length yielded to the wishes of the public. Rossini afterwards departed for Bologna: there a very rigid dictatorship is exercised over music, and he was reproached with violating the rules of grammatical harmony in his compositions. Rossini acknowledged they were in the right, but that none of those faults would have remained, if he had read his MS. twice over. "But," added he, "I have only six weeks to compose an opera; the first month is devoted to dissipation, and it is but during the last fortnight that I compose every morning a duo, or air, which is to be rehearsed on that very evening. How then will you have me perceive the minute errors in the accompaniments?"

The musical rigorists still, however, made a great bustle about these sins of harmony, though they are scarce perceptible to the ear that is listening to Rossini's music; but it was envy at finding a handsome, indolent youth, of about twenty, towering so much above them; he was doomed, however, to experience an attack of a very different kind. His Milanese admirer quitted her splendid *palazzo,* her husband, her children, and her fortune, and one morning rushed into the room then

occupied by Rossini. Scarcely had they met, when the door again opened, and in came one of the wealthiest and most beautiful women of Bologna! Rossini, like Macheath, laughed at them both, sung a lively air, and made his escape.

He was so successful at Bologna, that he received offers from every town in Italy. He generally demanded for an opera, a thousand franks, (rather better than forty pounds) and he generally wrote three or four in a year. From 1810 to 1816, he visited all the principal towns in Italy; on his arrival he was welcomed by the dilletanti of the place; the first thirteen or twenty days he devoted to his friends, dining out, and shrugging his shoulders at all the nonsense he was obliged to set to music; for Rossini, as may well be imagined, with his good taste, was always an excellent judge of poetry. When he had been in a town about three weeks, he would refuse invitations, and set himself seriously to study the voices of the performers. He made them sing at the piano, and when he had acquired an accurate knowledge of their vocal powers, he began to write. He generally rose late, and would pass the day in composing, while his friends were conversing round him; but it was after returning from their parties, at a late hour, that shutting himself up in his chamber, he has been visited by his most brilliant inspirations, these he would hastily put down on scraps of paper, and then arrange them in the morning.

The mind of Rossini is remarkably quick; when he was composing his *Moise*, he was asked, if he meant to make the Hebrews sing in the same way that they chaunt in the synagogues. He was struck with the idea, and when he went home, he composed a magnificent chorus, which begins with a kind of nasal twang, peculiar to the synagogue; but his facility in composing is not the most extraordinary of his qualifications. Ricordi, the principal music-seller in Italy, has made a fortune, even by the sale only of Rossini's works, whose genius is fitted for the pleasureable; for indulgence is often the groundwork of his finest airs; his great misfortune, however, is, that he does not give sufficient dignity and plaintiveness to the passion of love, but treats it as an affair of common gallantry, yet it is his often stooping to light and ephemeral graces that has rendered him so great a favorite at the Parisian theatre.

Last year Rossini was to have presided at the king's theatre in the Haymarket, but his passion for Italy, or, perhaps his natural indolence, there detained him. This year, however, he has crossed the Alps, and presides at Vienna. He is next solicited by the Parisians. He may, perhaps, when exhausted by their admiration, try the opulence and patronage of the encouragers of musical talent in London.

Rossini has lately married, and, like many other men of genius, precisely the reverse to what might have been expected. The lady was Senora Colbrano, a Spaniard, but a singer by profession, beauty she was never possessed of, and has now lost her voice, with her youth, for she is no longer young; but since her marriage, she performed at Vienna, when Rossini directed the Opera; her voice was so feeble, that it was tuneless, and the proud Senora was in great danger of being hissed, but respect and regard for the husband saved the wife.

We have before spoke of the natural affection of Rossini towards his parents, and we cannot close this sketch without citing the following proof. In Italy, when Rossini presides at the piano forte during the first three representations of one of his operas, he receives afterwards his eight hundred or one thousand franks. He then rests himself a week or ten days; he is then invited to a general dinner, given by almost the whole town, and then sets off with a portmanteau full of music paper, for another town. On the success of an opera, this affectionate man writes to his mother, and sends her and his aged father the two thirds of what he has received!

THE CAUTIOUS MAN.

A SKETCH.

I REMEMBER hearing of a child, who was so extremely obstinate, that nothing could induce him to even articulate a single letter of the alphabet. "But surely," cried one of his companions, "nothing can be so easy as to say A." "Ah!" he replied, "but if I say A, I must say B." Here was a view to consequences, which it were well, perhaps, if oftener observed; for as we cannot put forth one foot without bringing the other after it, so there are few of our moves on the great chess-board of life, that do not involve an absolute necessity for subsequent ones, that all take their character from the first. To "look before we leap" is an excellent rule, for it is seldom of much use to look afterwards, unless indeed to erect a land-mark of experience for the benefit of others who travel the same road, but this, by the bye, is a piece of generosity very uncommon; mankind generally are something like the fox who lost his tail, very willing to see people in the same predicament with themselves, that they may not look singular. I have mostly found that caution is one of those qualities which engrosses too large a share of the mind, and I would rather see it the *growth of time*, than *indigenous to character*. At best it has a petrifying quality, and seems to stand somewhat in the relation of half-sister to suspicion, and is certainly neither connected or acquainted with the spirit of enterprise, that great principle in all patriotic exertions, grand and national monuments, and political improvements. No *great* undertaking was ever without its hazards, and to all hazards, however remote, the strictly cautious have such an antipathy, that they *never* embark in them. Caution creates and fosters a thousand doubts and fears, which a bolder spirit despises or subdues. I knew a gentleman who never entered a coach without arranging in his own mind how he should act in case it should be overturned, sitting in such and such a way that his arm or leg might not be broken, and I believe not without a *benevolent view* of falling upon those who happened to be in the same coach with him, as a means of *softening* his ease, (we shall say nothing of hardening theirs) he had such a *romantic* aversion to any thing that was likely to hurt him. If he stopped at a house for the night, he always looked out of the window, to calculate the chances of escape in case of fire, and I certainly think he would have made himself a portable fire-escape, only that he was too cautious to lay out his money on what he might never have occasion to make use of. Had he been an Antediluvian, (and from many of his ideas I was often inclined to think he was one) and if we may without profaneness suppose him an acquaintance of Noah's, I am convinced he would have persuaded him against building the ark, since it was impossible to foresee how the machine would rest on the subsiding of the waters, so he would, I almost believe, prefer the certainty of being drowned to the uncertainty of being saved.

Perhaps there is in human nature a perpetual tendency to extremes, and all extremes, however opposite, are dangerous; thus caution is often overtaken by the very evil into which rashness *has run*, and parsimony loses what extravagance would have thrown away. But of all extremes, extreme of caution partakes alone of that negative character which is the most insipid of all others; it is content to remain *in statu quo* for ever, and provided things do not get worse, seldom attempts to make them better. In all cases the future must be in a certain degree doubtful; but if this fear was allowed to operate, this would certainly be a *luminous* world.

> "Our doubts are traitors
> And make us lose the good we oft might win,
> By fearing the attempt."

To return to my old friend (thinking, in fact, of whose peculiarities put me upon writing this paper) I will mention one of his rules as of very great advantage to London pedestrians; he never turned a corner *suddenly*, or *when close to the wall*, but always

struck off to the edge of the curb-stone, where he *peered* down the way he meant to pursue, and this custom was of considerable advantage, for having a very large nose, (doubtless given him to scent danger at a distance) *that* was usually seen before himself, and warned people less cautious, that there was something round the corner they might run against. He was seldom without an umbrella, for in the finest days there are fugitive clouds in the skies, and he had no notion of what is called running "between the drops;" it also served him to keep off dogs, to whom he had on many accounts a nervous aversion. It is not possible to conceive any thing more delightful than it was to ask a direction of this gentleman; I who have been often per force, and *once*, and only once of my own accord, under the benefit of the *process*, may be allowed to describe. Having elaborately ascertained that he understood the precise place you wanted, he began and told you all the streets, squares, lanes, and alleys (for he had a most pertinacious memory) that you were to go through, and not content with that, he told you all that might lie in your way, either parallel or diagonal, or which you were *not* to go through, so having made an end, he began again, in the hope, vain hope, of impressing it on your mind. Well, what my proficiency amounted to, after half an hour's purgatory, was to ascertain, whether I was to turn right or left at my outset, when I usually set out and enquired my way of the first person that looked as little like him as I could possibly select.

He was a man strictly observant of all the ordinances of society, whether on account of the danger of infringing them, or from a moral principle, I will not determine, since, however charitably inclined to lean to the latter opinion, I have an intuitive conviction of his principles of action, which do not leave me at liberty to speak positively. Among his many antipathies, he had a great aversion to the shedding of blood, whether from his *chin* under the operation of the razor, or from his *finger* by any accidental scratch; (indeed I have seen him retire from the circle on such an occasion, and nurse the unfortunate member for the rest of the evening in the chimney-corner, dividing his time between *looking at* and *kissing it*; but to get out of my long parenthesis) or from any more vital part in himself or any other person, therefore, whenever he contemplated resistance to any personal attack, (a thing he would only have had in contemplation under *any* circumstances, for resistance in such a case was with him an *unreducible* theory) his first idea was to bring his assailant down by attacking his legs, and then *to break them*, under the humane impression of incapacitating him from rising again, and running after my friend, who from hence, I naturally infer, meant at last to run away, but I rather think, so exquisite was the delight he took in *leg-breaking*, that if ever he got a pair into his power, he would have labored away till there was no more left of them than Curran described to have remained of the Kilkenny cats.

It is perhaps having witnessed this instance of caution personified, that has inclined me to treat the virtue (if so it may be called) with levity. But I think it will be granted me that it is one, which the generous and high-minded acquire from time and experience, and that where it takes paramount dominion, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, and marks the boy as much as the man; it is the concomitant of a mean narrow soul, incapable of a generous sacrifice or a noble effort, and is co-existent with selfishness, parsimony, and cowardice. R.

MAC VIE OSSIAN, PRIMOGENITOR OF THE CLAN MACINTOSH.

The translator received the following legend from an Irish lady, who, fifty years since, was far advanced in the decline of life. She believed the composition to be originally of the Caledonian Highlands; and the person from whom she learnt it, whose father, of the name of Macintosh, came to the north of Ireland with King James's army, was convinced the bard of *Mac Vie Ossian* had been a genuine *Gael*. It is even probable, that except the fairy intervention, the whole narrative may be true. Oscar frequently visited *Ullin of*

Erin, and might have a son by "some daughter of beauty in the green Isle;" or our hero might have been the Warbeck or Simnel of his day. We are told, in the poem of Temora, that Oscar died of wounds, inflicted by Cairbair, who invited him to a feast, with the design of provoking him to combat. Our bard does not contradict this account; but he represents the son of Ossian to have been recalled from "the verge of the narrow house" by the ministration of a fairy chieftainess. At this period the "green tribes of the *Tomhans*" were reduced to the last extremity for want of human nurses to cherish their babes; as the holy roll, or scriptures of the Culdees, placed under the pillow of "the high-bosomed fair," defied fairy power, and they and their new-born infants were preserved from bondage to "the spirits of night." The fairy chieftainess had exhorted her "green-shining people" to daily and nightly vigilance, for the purpose of entrapping some little lovely girl, with a suitable mate of the other sex; but in troublous times female hands "grasped a gleaming blade," almost from the dawn of life, and the boys were cased in steel, a metal invulnerable to spells of every description. On this occasion, as at all times, the bards study to inculcate the spirit of heroism, by representing "the keen-edged sword," not only a defence, "when host rolled on host," but as "strength to the failing arm," against *Tomhan* powers, the only powers that "could sink the crowded soul of heroes, when dun night looks abroad among fogs, and faint wandering stars." As the legend of *Mac Vie Ossian* is of length enough to fill many pages, and has long passages, too tedious, and indeed too insipid to deserve insertion here, we have abridged the tale, and given only select quotations, and an outline of the events depicted in the original.

Cairbair persecuted the race of *Daherteagh* because they were zealous proselytes of the Culdees, and he had extirpated all the line, except "one tender and lovely scion from that mighty root." Seeking refuge from her foes "in the wild woods of *Maigilligan,*" *Bra nan caladh,* the swan-bosomed fair, hastily climbing an aspen tree, drops the sword of her fathers, and falls under fairy influence. During a swoon, she is conveyed to the *Tomhans* by the myrmidons of their chieftainess, and when recovered from insensibility, receives a command to wait upon a wounded mortal. The proud blood of *Daherteagh* revolts against servile offices; but no sooner have "her eyes held communion with the eyes of the suffering youth," than she accepts healing herbs from the fairy menials; and in dressing the wounds, finds cause for rejoicing. Part of a sword has lodged in the flesh of Oscar's arm; she extracts, but carefully preserves it, as a counterspell; and when "the tribes of the *Tomhans,*" or fairy mounts, celebrate a high festival, Oscar and *Branan Caladh* escape, protected by the pointed steel. *Branan Caladh* guides him by a subterraneous way to a secret asylum of the Culdees, where they are united in sacred bands by the superior of the holy brethren. The refugees all attempt to leave "troubled Erin," but the fleets of *Cairbair* are on the coast, and Oscar steers for the Isle of Arran, where "frequent sails of the foes" detain them several years. Soon after her arrival in Arran, *Branan Caladh* brings Oscar a son. The child seems to have been nine or ten years old when the *Firbolg* interrupts Oscar's only occupation, erecting piles of stone to the memory of Fingal and his hunters of renown. The *Firbolg* with overwhelming numbers defeat Oscar and the Culdees. *Branan Caladh* and *Mac Vie Ossian* "lift the steel" by the side of Oscar. Oscar is slain; the child is wounded; yet the unconquered spirit of *Branan Caladh* makes a successful effort to take the corse of Oscar "to the rest of Fingal in Lehna." While the *Firbolg* are carousing after the dastardly triumph "of a multitude over a handful of the brave," she searches "the field of gore," and with her son, and the few surviving Culdees, embarks for Slorven, carrying with her the mangled remains of her hero. A storm arises, "all are swallowed by the furious main," except *Mac Vie Ossian.* He is cast upon "the low vales of the *Selgovac,*" or people of Galloway, and having been previously instructed in all the learning of the Culdees, becomes a favorite pupil with the preachers of southern *Alba.* "But the spirit of Fingal beating in his bosom, flames for the horrible joy of war," and an omen fosters his "high hope." The animal flower is to this day often visible on the shores of Galloway, and the rocky creeks near Dunbar. Some-

times it appears in the form of a rose, a marigold, or Scotch thistle, red, pale green, straw colour, or purple. If touched, this beautiful marine production contracts its filaments, and seems an unformed mass. The omen alluded to in our legend, can be interpreted only by a reference to this phenomenon, which day after day attracted the young aspirant of fame to fix his eyes on the receding tide. He descries white sails. "His kindled soul" supplies the place of experience in the "fight of rattling mail." He becomes leader "of thousands," and expels the *shur brec*, or Picts, who come to force a settlement from the Silgovac. Honors are showered on him. He "might rule the flat ignoble south," but the "breathing of his heart is wafted in vows to Selma." "Warriors enrol themselves under his banner, which floats on tall ships for the land of his fathers." He reaches Morven at a critical juncture. Ossian, superannuated and blind, is concealed in the cleft of a rock, from the usurper of his rights. *Mac Vie Ossian* defeats the false kinsman; and Ossian, resisting every entreaty to remain away from the battle, "shines bright on the last of his fields." He is mortally wounded, and dies in the arms of his grandson. The usurper assembles a vast allied force, and exterminates the followers of *Mac Vie Ossian* all to four. They seize a boat, and commit themselves to the waves. Hunger compels them to enter a creek in quest of shell-fish. The boat thongs are rent. They must proceed by land "through mountains, desarts, and plains unknown." They save from spoilers the life of an aged chief, and a slender youth. *Mac Vie Ossian* weds a grand-daughter of the chief, and through her obtains "the land of lakes, with all the hills of roes." He equips an armament to recover Morven from the foes, but is assassinated by a former suitor of his spouse. His son inherits the land of Lakes, and was primogenitor of the clan Mackintosh.

Blind, mournful, and feeble in gathered years, in the cleft of a rock hides the chief of bards, with no follower but the seer of truth. The seer speaks, but Ossian hears no sound. His soul is wrapt in Oscar. "Stream of the life of Ossian," said the mouth of Song. "Moon of the dreary night of his failing age! Strength of his sinews! Last hope of his sinking heart, Oscar, in thee fell the race, the mighty race of Fingal, and Ossian, last in a line of heroes, withered and dark bewails his son, or listens to the rustling of his airy weapons, among bright skirted clouds. The boisterous foe hath scared the hinds from their summer path. As noisy torrents, they spread over plains covered with beauty; and the broad river rolling in light, is checked in its course by heaps of the dead, and reddened with the blood of kinsmen. No hunter bends his bow at the branchy-headed sons of the forest; the shafts are spent on their own people, and gray dogs, weary in searching for their masters, drive for sport the wolf of the desart in his prowling circuit. Oscar lies low, and the arm of evil men is bared without restraint. As a gale moaning in chinky rocks, Ossian sits powerless, while the rage of tempest tears the groves, and hurls clouds of sand over the beach. Return ye days, when as a gathered cloud in a storm, or the fire of heaven, the steel of Ossian burst upon the nations; and the changing form obeying every blast, still hurled death on his foes, and the moss of years grew in their halls."

"The arm of Ossian is still mighty in the son of his son," shouted the seer. "The blood of Oscar, the son of Ossian, warm in the lovely spring of his life, floats a leader of hosts, and little men shall be shaken from the seats of power, as the squally north scatters the thistlebeard along the lakes. I see the hero tall in his ships. I hear the distant murmur of his music, mingled with the dashing billows. With rushing might, as the eagle of heaven, he descends upon the spoilers of Selma. As a stream of the wilds, big with rains from many hills, the champion of Ossian pours warriors to our rescue."

"Speak not to Ossian of rescue," said the chief of bards, "though no lone blast has come over his harp, as the forerunner of death, soon shall his spirit sail with his father's in dim skirted mists. Does he fear the gushing wound, if it came from the hand of a kinsman? Shall the tumult of clanging steel change his countenance, if the keen edge was not guided by his own people?—the sons of other times, with whom the wind-borne hounds of Ossian awakened the dappled fawns, or crowned the night with shells of joy and friendship. Seer of hours to come: why labours the thick heaving breast? Speak to

Ossian of days undawned, for his spirit is loaded with heavy fogs of grief."

"The plash of his oars on the coast of his fathers is pleasant to my ear, as the soft descending shower of summer, when drought has parched the glens, and embrowned the grassy hills," said the seer. "The sun rides high to light him to his fame, and another sun shall rise on him by the side of Ossian."

"Seer of dark impossibilities," answered the king of song, "speak to Ossian in words undisguised. He fears not the omens of disaster. The last blow of agony struck on his heart when Oscar failed."

"Oscar lives in his son," said the seer, "Another, and another tide, and his prows shall moor within this haven. This I know, and no more—but near is the unravelling of my thoughts. My soul is heavy. Two nights have we watched the stars above, and the rippling waters before us. Sleep, son of Fingal in peace. Thy awakening is big with renown."

"Sleep—sleep thou in peace; son, true son of my earliest friend," replied the chief of bards. "The rest of Ossian is with them that repose in the narrow house beside Selma of shields." The seer bends his head in slumbers; and the days of other years return to the sad bosom of Ossian. A lone blast over his harp came from the half viewless fathers of his race. The call of death enters the car of the sleeper. He starts on his feet, and cries "the ghosts of the mighty are with us."

"And Ossian in gladness receives their call," rejoined the kingly bard of Morven. "Hark! the purling waters lave a fleet, and none but a hostile fleet draws to these shores. The soul of Ossian burns to consume them in their rage. Dark and feeble in the winter of age—yet undaunted in mind, he shall die with the sword of his fathers in the gore of his foes."

"No hostile fleet draws near our haven," said the seer, "the blood of Fathol, of Trenmor, of Fingal, and of Ossian, swells the valour of their chief. His feet are on our shores. His limbs in the vigor of youth, ascend our rocks. Greet we in honor the true son of Oscar."

The ruddy leader of warriors clasps the father of Oscar. "Sire of my sire!" he said, "when the dun clouds of night are chased by opening day, the features of *Mac Vie Ossian* shall claim his race from the loins of the mighty."

"The heavy clouds of night never fly from the eyes of Ossian," returned the king of bards, "sightless have been his years since he wept for Oscar; and to the son of his son he brings no follower, but the seer of truth; nor a hall, but this cleft in a rock."

"This trusty brand that hewed down the kings of the world, shall hurl the little sons of pride from the halls of the mighty Fingal," said the youth.

"Their plumes wave thick as a rime of frost on our hills," said the seer.

"And we are the rushing blast to drive their floating mists beyond the seas," said *Mac Vie Ossian.* "A ship of the valiant from Morven joined us in the dusk of evening. The wrongs of Ossian are on our spears; but we trust not to doubtful friends his safety. Seer of truth be it thine to watch on all sides to guard the life of the king. A proven band of the valiant and faithful obey thy word. We go to surprize the false kinsmen that shed a foggy light, where the race of Fingal should shine as the sun of heaven."

"Never shall Ossian remain as a broken shield," said the first of bards, "his fathers led the rude shock of battle. Ossian yields not their place—not even to the son of Oscar. A lone blast over his harp hath called him to the caves of long repose. No gloomy circle are the blue hosts of Morven since times of old. Their faces are blithesome in the echoing voice of their renown. Ossian dies with their steel in his hand, and great shall be his name in the mouth of song."

"Then call the guards of the king," said *Mac Vie Ossian,* "Ossian is king of Morven. Signs of terror, and helmetted men at arms surround the kings of the world, and shall the son of Fingal move without their strength?" The youthful leader and a tall band scale the rocks, to ward the first danger of onset from the sightless king of bards; but his ready ear detects their tread.

"Who?" he said in the wrath of his valour, "who seeks the place of the last son of Fingal? His fathers were foremost in the hour of peril. They encountered no kinsmen in the strife of spears; but wounded in heart by his own people, and enclosed by changeless

night, trusting to the light of his soul, Ossian meets their darts of death."

Before the dawn, Ossian by the side of the son of his son, spreads as a ridge of fire in wasting power over the foe. They shrink from the fiery glances of men faithful to their chief. They send against him the multitude of fierce strangers, that gathered to chace with them the fleet footed deer. They aim at the breast of the sightless king of Morven. Though wounded, many deaths are on his sword. The seer of truth,. and his sons of valour, reckless of their own lives, cover with their shields the grey head of the last son of Fingal, terrible in the unebbing tide of his might. *Mac Vie Ossian* rushes between him and the descending pole axes of the foe; and calls a leech to staunch the oozing current of his veins. But he scorns to stay his conquering arm. As the burning orb of evening, he shines in dreadful light on the last of his fields. At length, as the sun dipping in the western main, he sinks, and is borne from the thick struggle of men. As the wild boar of the forest enraged by a smarting arrow, *Mac Vie Ossian* urges the foe. As the grass of hills torn by a tempest, they are tumbled heap on heap, and their blood is on every path. The hero bright in victory returns where Ossian smiles in death. He takes with faint grasp the hand of mighty deeds.

"Son of my son!" he said, "in Selma lay the father of Oscar."

Over the narrow house, where rests the chief of song, the chief among ten thousand of the brave, all the bards of Morven pour the music of renown. In Selma spoiled and deserted he lies; and day after day, night after night, his fame is spread by all the echos of Morven. *Mac Vie Ossian* is sad for the sire of his sire. He is sad for the desolation of Selma. No musing hunter watches his shaggy hounds, listening for the tread of wolves. No jocund youths gain the smile of love from daughters of beauty. No bard cheers the blazing hearth with tales of old. No smoking feast; no shell of joy circles from chief to vassal. Dark and silent were the halls that clamoured with sounds of mirth, whether the snows of winter covered the plains; or the flowers of summer raised their lovely heads in every wood. Men were hid in the retreats of the fox and the eagle, and beasts of the desart prowled through the haunts of men.

Mac Vie Ossian rears a cairn of fame to the last son of Fingal, and watches alone by the cave of his rest. The dews of night are wet in the heavy locks of the son of Oscar. His eyes are bent on the heap of stones, that tell to future times the grave of the renowned. A weak voice whispers his name. He looks around, a form thin and vapoury, yet stately in robes of fleecy clouds, moves slow to the west, and points with a dim hand to the south, and to the sounding shore. Crowding ships give their warriors, and from the south, tall on neighing steeds, host on host advances. *Mac Vie Ossian* arrays his ready strength of war. Man to man, hand to hand, meet all that can bend the bow, or cleave with the sword. The lance of *Mac Vie Ossian* sends ghost on ghost to the horrid gloom of their fathers. Weep daughters of other lands for them that return only in fogs of night, to howl for untimely fate. As billows wash away a yielding sandy beach, when all the spirits of the hills come abroad in strife, and dusky clouds are rolled together, or scattered by rushing blasts—so mix, so strive, the gathered multitudes—so falls the pride of strangers, and the fury of false kinsmen. Their haughty heads are low as the ferns trampled by their wounded steeds.

The warriors of *Mac Vie Ossian* wind forward in the course of death; and broken shields, and shivered lances are strewed on every side. *Mac Vie Ossian* rests in triumph at the setting of a bloody sun. No sound disturbs the watery stars of night, but the roaring tempest, and the wail of departing spirits, shivering in the cloud, and chilly fog; or the owlet in discordant notes, hooting to his gloomy mate. A bright gleam comes to the eyes of *Mac Vie Ossian*. It is the shade of the last son of Fingal. He smiles on the hero—the hope of Morven; and warns him to the fight. The storm of contending winds is past, and the wild struggle of men begins. Thousands cased in armour, outshining the stars with their keen edged steel, come to dash upon the conquerors as torrents from all the hills. The carnage of maddening strife spreads from rank to rank. *Mac Vie Ossian*, chief of the sons of valor prevails. The terror of his name, in the war-cry of faithful fol-

lowers, strikes dismay to the foe. They retreat to rally by the side of a wood. The son of Oscar again assails them with his dreadful blasts of war. They fall, or fly to sheltering thickets; and *Mac Vie Ossian* pauses from urging the feeble in arms. Short is the breathing time of his powers. Fresh bands of strangers are stretched along the plains, and the hills, farther than the ken of eagle eye can glance—their swords as the streams of a long ridge of mountains, glittering as they tumble from rock to rock, in the noon day sun—and fading at far distance to red dusky meteors of night. Warning shields ring the voice of battle, and the cliffs of other shores are shaken by the terrible clang. The warriors of *Mac Vie Ossian* are overpowered by growing multitudes; but their souls, rising in danger, scorn the flight of the weak. They die amidst the mightiest deeds of valor; as thick and lofty oaks of the forest are consumed by ridgy waves of fire. Four heroes alone survive to attend their wounded chief. They convey him, faint in his blood, and seize a boat from the haven. Teirce spirits of the south are on the wings of a thousand squalls, and the boat drives far among northern currents. A green slope invites the followers of *Mac Vie Ossian* to seek healing herbs for his wounds of steel, and shell fish to revive his strength. They bring him to land. The herbs of power are rich on every hillock, but a sudden gale rends the boat thongs, and they must traverse winding glens, thick woods, and heathy desarts. Beyond a river the clash of arms comes on their ear. The burning soul of *Mac Vie Ossian* answers to the sound. He crosses the flood; his heroes attend, and by the cave of an over hanging precipice, wild spoilers from the hill are combating a grey haired chief, and a youth of slender form. *Mac Vie Ossian* extends his shield before the aged warrior, and his spear pierces the ruffian foe. His heroes send the others to the howling ghosts of the cavern. "Victory still sits on the arm of *Mac Vie Ossian*," said the grey haired chief, "unless the foe are as flies of summer. Our spears have been raised against the race of Fingal. Strike, son of Oscar, and avenge our evil deeds."

"Stranger," said *Mac Vie Ossian*, "the race of Fingal wars not with remnants of battle. Your plumes are of those opposed to the son of Oscar on fields of open strife--but the evil came from false kinsmen."

"To themselves they have done evil," replied the grey haired chief, "they summoned powers from every plain of the south, and from every mountain and glen, and with their swords the strangers have fixed their halls of peace on the streamy vallies of Morven. The false kinsmen of *Mac Vie Ossian* have fallen in their blood, by the hands they armed against the chief of bards."

"The bards shall forget them in song," said *Mac Vie Ossian*, "but the name of the last son of Fingal shall roll a beautiful tide from generation to generation. Chief of gathered years, thy cheek is pale. Rest on the arm of *Mac Vie Ossian*, and think not of the fight of Selma."

"Generous son of the mighty in arms," replied the grey haired chief, "I bear the fight of Selma beneath this scarf on my breast. I die—but let the steel of *Mac Vie Ossian* be on the side of this boy."

"Is he thy son?" said *Mac Vie Ossian*. "His father was the last of my sons," replied the grey haired chief, "he died amidst his fame in the song of many bards. The land of lakes, with all their heathy desarts, and woody mountains of roes, owned me their chief; my sons, and kindred have died wlth the sword in their hands; and all my hope, all my love is gathered in this slender form."

"His form ascends in light to the soul of *Mac Vie Ossian*," said the son of Oscar, "and by the bright fame of my fathers, and their peace in airy halls, the foes of this youth shall be the foes of the last of the race of Fingal, and his friends the same. Remove thy helmet, fair boy, as I uncover the head of Morven; that face to face we may pledge the right hand of friendship. Why quake thy tender joints? Why heaves thy bosom of youth? The race of Fingal never were terrible to their friends."

The aged chief with trembling hand removes the helmet. Clustering locks, and downcast eyes, and blushing cheeks, reveal a maid, lovely as the first rose of spring. The beating heart of *Mac Vie Ossian* speaks in glances of fire."

"A heroine of embattled fields, and the mildest beam of peace, she has grown," said the aged chief. "Warriors from every land sought her smiles; but her cold bosom turned

from them all, to cherish my failing age. A chief dwelling near, vowed to bear the fairest daughter of beauty to his halls, and she took the garb of a young hero, to shelter from the dark flame of his love; but now the wars of Morven must leave her helpless, when the sire of her sire moulders with his wound."

"While *Mac Vic Ossian* lives his help lies in his steel," said the son of Oscar, "and though her bosom may be cold to his love, still shall his arm be raised in her defence."

"Her bosom is not cold to the first of heroes," said the aged chief, "in the fight of Selma she loved the leader of our foes, and his name has dwelt on her tongue." The aged chief gave the lovely maid to the arms of *Mac Vic Ossian*, and with herbs of healing power, the son of Oscar closed the wounds on his breast, scarred in battles of other years. The land of lakes becomes the land of the chief of Morven, and he arms his thousands to regain the land of his fathers. While waiting a favouring gale for his fleet, the chief that in early youth wooed his spouse of beauty, lurks in a pass of the rocks, where the shy deer took refuge from the dogs of *Mac Vic Ossian*. He watches the hero, and sends a barbed arrow to his mighty heart. He dies; but his son, and his son's sons shall perpetuate the race of Fingal, of Ossian, of Oscar, and of *Mac Vic Ossian*. To their own people they are the soft gliding of mossy streams, nurturing the oak of the hills; and the tall rank whistling grass, beside-fern skirted caverns, shall bend beneath the tread of their branchy headed stags; with their dun-sided mates, and frisking mottled fawns. Their white armed daughters of the bow are bright among the renowned in arms; and the name of *Mac Vic Ossian* is the boast of their song. When the foe in gloomy gusts of winter seeks a spoil, the race of the son of Oscar, as strong as winged eagles, look careless from their cliffs, and rush forth to soar amidst the boding storm. The wide gleaming glances of day on armour and spears, and the deep strife of night is their sport. The foe melts before them as snow beneath the growing beams of noon; when buds lift their green heads on the birch, and the hind expects the fruit of a high bosom in hollows of the forest.

The bard rests in his shadowy thoughts. Dim in the midst of other years, the shades of his fathers listen to the tales of times rolled away, as the smoke of their feasts of old. The voice of war is still their joy in halls of fast sailing clouds. The dance of the hero, and the arrow of the hunter quivers in thin vapoury hands; and their faces, pale as the moon, wading through dusky clouds, are covered with smiles, when their fame rises in the mouth of song. B. G.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

GLEANINGS FROM ANCIENT LORE.

CHARACTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

"Son he was to *Sir John More*, one of the judges of the *King's Bench*, who lived to see his son preferred above himself. Bred a *common lawyer*, but with all a *generall scholar*, as well in polite, as solid learning; a terse poet, neat oratour, pure latinist, able Grecian. He was chosen *Speaker* in the *House of Commons*, made *Chancellour*, first of *Lancaster Dutchie*, then of all *England*, performing the place with great integrity and discretion. Some ground we have in *England*, neither so light and loose as *sand*; nor so stiffe and binding as *clay*, but a mixture of both, conceived the surest soil for profit, and pleasure to grow together on: such the soil of this *Sir Thomas More*, in which facetiousnesse and judiciousnesse were excellently tempered together.

HIS JOCULARITY.

"Yet some have taxed him that he *wore a feather in his cap, and wagg'd it too often*, meaning he was over free in his fancies and

conceits. Insomuch, that on the scaffold (a place not to break jests, but to break off all jesting,) he could not hold, but bestowed his scoffs on the executioner, and standers by. Now though innocency may smile at death, surely it is unfit to flout thereat."

HIS WIT.

On the authority of Erasmus, we are told that Dean Colet thought *More*, "*The only wit in the island.*"

HIS FORTITUDE.

The following couplet, attributed to Sir Thomas More, will serve to indicate the habitual calm state of his mind, which enabled him to meet his fate upon the scaffold with a fortitude so admirable.

"If evils come not, then our fears are vain,
And if they do, fear but augments the pain."

HIS BIGOTRY.

In Burnett's specimens of English prose writers, vol. 1, p. 390, he thus expresses himself, respecting Sir Thomas More's bigotry :

"Unhappily, however, his fine genius and excellent understanding were disgraced by the grossest bigotry and superstition. The fact would appear incredible, were there not various other examples on record of the subjection of the most splendid talents to similar weaknesses. Though a man of the gentlest manners, and of incorruptible integrity, his temper had been so irritated by polemics, originating in the events of the times, as to inspire him with the most extravagant attachment to the ancient superstition. In a note by Strype, to Stow's London, vol. 2, p. 762. It is said, that when lord chancellor, he put on a surplice, and assisted the priest in saying mass in Chelsea church. His aversion to heterodoxy was so implacable, that few inquisitors have surpassed him in their persecutions of heresy."

ELIZABETH BARTON.

Howbeit King Henry the 8th resolved to punish rigorously her adherents, and particularly *Elizabeth Barton*, (called the holy maid of Kent) who had almost stirred up more than one tragedy; for being suborned long since by monks, to use some strange gesticulations, and to exhibit diverse feigned miracles, accompanied with some wizardly unsooth sayings, she drew much credit and concourse to her, insomuch that no mean persons, and among others *Wareham*, late archbishop of *Canterbury*, and *Fisher*, bishop of *Rochester*, and *Sir Thomas More*, gave some belief to her; so that notwithstanding the danger that was to give ear to a prediction of hers, that Henry the 8th should not *live one month* after his marriage with Mistris *Bolen*, she was cryed up with many voices, *Silvester Darius*, and *Antonió Pollioni*, the pope's agents here, giving credit and countenance thereunto. But the plot being at last discovered, she was attainted of treason in the parliament, and executed with her chief complices shortly after. At which time also she confessed their names who had instigated her to these practices, and whom she had acquainted with her revelations. Among whom were *More* and *Fisher*, whom yet the king pardoned upon their several submissions, not suffering the bills to pass, which were put into the parliament against them. Vid. Herb. life and reign of Henry VIII. London 1683, page 404.

HENRY VIII. AND ANN BOLEN.

It is said that the correspondence between Ann Bolen and King Henry the 8th, was carried on while she was a resident at Hever Castle, in Kent, the seat of her father Sir Thomas Bolen, and thither Henry, in all probability, repaired privately to further his suit. At Hever Castle is still preserved a small picture in oil, which is an heir loom, and said to be of that queen; it is a very stiff performance, and if a likeness of Ann Bolen, we look in vain for those captivating charms which are generally supposed to have enslaved the affections of the despotic monarch, and even urged him to overthrow the religion of his country, in order to compass the fulfilment of his ungovernable desires.

THE SWEATING SICKNESS.

This distemper first began in the year 1483, in Henry the 7th's army, upon its landing at Milvord-haven, and spread itself in London, from the 21st of September, to the end of October. It returned five times, and always in summer: first in 1485; then in 1506; after-

wards in 1517; when it was so violent, that the patient died in the space of three hours. It appeared the fourth time in 1520, and again in 1528, when it proved mortal in the space of six hours. The manner of its seizure was thus: first, it affected some particular part, attended with inward heat and burning, unquenchable thirst, restleness, sickness at the stomach and heart, (though seldom vomiting,) head ache, delirium, then faintness and excessive drowsiness. The pulse quick and vehement, and the breath short and labouring, None recovered under twenty-four hours. The only care was to carry on the sweat, which was necessary for a long time: sleep to be avoided by all means.

TYNDALL THE MARTYR.

Towards the end of this year, (1536) the faithful servant of God, *William Tyndall*, alias *Hiclines*, was martyred at *Fylford* in *Flanders*, born about *Wales*, bred first in *Oxford*, then in *Cambridge*, after schoolmaster to the children of *Mr. Welch*, a bountiful housekeeper in *Gloucestershire*; to this house repaired many abbots of that county, (as indeed no one shire in *England* had half so many mitred ones, which voted in parliament,) and clergymen, whom *Tyndall* so welcomed with his discourse against their superstitions, that afterwards they preferred to forbear Master *Welch* his good cheer, rather than to have the sower sauce therewith, Master Tyndall's company. But this set their stomachs so sharp against him, that he was forced to quit *Gloucestershire*, and tender his service to *Cuthbert Tunstall*, bishop of *London*, a great scholar himself, and therefore probable to prove a patron to a learned man. Him *Tyndall* persecuted in vain, with an oration out of *Isocrates*, which he translated into *English*. But, though he sued for himself in two tongues, Greek and English, both proved ineffectual; the bishop returning, *That he had more already than he could well maintain.* On this denial, overhastes *Tyndall* beyond the seas; and after much travelling, fixeth at last at *Antwerp*, where he became clerk to the company of English merchant adventurers. — Fuller's Church History, book 5, p. 221.

CIRCASSIANS.

The Circassians are, upon the whole, a handsome race of people. The men, especially in the higher classes, are mostly of a tall stature, thin form, but Herculean structure; they are very slender about the loins, have a small foot, and uncommon strength in the arms. Some of these particulars in their conformation, are not produced, however, altogether independently of artificial aid. It is a practice here to compress the waist as much as possible from early infancy, for the purpose of securing that uncommon thinness between the loins and the breast, which is so prevalent a characteristic of the people of this country; and the unusual smallness of their feet is no doubt the consequence, in some degree, of their forcing them as they are accustomed to do, in the tightest manner with their Morocco slippers. Yet nature has not been unkind to this people. The males, for the most part, possess a truly Roman and martial appearance, though not entirely unmarked with traces indicative of the existence in some of them, of a mixture of Nagai blood. The women, if not uniformly Circassian beauties, are yet generally well formed, have white skins, smooth, clear complexions, beautiful black eyes, with dark brown or black hair, which they dispose elegantly in tresses on the two sides of the face, and regular features. The loveliness of their countenances, which are always in full view, it not being the custom here as in most of the other provinces in these parts, to have the face covered, is rendered yet more attractive through the effect of their good humor, and the lively freedom of their conversation; and the *tout-ensemble* of an engaging appearance is favored by the elegance of the head-dress.

Altogether, the instances are few of an equal or a greater proportion of beauty being to be found in an unpolished nation. As in the case of the males, indeed, nature is, with a view to this object, assisted as far as may be, and seconded by art. According to the Circassian idea of elegance of form, a woman ought to have a very narrow waist, and the abdomen should protrude towards the lower extremities. What is deemed in these re-

spects the most advantageous conformation for a woman, the girdle of chastity before mentioned, may have its use in realising. Its efficacy is, at least, conspicuous in the astonishing smallness of waist that is here so prevalent. The shoulders indeed, are, by the same means, rendered proportionally broad; but this defect is little thought of, on account of the beauty of the breasts, to which this treatment is equally subservient, and which it is the fashion of this country very much to expose. In order to promote the same end, the girls are very sparingly nourished, their whole allowance consisting simply of a little milk and pastry.

The dress worn here by the men is neat, light, and becoming. Above the lower part of it, which is made of a sort of light stuff, persons of distinctions wear sometimes a short rich waistcoat, as it were to supply the place of armor, and this either with or without a great coat. The upper dress consisting either of cloth, or other strong woven stuff, is somewhat shorter than the under garment. the sleeves are slit open, and frequently bordered with furs. The breeches are provided with knee-straps, and the seams bound with small lace or embroidery, which the women very skilfully manufacture of gold and silver threads. The upper garment is regularly furnished with a small embroidered pocket on each side of the breast, for containing cartridges. The whiskers are suffered to grow; and on the head, which is shorn in the Polish fashion, there is worn an embroidered cap, quilted with cotton, in the form of a melon, but occasionally lower, and amongst the wealthy especially, ornamented with various gold and silver laces. It is the custom of the country, that the girls, between the 10th and 12th years of their age, are provided with laced stays, or a broad girdle made of untanned leather, which singular coat of mail, as they are obliged to wear it till their wedding night, is among the common people, tightly sewed round the waist, or in the higher classes, fastened with silver hooks. The gordian knot thus formed, the bridegroom at the time specified, undoes it with a sharp cutting dagger, a ceremony not unfrequently attended with danger. Over the shift the younger females wear a laced jacket, because the petticoat, which reaches to the ankles, is open along the whole front, and resembles that of a man; but married women dress in wide breeches. The cloaks worn by the women are longer than those in other respects generally of a similar description, that are in use among the men. They are likewise frequently white, a color of which those of the men never are. The head-dress worn in earlier years, consists of a simple cap, somewhat similar in form to that used by the males. This is usually of a red or rose color, but varying as to richness and decorations with the rank of the parties. Under it the hair is turned up in a thick queue, which is covered with linen. This mode of dressing is continued till after the female has been delivered of her first child, when she begins to cover the head with a white handkerchief, drawn close over the forehead, and fastened under the chin. When females have occasion to leave the house, they wear a sort of wooden clogs, to keep their feet clean, and at the same time make use of mittens on their tender hands. Painting the face is considered as an indication of the want of chastity; but it is allowed to girls to dye the nails of their fingers with the flowers of the *balsamina*, which, in the language of the country, is known by the name of Kna.

When the prince, or *Usden*, pays a visit in full dress, he is arrayed in all his accoutrements and coat of arms, with sometimes also an additional jacket of mail Those coats of mail are manufactured of polished steel rings, and imported partly from Persia, partly from Kubesha, to the nations inhabiting the Caucasian mountains, the helmet, and the arm-plates, from the former of which a net of ringlets hang down as far as the shoulders, are manufactured of polished steel. In the girdle are usually stuck a dagger and pistols, and the bow and quiver are fastened round the waist by straps. In common visits, the coat of mail is worn under the upper dress; the head is covered with an ordinary cap, and the only armor used is a sabre. Without the sabre, persons of wealth and rank never leave their houses; nor do they venture beyond the limits of the village without being completely arrayed, and having their breast pockets supplied with ball cartridge.

The Circassians are a warlike race of people, and now constitute one of the most considerable of the seven nations inhabiting the Caucasian mountains, and the territory in their

environs. Among this people there seems to be established a complete system of feudalism, not unlike that formerly exercised, though with still greater severity and cruelty, by the German knights, in Prussia and Livonia. The princes and nobility here accordingly, may be considered alone to constitute the nation, who both in their intercourse with one another, adhere rigidly to the principles of a feudal subordination, and are guided by the same views in the treatment of their subjects. The latter almost uniformly are captives, subjugated in war, but from adopting the language, and accommodating themselves to the wishes of their conquerors, they are usually treated with lenity. The chiefs and knights among the Circassians, pursue ordinarily no other business or recreation than war, pillage, and the amusement of the chace.

The manufactures or commerce of the Circassians, seem to be but inconsiderable. The points of their arrows are the only articles of iron, which are wrought up by themselves. The women make a very strong thread of wild hemp, but are not acquainted with the art of weaving linen. Of the wool produced in the country, part is carried to market in a raw state. Of the finer portions of the remainder, the women prepare very good cloths, but which are narrow, and remain undyed. A few articles of leather, embroidered housings for horses, &c. are also fabricated in this country. The principal traffic of the Circassians, consists in slaves, honey, wax, skins of cattle, deer, and tigers. Their agricultural produce is barely sufficient for their own use. Sheep and horses are considerable articles of their commerce. They have no money, and their whole commerce is carried on by exchange. Upon the whole, the balance of trade would be considerable against them, but for the number of slaves which they frequently obtain in their depredatory excursions. These are chiefly Georgians; and the daughters of such slaves, receiving the same education, and being fashioned to the desired shape in a similar manner as the young women, natives of the country, are sold, according to their beauty, from £20. to £100. These latter, it is said, entered also themselves largely into the same description of traffic, being sold for the use of the seraglios in Turkey and Persia, where they often marry to great advantage, and thus make the fortune of their families.

The two opposite customs or laws, those of hospitality and of revenge, are in general, and sacred observance with the Circassian knights, as amongst most others of the nations of the Caucasus. The former distinguished by the name of Kunak, is established on fixed principles, and every person submitting to its protection, is, of consequence, perfectly secured from all injuries. He who receives a stranger into his house, defends him, if the occasion requires it, not only with his own blood and life, but also with that of his relations. A stranger who intrusts himself to the patronage of a woman, or is able to touch with his mouth the breast of a wife, were he an enemy, or even the murderer of a kinsman, is, in consequence of the interest thus secured to himself, spared and protected, as if he were a member of the family. Bloody revenge is practised with an equally conscientious and scrupulous precision. The murderer of a family relation must be avenged by the next heir, or the nearest in blood, even though he was an infant at the time when the deed was committed.

The education of the children of Circassian princes, is of a nature calculated to suppress from the earliest infancy, every feeling and affection peculiar in consanguinity. Sons and daughters are, immediately after birth, entrusted to the care of a nobleman, frequently none of the most wealthy of that order, and the parents, especially the father, have no desire to see a son till he is grown up, and capable of bearing arms, nor a daughter till after her marriage. The foster-father of a young prince is obliged to take upon him the whole charge of his education; he instructs them in all the schemes of robbery, which are in greatest estimation amongst those equestrian knights, and provides him with arms as soon as he is strong enough to wield them. In return for all which attentions to imitate him in the depredatory arts, he receives from his grateful pupil, at the entrance into life, the greatest share of the booty which he is able to obtain. In the education of the female children, it is a primary object, at whatever expense to them of privation and wretchedness, to give them the desired slenderness and elegance of form. They are trained to all ornamental work in the domestic economy of females, especially embroidery, weaving of fringe, sewing of dresses, and the

plaiting straw mats and baskets. A nobleman entrusted with the education of a young princess, is required to procure for her a husband of an equal rank, or in default of that concluding service, he is liable to be punished with the loss of his head.

In their amusements, the youth of both sexes freely converse with each other, as indeed in more advanced life, the women of this country are generally neither confined nor reserved. In every thing, however, relative to marriage connections, particular attattention is paid to the rank of the parties; and unsuitable matches are guarded against by the infliction of the most rigid penalties. Farther, when a son or daughter enters into the state of wedlock, they have no right to appear before their parents during the first year, or till the birth of a child. It is not till the same period has elapsed, that a daughter obtains her full marriage portion; but on this occasion, a visit is paid to her by her father, who takes off the cap she wore when a virgin, with his own hand covers her with a veil, which from that time becomes her constant head-dress, and finally discharges what had hitherto remained unsettled of her dowry.

Between husbands and wives, particularly during the earlier part of their marriage-connection, there is observed a system of affected politeness, equally remote from reason and nature. An uncommon degree of reserve, indeed, especially among persons in the higher classes, seems all along to be maintained by the parties joined together by so very intimate a bond of union. In point of fact, it may be truly said, in Circassia a husband is of all the world the person whose intercourse even with his own wife, is the most restrained and fettered by a singular enough custom, to a dull and uninteresting formality. Indeed, if a husband will permit a stranger to see his wife, it seems to be a fixed point, that he himself should not accompany; and so far is this article of good manners carried, that when any one comes to see the wife, the husband goes out of the house. In the manner even of constructing the houses, it may be added, that there is a distinct adaption of them to the same mode and habits of life; they consist of two huts, of which one is appropriated to the husband, and to the reception of strangers, the other to the wife and family, and the court which separates these two parts of the dwelling, is surrounded by a palisade. It is said, that this artificial manner of living is not in Circassia productive of any licentiousness of manners. The Circassian women, on the contrary, with all their charms, and in spite of such temptation, as if it were even sedulously thrown in their way, are yet noted for their chastity, whether this estimable part of their character is to be considered as the consequence of their natural disposition, of a regard to reputation, or of the wish to make a generous return for the confidence reposed in them by their husband. In other respects, the women of this country participate in the general character of the nation. They take a pride in the courage of their husbands, and reproach them severely when they have sustained a defeat. Farther, it is *they* who polish and take care of the armor of the men.

The language spoken by this people has been said to be common to them with the other neighbouring Tartars. In the different parts, however, of the great chain of mountains, called Caucasus, there is reason to believe that there is a considerable variety of languages. Few of the present inhabitants of Kirban Tartary can converse with any of the Circassian tribes. Indeed Pallas thinks it probable that the Circassian bears no affinity to any other language. The latest accounts of the country state, that those with whom there had been found any opportunity of holding conversation, spoke in a dialect so harsh and guttural, as was by no means pleasing to the ear. The higher orders are said to be acquainted with the Russian language. As there are no written characters in use among this people, those who would write in their language, are obliged to employ for this purpose the Arabian letters.

The favourite musical instrument of the Circassians is the camil, a kind of flute, made commonly of silver, or some other metal. It is about two feet in length, having only three finger holes towards the lower extremity of the tube. The mode of blowing this instrument is remarkable. A small stick is placed in the upper end of the flute, which is open at either extremity, and being drawn out to the length of an inch, is pressed by the performer against the roof of his mouth. It is difficult to conceive how tones may be produced in this manner; as the performer's mouth is kept open the whole time, and he accompanies the

notes with his own voice. From the violent straining of every muscle of the countenance, it would appear that the playing on this instrument is work of great difficulty and labor. The sounds produced resemble those of the bagpipe.

The dances of the Circassians do not resemble those of any other nation. Ten, fifteen, or twenty persons, all standing in a line, and holding by each other's arms, begin lolling from right to left. They lift their feet as high as possible, to the measure of the tune; and the uniformity of their motions is interrupted only by sudden squeaks and exclamations. It should seem that the situation of the performers in the middle of the row must be extremely uneasy, yet even these squeezed as they are from one side to the other, testify their joy in the same manner as the rest. After some time there is a pause, when a single dancer, starting from the others, prances about in the most ludicrous manner, but exhibiting two steps, which may be assimilated to the dances as practised among the European nations. The first consists in hopping on one foot, and touching the ground with the heel and toe alternately of the other; the second is hopping on one foot, and thrusting the other before it, so as to imitate the bounding of a stag.

The religion of the Circassians is paganism. They do not appear to have any written laws, but they are governed by a kind of common law, or a collection of ancient usages. The manner of living among this people is extremely simple. One part of their food consists of a little meat, either the flesh of the game, in which the country greatly abounds, of beef or mutton, or what is said to be preferred to all others, the flesh of a young horse. Together with this they make use of some paste made of millet, or thin cakes of barley meal baked upon the hearth, which are eaten always new. Their usual drink is water, a kind of beer made from millet fermented, or mare's milk, from which latter there is here distilled a spirit, as amongst most of the Tartar nations, In eating it is the practice to sit cross-legged on the floor, the skin of some animal serving as a carpet. The custom of smoking tobacco is universal among men, women, and children, and is the most acceptable commodity a traveller can carry with him.

It is the practice in Circassia for widows to tear their hair, and to disfigure themselves with scars, in testimony of their regret for the loss of their husbands. It was formerly usual for the men also, to give way to similar expressions of sorrow, but of late they have grown much more tranquil under the loss of their wives, or of other relations.

The chief city of Circassia is Terke. The prince who resides here is allowed a guard of 500 Russians, but none of his own subjects are allowed to dwell within the fortifications. Ever since the time that this country was subdued by Russia, not only governors and garrisons of that nation have been appointed to all places of strength, but it has been provided from the same quarter with magistrates, and priests, for the exercise of the christian religion.

ORIGINAL AND FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE POWER OF CUPID.

A Song, written in the year 1659.

Though little be the god of Love,
Yet his arrows mighty are,
And all his victories above,
What the valiant reach by war;
Nor are his limits with the skie,
O'er the milky way he'll fly,
And sometimes wound a deity.

Apollo once the Python slew,
But a keener arrow flew
From Daphne's eye, and made a wound,
For which the God no balsam found.
One smile of Venus too did more
On Mars, than armies could before;
If a warm fit thus pull him down,
How will she shake him with a frown.
Thus love can fiery spirits tame,
And when he please cold rocks inflame.

THOUGHTS IN THE THEATRE.

Suggested by seeing Miss F. H. Kelly's "Juliet."

BY MRS. C. B. WILSON, AUTHOR OF "ASTARTE,"

If Juliet ever did exist,
(Save in the bard's creative brain,)
And could we pierce time's hallow'd mist,
And bid her live again;
Say, would she look more pure,—more fair,
Shining through love's dewy tears,
As with a vestal's blushes there,
Her prototype appears?

Verona in her happiest hour,
'Mid all her beauties bright,
Could never boast a fairer flow'r,
In hall, in gondola, or bower,
Than she, who comes to night,
To grace awhile the mimic scene,
And paint what Juliet might have been!
All that the young heart dreams of love,
Is realiz'd in that sweet form;
Those eyes, more tender than the dove,
An hermit's breast might warm;
And raise a chaste and holy fire,
In hearts that never felt desire!

Flower of Stalia's sunny clime!
(Or by the Poet fabled there,)
Could he look through the waves of time,
He'd see a living Juliet share,
With his own sweet imagined maid,
The graces his immortal pen display'd!
And many an ardent bosom sigh,
Bears witness to thy magic power,
Enchantress! of the fairy hour!
And tears have shone in many an eye,
That gaz'd on Montague's fair son,
And envied him, the heart he'd won!

So much of deep reality,
Lives in the poet's glowing scene,
And is identified in thee,
More than has ever been,
That o'er thy sorrows the young heart
Bleeds:—and the tears of feeling start!
Fair Juliet! of our modern age,
Pursue the path which fame
Points out thro' Shakspears's charmed page,
And twine with *his*, thy name,
For 'tis the Actor's living scene,
That keeps the Poet's laurels green!

Woburn Place, Russel Square.

BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

In silence and sorrow,
Thy footsteps I'll follow,
Where hope never ventur'd, where joy never came;
By others forsaken,
This heart will but waken,
To share in thy anguish, thy grief, or thy shame!

The world may deceive thee,
Its falsehoods may grieve thee,
And those may look coldly, that once fondly smil'd;
But when danger is nearest,
'Tis then, thou art dearest,
To the heart, and the bosom, that never beguil'd!

Then, think not that sorrow,
A moment can borrow,
One sigh, from the breast that is truly thine own;
Nor that fortune can heighten,
Or pleasure can brighten,
The love of the heart, that adores thee alone!

Whether pleasure caress thee,
Or sorrow distress thee,
Still, still, must this bosom adore thee the same;
As the flower that at morning,
The sun was adorning, [flame.
Turns to meet him at eve, tho' less glorious his

STANZAS.

BY CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

A few brief ling'ring hours remain,
That yet to privacy belong;
Ere I shall seek the world again,
And mingle with life's joyous throng;
But when in gayer scenes I move,
And health once more, resumes her reign,
Oh! may I ne'er forget the love,
Whose smile assuag'd the hours of pain!

Still may I bless the gentle hand,
That oft upheld my drooping head;
And that kind voice, whose accents bland,
Spoke hope and peace, in hours of dread!
Still may I bless the wakeful eye,
That watch'd around my restless bed;
And the fond heart, whose half-breath'd sigh,
Was hush'd;—least it should terror spread!

In gayer scenes, that hand has press'd
My own,—when ming'ling in the dance;
And the warm feelings of that breast,
Been told in ev'ry kindling glance;—

In brighter hours, that voice has spoke
Of love,—in passion's softest tone;
In happier days, that eye has 'woke
An answering passion in my own!
But never, never, half so dear,
In all the scenes where fortune smil'd;
Was He, who calmly linger'd near,
And sickness of its stings beguil'd!
And never look'd that smile so bright,
In rosy pleasure's gayest reign,
As when it shed its milder light,
To cheer the gloomy couch of pain!

In pleasure's bright, unclouded hour,
The lips many warmly talk of love;
But grief alone, with magic pow'r,
The bosom's tenderness can prove!
Yes! 'tis before pale sorrow's shrine,
That faithful hearts, are truly shewn;
'Tis sickness, tries a love like thine,
Then, only then, its worth is known!

Woburn Place, Russel Square.

THE SOLITARY.

The star of eve hangs in the west
And warns the songster to her nest;
The hermit, in his moss grown grot,
Retires to ponder o'er his lot;
And scarcely seen, amidst the gloom
The glimmering link that lights his room,
Nor silence broke, save by the tale
Of cushat-dove or nightingale.

With aspect sage in quiet nook,
He ponders o'er the sacred book,
And in its doctrines seeks to trace
The soul's eternal resting place,
And in its precepts seeks to shun
Those rocks where thousands are undone;
The world deceived him, he withdrew,
And left the world because untrue.

O could I fly and rest my head
Like him, beneath some lonely shed,
Like him, for food to strip the shoots
Of Autumn ripened forest fruits:
Like him, to drink from mountain seam,
The sober draught of limpid stream;
And thus by nature's simple plan
Attain the native state of man!

But say,—can hermit's grotto bind
The lawless sallies of the mind?
Can pride forget its innate power,
And calmly meet the taunting hour,
That proves by passion unreprest,
Usurping nature rules the breast,
And mingles every wish that lends
The thought of hope, of home, or friends?
The vagrant wish, the truant sigh,
For something distant, ever nigh!
Say, can remembrance fondly warm
Cold disappointment with its charm?
Can nature's sun for ever set,
Nor gild past pleasure with regret?
Leave no faint glimmering of its light,
Till nature's ruin sinks in night.

Can life's horizon at its noon
O'ercloud the intellectual sun,
Nor silent, lonely, still, and dark,
Lament that rashness quench'd its spark;
That beauty sheds no lovely streak,
O'er apathy's dead waveless lake,
Where morbid grief her pencil dips,
And shadows hope in dark eclipse?

O Solitary! shou'dst thou feel
Some wound reflection cannot heal;
Seek not the shades of silent grief,
Nor shun thyself to find relief.
The wound that rankles in thy heart,
Barb'd with remorse shall bear its dart,
And there infix'd a pain must feel,
Which social bliss alone can heal.

The deadly bowl, the poisoned draught,
By wild despair, or maniac quaff'd,
The lifted steel, the smothering wave,
The strangling noose, the madman's rave:
All, all befriend the suicide,
To 'scape the hell of wounded pride?
All these, alas! too oft intrude
On sorrow's den in solitude.
If thou hast sought in friendship's field,
For what its flowers, its fruits may yield;
If thou hast follow'd virtue's choice,
Nor spurn'd disdainfully her voice;
If thou hast shared affection's kiss,
And tasted pure connubial bliss,
Clasp'd in thy arms a lovely child,
And felt the father when it smiled.
If thou hast ask'd with fervent prayer,
Religion's glorious gifts to share,
And while her heavenly influence blest,
Enshrined the seraph in thy breast?
If thou hast known the expanding mind
Embrace the wants of all mankind,
And felt an ocean flow from thee
Of universal charity.
If these have fail'd the bliss to prove
Of social life, religion, love—
If thou hast spurn'd them, hope in vain,
Or earthly happiness to gain;
Or (to victorious virtue given)
To share the just applause of heaven;
Go, be repining still thy lot,
Or in the palace or the grot.

IL EST MINUIT.

Chant de la Premier heure

ETRENNES POUR L'ANNEE, 1823.

Paroles de

M. Le Comte De Lagarde.

(Messeuer.)

Allegretto con Grazio.



Soprano

Il est mi-nuit d'u-ne nouvelle an-né-e le tems ra-

Tenore

D'u-ne nouvelle an-né-e le tems ra-

Basso.

D'u-ne nouvelle an-né-e le tems ra-

Fine

p

=pi = = de a commen=ce le cours et semble dire aux a=

=pide a commen=ce le cours et semble dire aux a=

=pide a commen=ce le cours et semble dire aux a=

=mis aux a= = mours em=ploy_ez bien Cette heu-re-for=tu=

=mis aux a= = mours

=mis aux a=mours em= = ploy= ez bien Cette heu=re-for=tu=

=né = = e, il est mi = = nuit mi = = = nuit.

il est mi = nuit mi = = = nuit.

=né = = e, il est mi = nuit mi = = = nuit.

BALLAD.

The Drummer Boy of Waterloo.

BY EDWARD BALL.

When battle rous'd each warlike band,
And carnage loud her trumpet blew,
Young Edwin left his native land,
A Drummer Boy for Waterloo.

Though but a child, his little heart
A hero's tale had learn'd to glow,
And urged him from his home to part,
For glory! and for Waterloo!

His mother, when his lips she'd press'd,
And bade her noble boy adieu,
With wringing hands and aching breast
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

But he that knew no infant fears
His knapsack o'er his shoulder threw,
And cried, dear mother dry those tears
Till I return from Waterloo.

He went, and ere the set of sun
Beheld our arms the foe subdue,
The flash of death—the murd'rous gun
Had laid him low on Waterloo.

O comrades! comrades! Edwin cried,
And proudly beam'd his eye of blue,
Go tell his mother, Edwin died
A soldier's death at Waterloo.

They plac'd his head upon his drum,
And 'neath the moonlight's mournful hue,
When night had still'd the battle's hum,
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

THE SONG OF WELCOME.

ON THE RETURN OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, FROM FRANCE.

(From a recent publication, intitled "The Court of Holyrood.")

Long has my harp neglected hung,
And long its chords been all unstrung,
Nor Scotland's royal palace rung
With joyous minstrelsy;
For oh! since Solway's fatal day—
The light of song hath fled away:
'Tis only now a glimmering ray
Of glorious poesy.

Did generous thoughts the bard inspire?
A monarch fann'd the sacred fire:
But buried with thy princely sire
Were song and chivalry.

Years dark have followed darker years,
And treason's clouds, and factious fears,
And Scotland's blood, and Scotland's tears,
And sordid rivalry.

But now!—and do mine eyes behold,
When o'er our land this flood has roll'd,
The sun-light of the days of old
In James's royal line?
Yes, now the daughter of his love,
Comes from that deluge like the dove,
Bright as the bow of heaven above
Amidst the storm to shine!

Then wake anew the olden strain!
Come gladness to our hearts again,
And welcome cups be filled amain,
And pleasure light the scene:—
The youthful and the aged pour
O'er hill, and dale, and rugged shore,
Their blessings; *Welcome* evermore,
To MARY, Scotland's Queen!

IL EST MINUET.

It may not be irrelevant to observe, that a custom prevails in France, of families and their more immediate friends meeting on the last evening of the year, and remaining together until midnight, in order to present and receive the usual felicitations of the season, amongst which the "baiser d'amitié," or kiss of friendship, is invariably admitted. The following verses are in allusion to the moment.

Il est minuit d'une nouvelle année
Le tems rapide a commencé le cours
Et semble dire aux amis aux amours
Employez bien cette heure fortunée
Il est minuit,
minuit.

Il est minuit tout s'agite, tout veille
On semble naître à l'espoir, an bonheur
Et le plaisir qui fait battre son cœur
Vient répéter à l'enfant qui sommeille
Il est minuit,
minuit.

Il est minuit à la cour on s'empresse
Pour parvenir il n'est jamais trop tard
Oh! la faveur vaut-elle le regard
Qui tendrement insigne à sa maitresse
Qu'il est minuit,
minuit.

Il est minuit recevez notre hommage
Que tout par vous respire le plaisir
Et si l'année enfin vient de finir
Assurez nous par le baiser d'usage
Qu'il est minuit,
minuit.

FASHIONS

FOR

JANUARY, 1823.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. I.—Christmas Festival Dress.

From a splendid party and private ball given by a lady of distinction, a few days ago, during this festive season, we feel particularly gratified that we have it in our power to present our fair readers with a *fac simile* of a dress worn by a young lady of beauty and fashion at the above-mentioned party. Over a slip of pink satin is worn a frock of *tulle*, with white satin stripes *en rouleaux*, elegantly ornamented with chenille and pearls. The border of the dress is finished by two broad flounces of blond of a remarkably rich pattern: over the upper flounce is a broad rouleau of satin, entwined with pearls in a demi-chain work; and above that is a pointed festoon of white roses with white foliage, interspersed with knots of pearls. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt, though, of course, in a more diminutive style; otherwise there is nothing novel in the corsage; but it is truly decorous; modestly, though partially discovering the contour of the bust, and displaying as much, but no more, of the form of the back and shoulders as is only consistent with the etiquette of full-dress: the British ladies have been remarkable for several months past for this chaste style of dress, and for which they merit the highest applause, while they ensure thereby a tenfold share of admiration. Over the dress above cited is occasionally thrown a drapery scarf of Urling's Patent Lace. The hair is arranged in the newest Parisian style, in large curls, amongst which are mingled, in tasteful puffings, fine blond lappets, with long ends terminated by tassels formed of pearls. Some ladies tie these carelessly under the chin, as we have represented in our engraving; to a young and lovely face this has an effect truly becoming, but it is an innovation in full-dress which savours rather of affectation, it is also unappropriate, as this elegant head-dress is surmounted by a plume of white feathers carelessly inclining to the right side. The necklace is formed of large pearls; and the shoes white satin, with rosettes of pearls.

No. 2.—Walking Dress.

The braided pelisses, which were but partially patronized on their first appearance, are now in high favor with those ladies of rank who may be said to lead the fashions, and we, this month, present a specimen of this most appropriate and elegant out-door envelope to our subscribers.

Over a round-dress of milk white bombazine or Norwich crape, is a close pelisse of puce colored cachemire, ornamented down the front and round the border with a peculiarly rich braiding in silk, the flowers of which represent the Caledonian thistle; two beautiful long branches of the same braiding rise from the points that terminate the bottom of the facings, and form a superb ornament in front, on each side of the border. The ornaments across the bust consist of a braiding in foliage only; but it has a very rich appearance, being composed of several rows reaching across the front to the forepart of each shoulder. The mancherons are plain, and are almost close to the sleeve; these are finished with one row of leaves in braiding. A belt of black velvet, fastened in front with a polished steel buckle, confines the pelisse round the waist. The bonnet is of puce colored velvet, lined with white satin, and crowned with a plume of white ostrich feathers: a veil of Chantilly lace is thrown carelessly across the brim of the bonnet, but this is not always adopted; the bonnet is of a



CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL DRESS.

London Published for La Belle Assemblée Jan.y 1. 1823. No. 170



WALKING DR[illegible]

[illegible] Jan. 1, 1823 [illegible] N.170.

charming shape and becoming size, to our ideas better without the veil, especially at this season of the year, though much depends on fancy. A single frill of the finest Mechlin lace is worn round the throat; and a muff of the white Siberian fox, with half-boots of puce-colored kid, and light doe-skin gloves, finish this promenade dress, in which is combined richness, elegance, and simplicity.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

From the sources that are held out to us, and also from our own observations, we may pronounce the winter fashions in some degree fixed, if so whimsical a power *as* fashion may be called, at any time stationary: as her attire was, however, at the close of the year, and what it promises to be at the commencement of another, we are enabled to give our fair readers the most authentic information.

We have gained much information among other modish intelligence from Mrs. Bell; whose indulgence in giving us the first specimens of modern dress can only be exceeded by the elegance of her taste and the diversity of her fancy. The following different articles for the toilet, which we have just inspected, warrant the above assertion.

A pelisse of fine cachemire, either light or dark, according to the taste of the wearer, is trimmed with folds of *gros de Naples*, fastened down with straps, placed near each other, of satin, the same color as the pelisse, the collar, cuffs, bust, and mancherons, trimmed in a correspondent manner; this trimming has a very novel and rich effect. The walking pelisses are beautifully braided, or plain, according to the fancy of the wearer, consisting of fine dark-colored cloth, lined with white satin: if the pelisse is of black velvet, it is lined with amber, a mixture that promises to be very prevalent during the winter season. Many young ladies have been seen in carriages with silk spencers, one of which we found peculiarly elegant; it was of pink *gros de Naples*, beautifully finished down the bust with separate ornaments, representing a semi-military helmet plume; each feather formed of narrow rouleaux of the same material as the spencer, which has a splendid and most *unique* effect: the collar of this spencer stands up, and is ornamented to answer the bust.

The most fashionable bonnets are of black velvet, lined and ornamented with amber; for the carriage, the favorite plume on these bonnets is of white marabouts or paddi feathers, beautifully tipped with bright amber. Another carriage bonnet is of pink silk, richly figured with satin mosaic, and is trimmed entirely with a delicate plumage, something like that ephemeral trimming which appeared last winter, under the name of Cupid's wings; this has a more regular appearance, and, we think, seems to promise itself more *lasting* favor. Amber satin bonnets, lined with white, and ornamented with black velvet *languette* straps, and a plume of black feathers, are much in favor for the morning lounge, &c., and black velvet bonnets lined with pink, pearl grey, or with white, when the ornaments are amber, are in general estimation for the promenade.

The favorite material for the *dejuené* dress is still of fine cambric; but for no other time of the day. Dark-colored silks, poplins, and Norwich crapes of various colors, with black silks and amber ornaments, prevail for home costume: it is impossible to describe the exact fashion of trimming, it is so various; the silk dresses have a multitude of narrow flounces, reaching almost to the knee, except the black silks, on which the ugly fashion of shrowd-like pinking seems to prevail, and the flounces on them are in serpentine or detached wavings; the cachemire and poplins are ornamented with broad layers of satin, the color of the dress, generally three. The most attractive evening dress that we have seen is of pink satin, with two rows of white gauze, in folds, laid crosswise on the border; these foldings are fastened down by innumerable ring-straps of pink satin; between each row of gauze are placed, at equal distances, small bouquets of roses and white lilacs: the body is trimmed in front in demi-chevrons of puckered pink gauze: the sleeves are short, slashed in the Spanish fashion, and the slashes filled in with puckered gauze.

A new deshabille cornette has been invented, quite *à la negligée.* It is something in the style of that cap that was worn in undress by the late fascinating Duchess of Devonshire, which the mothers of our present race of beauties must remember; it bore rather an ugly name, being called then the *Devonshire blouze;* this cornette much resembles it, but is rather more stylish. It is composed of fine net, with stripes let in of vermillion colored gauze ribbon, and next the face, and round the lappets that confine it, it is trimmed in a careless manner with very broad blond. It is crowned by a very full half wreath of vermillion colored lupin blossoms, without their foliage. A very favorite head-dress, either for the theatre or evening costume, is the Valois togue: it is of white satin, striped with polished steel, open tissue work let in; the Marguerite part, which partially shades the forehead, forms in front a kind of fan, and terminates in an end with a tassel over the left shoulder: on each temple, lying on the hair, is a sprig of scarlet geranium: this head-dressis very general at the theatres and the evening party, and is extremely becoming. The Malabar turban, made of real oriental materials, still remains in favor, and a new kind of gauze, called Hindostan or Mogul gauze is much used for the fabrication of these becoming head-dresses. A cornette for receiving friendly dinner parties, is among the newly invented head-dresses for this month: it is of white satin, with a broad border of fluted blond: the flutings confined at the edge next the face: the ornaments consist of blue fancy flowers, splendidly intermixed with berries of polished steel. For evening full-dress, nothing is thought more elegant than the Ottoman turban; the front is of basket-work, formed of white satin, and white crystallized velvet, or else of silver lace: the sultana folds above this frontlet are fine silk net, of a bright oriental red, and a splendid plumage of white feathers plays over the front.

The favorite colors are vermillion, puce, pink, celestial blue, and Esterhazy.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUMES.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

We are now all finery; and I hope you will congratulate us (for I see you have been all along very hostile to them) that we have almost entirely got rid of *Les Blouses.* But though we glitter with gold-lace in the evening, we affect, I can assure you, a great simplicity in our out-door costume at the promenade; the favorite dress for which purpose being a wrapping pelisse of dove-colored *gros de Naples,* very simply ornamented with two rouleaux of light blue satin, and three narrow capes trimmed to correspond, over which falls a collar of embroidered muslin; the bonnet, rather of a close form, is the same as the pelisse, and is ornamented with blue rouleaux in the same manner. Another favorite dress for walking; I am sorry to say, it *is* a blouse, is equally simple: it is of fine Merino, a fawn color, but the full sleeves have no longer that capacious, slovenly, bogged appearance as in the original blouse; no, these are confined by many straps or bands round the arm: the border of the dress is finished by three broad layers of satin: the bonnet is of black velvet lined with amaranthine satin, and is ornamented in front with a double Japanese rose. A carriage airing dress is of black *gros de Naples,* with numerous narrow flounces of gauze cut in bias; a scarf shawl of Amaranthine colored *Barége* cachemire is tied round the throat; for the dress is made high, and surmounted by a triple ruff of fine lace. The hat worn with this becoming and elegant dress, is of black velvet, crowned with a beautiful plume of white marabout feathers.

The most favorite hats are of black velvet, with spiral cock's feathers: in the carriage, black velvet hats are often seen adorned with a full plumage of white ostrich feathers: the carriage hats worn by young ladies are generally of white satin elegantly ornamented with blue bells.

The most favorite article for the evening toilet is a round dress of Barêge silk, of a bright amaranth, or crimson, with three flounces, each flounce headed by a row of gold binding; round the waist is a gold girdle of exquisite workmanship, tied before with very long ends, that terminate in tassels; the sleeves are short and very full, formed of silk in small regular puckerings, and confined round the arm by a band of gold. Gold bracelets, fastened by a large ruby, are worn over the gloves. Say,—are we not fine?

Dress hats are much worn at evening parties and at the theatres; some are of vermilion colored satin, fastened up on one side, and crowned with superb plumes of white curled feathers. White satin hats are turned up and ornamented in the same manner, but the edges are indented, in the battlement style. For *grande costume*, the sultana turban of Indian red, fastened with bands of gold, and crowned with white feathers, is much in favor, as is a white striped gauze Moorish turban, richly ornamented with gold *cordon* and gold fringes.

The most approved article in jewellery is the fine dark ruby; the ear-rings set in the form of a cross.

The favorite colors are fawn color, vermillion, Amaranth, and every kind of red.

Such is the intelligence we have just received from our private correspondent in Paris; the rapidity with which French fashions also arrive at Mr. Hill's Parisian Depot, Regent-street, enables us to add the following particulars from that truly elegant source.

The semi-military plume, formed of black cock's feathers, is one of the most novel articles; it droops arch-wise over the front of the hat or bonnet, has a most peculiar lustre, and is tipped with pink, coquelicot or amber; the latter color is, however, most distinguishing of the lady of fashion. Some of these plumes are long, and droop gracefully over the left shoulder. The *garnitures* for evening dresses for the festive parties of Christmas, were extremy beautiful; some of pink crapes, formed in flowers, surrounded by scallops, and splendidly ornamented by polished steel, others of black crape, giving a fine relief to that brilliant, and still very fashionable ornament; among the black *garnitures* are discovered crescents of polished steel; a most appropriate ornament on a winter evening dress. On gossamer gauze or net evening dresses for young ladies, are three rows of trimming of colored satin in scallops, surrounded by puckerings of net, *a la coquille*. Another evening party dress is trimmed with a broad border of full-blown roses in pink satin, elegantly balancing on their stalks; the border of flowers beautifully enclosed on each side by a serpentine row of net work in pink floize silk; these ornaments form a rich embossment on fine net.

The head-dresses for young ladies are formed of full wreaths of the finest imitations of all the treasures of the garden, or of the British bandeau of pearls; the oak leaves wrought in small pearls, and the acorn in the fine oblong oriental pearl. The mother of pearl wreath for the hair is also a new and splendid article in the jewellery line; it consists of flowers richly clustered; the petals of the flowers ornamented and relieved by small pearl beads; the beautiful effect produced by this head-dress, by candle-light, it is scarce possible to imagine. The cocique diadem, formed of fine pearls, is also much admired, and is truly becoming when placed rather backward.

It is expected that the beautiful finish to full-dress, a handsome bouquet of flowers, wll prevail much this winter.

THE HIVE.

Credulity of the Cardinal Dubois.—The Cardinal Dubois was accustomed to eat for his supper, every night, the wing of a fowl. One night, just as supper was going to be served up, a dog ran away with the fowl. The maitre d'hotel had another immediately put on the spit, and when the Cardinal asked for his fowl, he said, with the greatest composure, " My lord, you have supped." " I have supped?" replied the Cardinal. " Cer-

tainly, my lord, but your mind seemed very much employed, you ate very little. If you chuse, another fowl shall be served up." Chirac, who was always present at supper, arrived; he was let into the secret. "By heavens," said the Cardinal, "this is something very strange! my servants would persuade me that I have supped; I have not the least recollection of it; and what is more, I am very hungry." "So much the better," replied Chirac, "you may eat again, if you like, but I would advise you to take but little." The fowl was brought in, and the Cardinal regarded it as an evident symptom of good health to sup twice by his physician's order.

Feast of Cherries.—There is a feast celebrated at Hamburgh, called the Feast of Cherries, in which troops of children parade the streets, with green boughs ornamented with cherries, to commemorate a victory obtained in the following manner. In 1432, the Hussites threatened the city of Hamburgh with immediate destruction, when one of the citizens, named Wolf, proposed that all the children of the city, from seven to fourteen years of age, should be clad in mourning, and sent to supplicate the enemy. Procopius Nasus, chief of the Hussites, was so touched with this spectacle, that he received the young supplicants, regaled them with cherries and other fruits, and promised them to spare the city. The children returned crowned with leaves, holding cherries, and crying "victory."

Kings.--Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, happening at a public review to have some dispute with Colonel Seaton, an officer in his service, gave him a blow, which the latter resented so highly, that when the field-business was over, he repaired to the king's apartment, and demanded his discharge, which his majesty signed, not a word being said on the subject by either party. Gustavus, however, coolly considered the matter, and being informed that Seaton intended to set out the next morning for Denmark, he followed him, attended by an officer and two or three grooms. When his majesty came to the Danish frontiers, he left all his attendants except one, and overtaking Seaton on a large plain, he rode up to him, saying, "Dismount, sir, that you have been injured, I acknowledge, I am therefore now come to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, for being now out of my dominions, Gustavus and you are equal. We have both, I see, pistols and swords, alight immediately, and the affair shall be decided." Seaton, recovering from his surprise, dismounted, as the king had already done, and falling on his knees, said, "Sire, you have more than given me satisfaction, in condescending to make me your equal, God forbid that my sword should do any mischief to so brave and gracious a prince. Permit me to return to Stockholm, and allow me the honor of living and dying in your service." The king raised him from the ground, embraced him, and they returned in the most amicable manner to Stockholm, to the astonishment of the whole court.

Effect of music on Animals.—On a Sunday evening, five choristers were walking on the banks of the river Mersey, in Cheshire; after some time they sat down on the grass, and began to sing an anthem. The field in which they sat was terminated at one extremity by a wood, out of which, as they were singing, they observed a hare to pass with great swiftness towards the place where they were sitting, and to stop at about twenty yards distance from them. She appeared highly delighted with the music, often turning up the side of her head to listen with more facility. This uncommon appearance engaged their attention, and being desirous to know whether the creature paid attention to them or not for the sake of the music, they finished the piece, and sat still without speaking to each other. As soon as the harmonious sounds were over, the hare returned slowly towards the wood; when she had reached nearly the end of the field, they began the same piece again, at which the hare stopped, turned about, and came swiftly back again to about the same distance as before, when she seemed to listen with rapture and delight till they had finished the anthem, when she returned, by a slow pace, up the field, and entered the wood.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

CONTAINING THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, MUSIC, &c.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

A Mr. Rayner from the theatre of Birmingham and York, has appeared as *Dandie Dinmont* in *Guy Mannering*. He seems to be brought forward to fill the characters so ably supported by the late Mr. Emery. Mr. Rayner promises well; he performed the character in good style, and he will no doubt be an acquisition in that line of acting. Without any depreciation of his talents, he certainly, as would any other actor, appeared to disadvantage the first time of replacing him, who was so great, and deservedly a favorite with the public.

Miss Clara Fisher continues to charm by her wonderful precocity of talent. She has lately played *Little Pickle* in the *Spoil'd Child*, she performed it in the most lively, entertaining, and exquisite manner. She was also the heroine of a new farce, entitled *Old and Young*, in which she appeared as a sort of " actress of all work." *Matilda* is the name of the heroine, who, with her father, *Mr. Mowbray*, visits an uncle, a *Mr. Walton*, an ill tempered, surly old bachelor. She annoys him exceedingly by personating a very riotous soldier, named *Hector*; then a man of voracious appetite, named *Gobbleton*; and she passes through various other characters, till the uncle discovers it is his mad-cap niece *Matilda*.

The re-appearance of Mr. Kean has excited a satisfaction bordering on enthusiasm; we must say we never saw him meet with a more cordial or gratifying welcome: it was gratifying to ourselves, for we admire him as an actor, and love him as a man, because the prominent traits of his character are all of the most sterling kind; gratitude, and an affectionate remembrance of early friends. We have seen Mr. Young this season in *Macbeth*, he always acts well, but his Macbeth is a *chef d'œuvre* of histrionic talent.

A Mrs. Austin from the Dublin theatre, gives fair promise of vocal abilities, and her style of acting is easy and natural, she has been very favorably received.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Maid Marian, or the Huntress of Arlington. The music by Mr. Bishop.

This opera is founded principally on the story, dialogue, and poetry of the novel of Maid Marian, by the celebrated author of Headlong Hall: and Mr. Planche has well availed himself in his drama, of plucking abundantly from the rich harvest held out to him in this well written tale of ages long gone by.

The plot of the opera turns chiefly on the difficulties experienced by several respectable families, during the usurpation of prince John, and the regency that was established during the absence of Richard *Coeur de Lion.* Robert Fitz-ooth, earl of Huntingdon, is celebrating his marriage ceremony with Lady Matilda Fitzwater, when the wedding is put a stop to, by the earl being accused of treason, who retires to Sherwood forest, with a few followers who have been oppressed like himself; his lordship places himself at the head of this dynasty, and takes the name of Robin Hood. Prince John surrounds the castle of baron Fitzwater, lady Matilda's father, who is obliged to prepare for a siege; the baron burns his castle, and proceeds with Matilda to join her betrothed husband, Robin Hood, and here it is she assumes the name of *Maid Marian.* They all lead together a very merry life in Sherwood forest, till Richard Coeur de Lion gives them an opportunity of evincing their loyalty, and restores them to their former rank.

A very prominent character is Friar Michael, formerly belonging to Rubygill Abbey, and who on joining Robin Hood's party, takes the appellation of *Friar Tuck;* he loves wine and good cheer; this character is charmingly acted by Mr. C. Kemble.

MR. MATTHEWS IN AMERICA, from a New York Gazette.

"The report which met the comedian, Matthews, as he approached our coast, was, that the deaths (from the yellow fever) averaged at about 140 per day! The first view of the promised land, which should have been flowing with milk and honey, did, according to the accounts of some of his shipmates, scare the comedian not a little, and almost 'frightened his phiz from its propriety;' for to *lengthen* the face of a comedian, goes far towards spoiling it. He was, it seems, very far from finding himself 'at home' amongst us; and had come to a resolution that the city of New York should not be his *long home*. So determined was he not to be *bulletined* amongst the *dead*, that he is now numbered amongst the *missing*. What is come of him I cannot tell you; I have heard that he was sleeping on a straw bed on the other side of the river, in Jersey, where, of course, all the state beds would be in requisition before his arrival. His flight added some little to the "general gloom" here, for several whose love of laughter does not desert them even in these trying times, went down to enquire after him; and, proof as they were against the fever, had their faces a little lengthened, on finding that he had 'hopped the twig,' thus deserting us in our utmost need. This, however, was but a transient gloom, and soon gave way to the satisfaction derived from the well founded hopes that Matthews would 'live to laugh another day.'"

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—A new tragedy entitled *Clytemnestra*, has drawn brilliant and crowded houses. It is eminently successful, and the applause it gains unanimous. This success is peculiarly flattering to the author, for the subject has been so often brought on the stage, that it must be quite worn out, and nothing novel could possibly be introduced into its fable, which is so well known. When a difficulty is so great, there is, however, the greater merit in surmounting it: nevertheless it is not by the plot, the combination of the scenes, the energy of its situations on the art of the *denouement*, that render this work anywise remarkable.

There is a kind of *vice*, if the term may be used, inherent to the subject, which prevents any very great interest being felt for any of the characters: but the versification is so rich, and clothed in such brilliant and charming colors of mythology, that sentiment and energy animate every dialogue. The part of Orestes is so admirably performed by Talma, that it has, no doubt, contributed much to the success of the piece.

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODEON.—*Le Coruptcur*. A drama in five acts.

The Count de Noirville, an epitome of Lovelace, Don Juan, and other such worthies, is a seducer by profession; from this results some originality, and a sprightly expression of feature altogether, though the intrigue is not complicated, and the action is rather heavy. Noirville is a young man of illustrious birth and large fortune; and bribery and corruption are the means he makes use of to obtain the completion of his libertine wishes; seduction is his darling sin, and almost his sole pursuit. Laura, the heroine, with whom he is passionately in love, has fallen into his power, but she escapes by means of a sum of gold, and regains a safe shelter under the paternal roof; and her lover, partly by his well laid schemes, but more by deep repentance, at length, gains her hand in marriage.

Morality, therefore, is not wounded, as in the history of Don Juan; and the repentance of Noirville in his prime of life, is represented as sincere, because his stratagems were alone sufficient to gain him the hand of his beloved, without the penitence he manifests for his past errors. To give an idea of the means he employs to obtain the consent of a family so deeply irritated against him, we shall briefly relate the following incidents. He finds it is indispensable for him to gain the favor of a president, who is brother-in-law to Laura. He is a man who bears the most unblemished reputation for integrity. Noirville attacks him through his ambition, and causes him to arrive at the highest situation in the magistracy; he is a worthy character, but somewhat vain, weak, and easily duped.

To obtain the mother's consent is a very difficult task. She is a virtuous woman, and a good wife; but she must be extravagant,

or play very high, for she owes her brother 15,000 francs. She sells her diamonds, for which she asks 40,000 francs. But she is presented with them as a bridal present, on her daughter's marriage, sent by a messenger from the Count de Noirville, who has also inclosed with them the sum she sold them for. Noirville has, however, another difficulty to conquer; that is to gain the good graces of the commander's wife, a coquettish, inconsequent female, fond of admiration, and who receives his attentions in that favorable way, that the fear of exposure renders her also his friend and advocate.

State of the French Theatres, at the conclusion of the year 1822.

Damas, a veteran actor at the theatre Français, seems conscious, that if he should now retire, after thirty years service, he would be a real loss to that company. Talma and Mademoiselle Mars are the chief among those who hold the reins of good acting. Damas stands next, and he is exerting all his powers to keep up his theatrical existence: other actors who are rapidly improving are eagerly looking out for an augmentation of salary, As to Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, the superiority of their talent is a sure foundation; they stand firm, and they let the others do what they please.

SECOND THEATRE FRANÇAIS.—The present season is against this theatre, which is seldom full. *Le Volage*, by M. Cragnier, has been well performed, and has given much satisfaction.

VAUDEVILLE. A piece entitled *Les deux Tailleurs de Windsor. (The two Tailors of Windsor,)* attributed to M. Joly, has been performed at this theatre with some success, though but a very *poor* production.

GYMNASE.—*Le Chasseur de la Rue St. Denis.* This bagatelle, though rather deficient in stage effect, has been successful on account of some very happy expressions; and a few couplets written purposely to make the pit laugh.

PORTE SAINT MARTIN.—Eminently successful this year, the fashionable theatre, every one enthusiastic in its praise; and this wonder has been achieved by *Les deux Forçats, (the Two Galley Slaves.)* One, named Francis, after seven years slavery, wherein his conduct was honorable and regular, has inspired a wealthy dame of Puy-de-dame with love, who determines to marry him. While the wedding is being celebrated, a man arrives whose mien is most terrific: it is the fellow slave of Francis, the wretched man recognises him, and is recognised in return. "Thou art happy, thou art rich," he says, "I must share your happiness, and your wealth. Only in that case will I observe silence, I must have money, without that I will denounce thee, I will denounce myself, and as we have escaped together, I will devote thy head and mine to the scaffold that demands them."

We may easily imagine the horror such a scene well acted must inspire. Francis is, at least in appearance, a very worthy man, and his companion a most infamous scoundrel. These opposites produce scenes, which, though they inspire horror, become, on that very account, perhaps, the more capable of captivating an attentive audience, in spite of the natural tenderness of their feelings.

What a scene for the unhappy Francis is that where he perceives in a medallion of flowers, the initial of his once loved Theresa's name, united to his own. These two letters, T. F. recalls to his mind the marks imprinted on him for his crime, and causes him to suffer in the midst of the sports that are celebrating his marriage, the most bitter despair.

Francis, however, owes only the condemnation he underwent to an act of the most sublime devotedness to another: every thing, however, is in the end cleared up, Francis is proved to be a *virtuous criminal,* and is restored to honor and happiness.

The above melo-drama is beautifully put together, and still draws crowds to La Port Saint Martin.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

The Boarding School; a familiar Conversations between a Governess and her Pupils. London 1 vol. 12mo.

The above work is dedicated chiefly to the

amusement and instruction of *young* ladies; but even those arrived to maturity may find in this little volume much to interest their feelings. A widow lady, with her two daughters, reduced from a state of affluence and ease, opens a boarding school, where she issues instructions under a new and unhackneyed, though very excellent plan; dividing her cares among her pupils, in the most maternal, steady, and intelligent manner. Her two daughters assist her in her arduous task, both amiable, affectionate girls, but of very opposite characters. Jane, the youngest is delicate, consumptive, and we are prepared for her demise long before it takes place. Elizabeth is impetuous, but of an excellent mind and understanding.

The various characters of the young ladies composing the school are well drawn, and certainly by the hand of one used to consider well the different dispositions of children: some are very amiable, others refractory, often owing to the faulty manner in which they received their early instructions on their first entry into life.

Whoever is the author of this moral and useful volume, it reflects the highest honor on the motives that penned it; and we pronounce it deserving of a place in the library of every mother and preceptress.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Tephaine et Lawrence—ou Mademoiselle de Guescelin. Paris, 3 vols. 12mo.

Notwithstanding the title of this work, it has nothing historical in it; these young ladies of the name of Guescelin have nothing to do with the hero of that name. Daughters of an ambassador from France to England, they are so like each other, that the lover of one marries the other without the least scruple. But this is only an outward resemblance. Nothing can be more opposite than the characters of the two sisters; and by one of those tricks which nature sometimes plays, the most amiable of the two is the least cherished by her mother. A victim from her earliest childhood of her unchanging coldness, the destiny of poor Lawrence reminds us of that of a little girl, who perceiving her mother likely very soon to give birth to a second child, said to her with the most winning artlessness, "Mamma, I hope you will give me a little brother." "Why, pray?" "Because I know that you don't love little girls."

This unworthy mother of the romance in question, assists her favorite daughter in deceiving the lover of her other child. Tephaine is substituted for Lawrence; but very soon after she experiences the severest remorse, which her husband regards as a tacit proof of her infidelity; their union becomes troubled, and the guilty wife expires with grief, leaving her sister the husband destined for her.

The scene is laid in one of the beautiful vallies of Switzerland. There are numerous, but truly interesting episodes from the principal story, which most of them terminate happily; so that the solitary valley becomes the most peopled of all the thirteen cantons, so many marriages does the writer conclude there. In one of these episodes, is an interesting picture of the convalescence of a young female.

Nouvellettes, Tales, Apologues, &c. &c. By By J. C. F. L. Member of several literary societies. Paris, 3o s. 12mo.

This collection contains twelve nouvellettes, four tales, two of which are in verse, ten apologues in prose, twenty-five in verse, and other miscellaneous matter.

In the nouvellettes we find much of the prevailing customs and manners of the Dauphiny, Lovain, Alsace, De la Brie, and also of Normandy.

When the author visited that part of the Alps, (heretofore Dauphiny) which forms the limits of Savoy, they were cutting the third crop. He writes, "I remarked, that the people, with a whistle in their hand, drew the vipers to them; on the delightful borders of Guisanne, they never attack a traveller, the country people take them in their hand with a glove on, put them in bags, and sell them to the apothecaries of Upper Italy."

The author stopped at a little hut, where a woman, having first offered him butter and honey, cut for him with a sharp cutting instrument, some barley biscuit, that had been baked eighteen months before.

Among many popular superstitions, they have a curious method of curing the gout, and they believe that if a woman buys a black cow, none of her children will live.

Many of the religious customs in France, are derived from the worship of the pagans.

The author was one day conversing with a priest who had travelled through Asia Minor, and very much in Armenia. The clergyman remarked, "What a singular coincidence! is it owing to those ideas inherent to human nature, to the great transmigrations of the people, to the communications caused by commerce, or to the wandering troops from Egypt, Bohemia, or from the Jews? Rather have not the Crusaders, on their return from the holy land, ornamented our religion with not only traditions, but with the creeds of Syria and Palestine, intermingled?"

In 1816, the writer went to drink the waters as Plombieres; the physicians, according to custom, recommended exercise to their patients. "One day," says the Baron de L—, "I proposed to make a visit to a villager, who was a man of pleasing exterior and endowed with great mechanical talents. After having crossed the *Promenade de Dames*, in the midst of which is drank the chalybeate water, we left at the right the place where the paper is fabricated for the *Moniteur*, and the intricate paths that lead to the hill *joli*. We then climbed for a quarter of an hour the *route de reniirement*, and keeping towards the left, we passed before two rural dwellings, where we heard the sound of weaving looms at work, and after having remarked the care with which the water pipes are conducted, we soon arrived at father Vincent's, the object of our long walk; he just came in from mowing the grass of his field. Immediately at our desire, he performed some airs on a piano, that he had fabricated himself, after having examined that which Erard had sent to a Parisian bather. He played with a quill on a kind of mandoline, of which he was the inventor, and we waltzed to the sound of his music. The time-piece at father Vincents, the rustic chairs that his wife presented to us, the barometer (which promised fair weather) the table on which cream was set before us, the garden from whence we gathered roses, the little wood wherein we might lose ourselves, all was the work of his hands."

The hero of the nouvellette, entitled *The Suicide*, is described as an Englishman, who travels through Normandy as an observer. "You know," he says to one of his countrymen, "how much, in my days of happiness, I used to admire near Glasgow, the colony of our Owen, who was able to prove to the different sovereigns of Europe, that they had unjustly regarded him as a visionary. However he has a rival about two leagues from Valognes, in the person of M. F———. Three long streets, a square, a few hamlets, containing some desolate habitations, have been constructed by this fabrication for his workmen. They are calculated to be about seven hundred. Two wheels, watered by the river of La Saire, set the men to work, and the looms are constructed and placed in a vast building four stories high, for the spinning of cotton. A regulator is placed in one of the halls, to shew when it is high water; when it is low the work of the journeyman is abated a third part. Another regulator marks the hours, and suffices to point out how much work is done during the day."

The author forgets for a moment that he is an Englishman, and he writes,

"If I was prime minister of France, I would rectify the course of the river, where it is too winding; I would have a good channel from Havre to Rouen, another to Dieppe, that should be united to the Oise. What immense riches might then be brought into the north of France, and to Paris, which, in point of commerce, would soon become the rival of London."

A person of wit always knows how to maintain a paradox. The Baron de L——, has *an eulogium on ugly females*; and his arguments are some of them unanswerable, especially the following;

"If expression of countenance renders a woman pretty, let us then confess, in that case, that the woman generally styled ugly, is often a very pretty woman."

The baron then goes on to speak of the moral character, and proves to us, that a young person, neglected by her parents, often imbibes a love of retirement, grows fond of reflecting and observing, looks on one kind glance or word from her mother as a supreme delight: the temper of such an one is always equal and gentle; and it is a certain fact that she ever meets trouble with superior fortitude.

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No. 6. "*The yellow hair'd Laddie*," dedicated to Miss Smith. The arrangement of this beautiful air is well worked up, pleasing, and wrought with good taste. To each of these numbers, a short prelude is prefixed, all in good style except the third, which terminates rather abruptly. Had Mr. P———— introduced the first two chords (or something else to the same purpose,) and constructed it of four bars instead of three, the conclusion would have been more satisfactory. These lessons deserve our commendation, particularly to juvenile performers, for whom they are intended.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to postpone forwarding their several contributions beyond the 18th day of the month, otherwise their insertion cannot be depended on, as the magazine is partially arranged for the press on the above mentioned date.

We must again repeat our request, that our literary friends, who send us notices of "Works in the Press," would be less tardy. We should have all such intelligence by the 16th or 17th of the preceding month, to the publication of our magazine, at farthest.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months. Orders also, post-paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to No, 4. Brydges-street, Covent Garden, London.

TO ADVERTISERS.

London: Printed by J. M'GOWAN; *and Published at No. 4, Brydges Street, Covent Garden.*

1823.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For FEBRUARY, 1823.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Seventy-one.

MISS PATON.

Miss Paton is one of the very few of our public singers who combine with the scientific execution of their art, the talent of pleasing acting. This extraordinary young lady does this more effectually than we are accustomed to see on the English stage: had we said, than we have ever seen, we should probably much nearer the truth. In personal ap- nce and lady-like accomplishment, she ly attractive, and certainly possesses ss of manner, which, on the stage, ten witness.

's a native of Scotland, the city e her birth in the year 1802; th ng singer is therefore in her but the most extraordinary c ier progress and professional ever be the astonishing developeme musical talent evinced at so early a period as four years of age! It appears that Miss Paton had scarcely attained that age, when she had already acquired the rare art of efficient performance on the pianoforte, and harp, the latter of which instruments was necessarily constructed on a scale expressly adapted to the compass and power of her fingers. At this time Miss Paton also sang with considerable skill, and a remarkable execution, which was altogether in a style peculiar to herself, and entirely original. An industrious application as extraordinary as her precocity of talent, seems to have been developed with these early buds of promise, for before she had completed her fifth year, she actually had published several airs, fantasias, &c. of her own composition! Genius of this extraordinary stamp failed not to attract, and receive the cherishing influence of wealthy power; rank has its dignities thrice enobled, they are rendered ten times more attractive, and receive our respect a thousand times more heartily, whenever we see it hold out its fostering hand to those flowerets of genius which cannot thrive without it; this infant prodigy was warmly patronized by the duchess of Buccleugh.

The famous Dr. Crotch, without doubt, evinced an astonishing precocity of genius, but Miss Paton certainly stands on still higher ground in this respect; it is known that at the very early period of her infancy abovementioned, she actually superintended the publication of her musical compositions herself, and carried on a literary correspondence both with her noble patroness, and her publishers.

At about eight years of age, Miss Paton had already become equally eminent in recitation, in which art she had been for some time giving decided progressive proof. She gave about this time six public concerts in Edinburgh during the season, and there she performed on the harp and piano-forte, sang, and recited Alexander's feast, Collins's ode on the passions, and other pieces of equally attractive celebrity. These astonishing exhibitions drew the most crowded and fashionable audiences.

When Miss Paton had attained her tenth year, her father was encouraged by very flattering prospects, both for himself and his daughter, to proceed with her to London; this he acc[illegible]lingly did under the immediate protection and patronage of the late Duchess of Gordon, and the leading characters of the Sc[illegible]tish nobility.

Miss Paton made her *debut* in London, as a performer at the concerts of the nobility, at which she took an annual benefit, always gratifyingly attended by brilliant audiences of the first rank and consequence. From her eleventh year Miss Paton was withdrawn from professional labor by parental anxiety, this seclusion which seemed equally desirable to her health, and the progress of her general education, was of nearly six years duration; and about two years since, Miss Paton reappeared in public and professional life, improved, and polished by education and retirement, scientifically perfected in her pursuit by study, in beauty of person, as in years alike advanced, the admired child has become a fascinating woman.

The close of the last season introduced her in Bath and London, with Madame Catalani. Advantageous proposals had been already made by our winter theatres, to which Miss Paton for some time, considerably averse to a general theatrical life, lent an unwilling ear; arrangements, however, were at length completed, and her theatrical *debut* was made with eminent success at the Haymarket theatre, in the character of Susan, in the *Marriage of Figaro.* Her success in this character stands already recorded as it ought, and will not be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Miss Paton's Italian music is sung with an expression and sweetness peculiar to herself; as an actress she is of excellent taste, and great power; her manner seems in its attraction to be self-taught, or more justly, perhaps we ought to say, she looks to her author for his true meaning, with a maturity of judgment which we seldom find in connexion with the charming freshness of youth, and embodies the author's production with a taste and delicacy which is not often found with the most experienced.

Miss Paton's subsequent engagement at Covent Garden theatre has introduced the *Polly* of Gay's uncouth production, *the Beggar's Opera* in a new and delightful manner. Generally speaking of this opera, it is entirely below criticism, but as the music presents beauties and difficulties, it is accepted as one of the established tests of professional merit. It is said that the original *Polly* was a lady whose tasteful personation of the cha[illegible]racter procured her a coronet by marriage with the then duke of Bolton. Miss Pat[illegible] may not do thus, nor may she place her [illegible]piness in such extrinsic distinction[illegible] certainly the rare professional m[illegible] sh[illegible]hibits, the good taste of her act[illegible] [illegible] unaffected delicacy of her wh[illegible] [illegible]duces us to say that she [illegible]y earned any distinctions [illegible] [illegible]ther progress may lead her. [illegible] [illegible]eports will studiously watc[illegible] [illegible]rd Miss Paton's exhibitions.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

STRICTURES ON THE POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. 7.—S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

From ancient rules with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

Coleridge is a denizen of the realms of mysticism, and to endeavour entirely and completely to comprehend him is a thing quite impossible, it is a question if he has not penned many lines which he has not since understood himself. A love of "talking in the clouds," distinguishes him even in conversation, where on the casual starting of a subject, he will sometimes enter into a deliberate and mystical dissertation, much more edifying to himself than his hearers. He pursues an idea till he loses it in a labyrinth of other fancies, and then seems only to catch a glimpse of it now and then; many thoughts float on his brain, indistinct and undefined, and thus he transmits them to paper. In his preface to "Remorse," he says, "That little can be superinduced without dissonance after the first warmth of conception and composition," here we perfectly agree with him, but much may often be advantageously pruned. A mind overflowing with ideas, snatches at the first language which occurs, and is careless of the form into which it throws itself, provided it preserves the spirit; but it is the duty of revision to correct the crudities of first thoughts, and the negligence of hasty composition. Without demanding a tithe of the elaborate labor of Pope or Gray, an after review of his productions is the duty of an author, however great his genius, as in the hurry of first rising we may throw on our clothes, for their use merely, but afterwards adjust them, if not for elegance, at least for propriety. To nothing but this neglect of an after examination, can we attribute such lines as these:

"We had so much to talk about,
So many sad things *to let out*, &c. &c."

or,

"*O Christ!* what saw I there?"

[illegible]eed the very frequent use of this inter[illegible] is not the most inoffensive of our au[illegible]ults. The tragedy of "Remorse" is a fine dramatic poem, and we wonder and lament that he has not again exerted his muse for the stage; but it appears to us that Coleridge has the fault of too many men of genius, indolence, hence it is, that, comparatively speaking, he has written so little, and chiefly fragments. "'Tis true, and pity that 'tis true," but genius and industry, we mean the strait forward industry of regular application, are seldom united, when they are, what do they not achieve! "Remorse" is full of powerful feeling rather than imagery, situation, or vivid interest, since it is easy to calculate on the catastrophe from the very commencement. The characters are less marked than from the genius of the author might be expected. Ordonio is the most so, but the evidences he gives of guilt are so frequent and so plain, as to make those around him appear somewhat dull-witted, there is also too much side speaking, a thing to be avoided as much as possible, and is, perhaps, as unpleasant a portion of a part as an actor has to execute; but in this play we have a scene where three people talk aside, they are all in soliloquising a mood. Alvar (the injured brother,) has few bursts of ardent feeling, and is too full of forgiveness towards Ordonio, on whose coming to the cave to consult him as a wizard, Zulimez, a faithful attendant, says to Alvar,

"Speak, what wish you?"

Alvar. "*To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness!*"

"Something too much of this," he sees before him the man, who in defiance of the brotherly tie, has hired wretches to assassinate him—whom he suspects has dishonored, and subsequently married, the chosen object of his first and only love—would a wish "to fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness," be the first feeling under such circumstances—would there be no recoiling from a wretch so stained with crimes, the most revolting to human na-

ture—would there be no burnings of the heart against the perpetrator of the greatest injury man can receive from man? Feeling for Don Valdeg his father, for Teresa, might restrain him, and very properly from denouncing him *publicly* as a murderer, but every principle of our nature would induce indications of abhorrence when they first met in private. Such feelings are not inconsistent with the noblest nature, such a nature, when the wretch is overtaken by the retributive vengeance of heaven, and lies powerless at his feet, may feel pity and extend forgiveness, but before, in cases of aggravated guilt, it is unnatural. But it is a common error of writers in their anxiety, strongly to contrast virtue and vice, they are sure to draw some "faultless monster," with whose *provoking goodness* we cannot sympathise; but this we should rather expect from any writer than Coleridge. His usual love of obscurity may be marked in many passages, for instance,

"Love! Love! and then we hate! and what? and wherefore [cies.
Hatred and love! Fancies opposed by fan-
What! if one reptile sting another reptile?
Where's the crime? The goodly face of nature
Hath one disfeaturing stain the less upon it.
And are we not predestined transiency,
And cold dishonour?"

"With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing."

Teresa wants sufficient motive for seeking the stranger in the cavern, and when she discovers Alvar in him, their meeting wants pathos and passion. Nor is it clear how the Moresco band succeed in breaking into the dungeon in the last act.

Taken as a whole, it is a good tragedy, and contains much fine writing.

"Remorse is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance, but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison!"

The character of Alhadra is drawn with spirit: her description of her situation when a captive in one of the dungeons of the inquisition, is very powerfully written, perhaps the finest speech in the tragedy.

Teresa. "What might your crime be?"

Alhadra. "I was a Moresco!
They cast me, *then a young and nursing mother,*
Into a dungeon of their prison-house,
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort! the black air,
It was a toil to breathe it! when the door
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed [flame
One human countenance, the lamp's red
Cower'd as it entered, and at once sunk down.
Oh! miserable by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread [*sickly*—
Brought daily: *for the little wretch was*
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remained, counting the bell,
Which haply told me *that the blessed sun*
Was rising on my garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers, [lady,
And awak'd me. If you were a mother,
I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain,
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger."

The most terrific circumstance in the tragedy is the death of this woman's husband, Isidore. Bound to the wretch Ordonio, by a deep sense of gratitude, he (induced by a false story,) was the person who undertook to compass the murder of Alvar, not knowing him to be his benefactor's brother. On making the attack, he discovers the circumstance, and spares his life, exacting an oath, that Alvar will absent himself at least a twelvemonth, at the same time, that Alvar returns in disguise to his native place. Isidore also appears again under the ban of the inquisition, from which his former benefactor, Ordonio, releases him. He refuses again to become the pander of his patron's guilt, and is seduced by him into a cavern. In this cavern there is a kind of recess that overhangs a horrid chasm, This scene is a very fine one. Ordonio is speaking, and asks Isidore why he looks round?

Isidore. "I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idle, pray proceed."

The result is that Isidore and Ordonio fight, the former is disarmed, and his sword thrown into the recess before mentioned. Ordonio bids him fetch it, follows, and *hurls him down the chasm;* this produces a strong sensation. His fate is avenged by his wife, stabbing the murderer.

Ord. She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!
I stood in silence like a slave before her,
That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,
And satiate the self-accusing heart
With bitterer agonies than death can give,
Forgive me, Alvar!—
Oh! could't thou but forget me!" (*dies*)

Christabella is, as lord Byron has very correctly and very concisely described it, "a singularly, wild, and beautiful poem," we would to heaven it were a little less of the former. It is too well known to need description, and were it not, it defies it. The following, without any exception, is the most beautiful passage in it.

"They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween
The marks of that which once hath been."

Of all his minor productions, his "Ancient Mariner" is the most singular; it is, in truth, "a wild and wond'rous song." As we read we feel imagination never would have presented us such images, and we linger on them at once with horror and surprise.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow streamed off free:
We were the first that ever burst,
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be,
And we did speak alone to break
The silence of the sea."

Who but himself could have conceived the idea of the dead crew working the vessel?

"*The body* of my brother's son
Stood by me knee to knee,
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

* * * *

I woke and we were sailing on,
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high,
The dead men stood together,
All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their starry eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.
The pang, the curse with which they died,
Had never pass'd away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray."

It would deny us the power of adverting to other poems, were we to extend our remarks on this to the degree it merits, we shall therefore close our notice of it, by observing, in answer to the objections which have been made against it, on the ground of coarse and common place expressions, that it should be remembered that the narrator is an ancient mariner, and that such expressions homely and common place as they are, are perfectly in keeping with the character of such a personage. "The Foster Mother" is an admirably written fragment, the conclusion opens that field of conjecture which is so delightful to the imagination.

"He told Leoni, that the poor mad youth,
Soon after they arrived in the new world,
In spite of his dissuasion seized a boat,
And, all alone, *set sail by silent moonlight*
Up a great river, great as any sea,
And ne'er was heard of more; but 'tis supposed
He lived and died among the savage men."

"Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," a war-eclogue, reminds us of Shakspeare's witches, and is another evidence of its author's poetic powers, as in the preface to it of his intimate acquaintance with the human mind, we will transcribe a passage from it, not only for its *in-*

trinsic merit, but as affording a specimen of the racy and original style of Coleridge's prose. "I will suppose that we have heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him; that the first, with apparent violence, had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and phantastic places that ever Quedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those outré and wild combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes, serve for *escape-valves* to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone, *which is to the ear, what the paleness of anger is to the eye,* shall simply say, 'If I chance to be made boatswain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand, (and I shall be upon the watch for him,) I'll tickle his pretty skin! I wont hurt him! oh no! I'll only cut the —— to the *liver*!' I dare appeal to all present, which of the two they would regard as the least deceptive symptom of deliberate malignity? nay, whether it would surprize them to see the first fellow, an hour or two afterwards, cordially shaking hands with the very man, the fractional parts of whose body and soul he had been so charitably disposing of, or even risking his life for him." The whole preface is so beautifully written, that we would willingly continue the transcription, did our limits permit. His love effusions are far from being the most beautiful of his compositions, contrary to the established usage of poets, for

"Soothe to say
Their sweetest songs are given to love."

"The Night-scene," *another fragment*! contains some beautiful lines, and "The Circassian love-chaunt," is perhaps the most successful of his amatory pieces.

"The river-swans have heard my tread,
And startled from their reedy bed.
O beauteous birds; methinks ye measure
Your movements by some heavenly time!
O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
To see you move beneath the moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake by night.

Oh! that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died of care!
All pale and wasted I wou'd seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are!
I'd die indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind."

"The Keepsake" is an exquisite trifle. "The Three Graves," also a fragment, is in familiar verse, and we feel disappointed in the conclusion, but it bears the stamp of the author's deep acquaintance with the mind of man. How true to nature is the description of the state of Ellen's mind.

"When by herself, she to herself
Must sing some merry rhime;
She cou'd not now be glad for hours,
Yet sad at all the time."

We cannot forbear making an extract from his ode to the Duchess of Devonshire, as touching a point on which there is little difference of opinion among those who think and feel. No selfish views of pleasure, no cold precepts of unfeeling fashion, induced that lovely and distinguished woman, to deny her offspring that nourishment with which bounteous nature provides the little debutants on the great theatre of life. How, we ask with feelings of inexpressible amazement, can a mother resign to the unallied, uninterested bosom of a stranger, the little endearing creature of helplessness and innocence, she should cherish at her own? How can she weakly defraud herself of its pure and bland endearments, its lovely looks so new from heaven, so untouched by aught of earthliness? Has she no jealousy to see them lavished on another? Has she no shame to see another learn to prize, the privilege of which she shows herself unworthy? but let the genius of Coleridge speak for us,

"You were a mother! that most holy name
Which heaven and nature bless,
I may not vilely prostitute to those,
Whose infants owe them less,
Than the poor caterpillar owes
Its gaudy parent fly.

You were a mother! at your bosom fed
The babes that lov'd you. You with laughing eye [read,
Each twilight thought, each nascent feeling
Which you yourself created. Oh! delight!
A second time to be a mother,
Without the mother's bitter groans:
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks, or tones,
O'er the growing sense to roll,
The mother of your infant's soul!"

His "Destiny of Nations," a vision, has only one fault, it is unfinished. We shall take but one passage from it, and finely drawn is the picture it presents.

"She, meantime,
Saw crowded close beneath the coverture
A mother and her children—lifeless all,
Yet lovely! not a lineament was marr'd
Death had put on so slumber-like a form!
It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
Stretched on her bosom."

How in the same volume came the weak tedious "Ode to the Rain?" It is stated as being composed before day-light, and we should be inclined to think before the author was half awake, how came he to think it worth preserving?

Of all the poet's attributes, imagination is the most essential, and it is one which must be awarded to Coleridge in an eminent degree. We will hope that the mart of literature will yet be enriched by a production of his muse, in which he will aid the splendid efforts of his genius, by the patient application of sufficient labor, to render its offspring polished and complete.

ALICE BOYCE.

A TALE.

When Alice first learned to distinguish those circumstances in the daily routine of life, which fail to arrest mere infant attention, she asked Lady Herbert one day, how it was that she had no mamma, "that there were Charlotte, and Harriet, (two of her neighbouring playmates) had both of them mammas, and Edmund he had a mamma and papa too, and so had his brothers and sisters." These questions were simply answered, by telling her that her parents died while she was yet an infant, and however inclined to prolong the conversation, she always found herself checked by the taciturnity of her aged protectress. But as her years advanced, and reason expanded, the subject of her birth became a more frequent and serious subject of reflection, and after many struggles she resolved to request Lady Herbert to afford her all the information she so earnestly desired. "That I have not before made the communication, Alice, was owing to the fears I had of its effect on your young mind, and an unwillingness to damp your joyous spirit by a melancholy recital, you will now for my sake, as well as your own, endeavour to conquer the melancholy it may create, and in the blessings you still possess, learn to acquiesce in those your destiny has denied you. It is nearly fifteen years since I received a note written in a hurried hand, intreating me for the sake of charity, to give an unhappy woman the honor of an interview, who was too ill to get as far as my residence, and whom my known humanity had induced to make the application. I was then living as now, in great seclusion, Sir William Herbert had been dead some years, my children settled at various distances from me, and an attention to the wants and woes of those around me, formed the only occupation that diverted the routine of my solitary life. Such an appeal then, as I have described, was not likely to be passed over without notice, it was dated from a little inn, some way hence; Mr. Armstrong's house now stands upon the very spot. It was then a neat little place kept by a worthy couple, whom Sir William had put into it, they had been many years in his father's service. But I am digressing strangely, 'tis the fault of my years,

Alice. Well, I went to the place described, and was shown up stairs into a bed-room, where on a chair near the fire, sat a very young woman, rapt in a white dressing gown. She was your mother !" The blood ran cold in every vein of the listening Alice, but she did not interrupt the course of the narrative with a sound. "She rose as I entered," continued Lady Herbert, "and when I approached her, threw herself at my feet, and wept like an infant. I soothed her to composure, and learned her melancholy story. She was about to become a mother—was without friends or money, hope or reputation—she had journeyed far in hopes of being able to reach a certain destination, but her strength had failed her, and in the last agonies of despair she had appealed to me. I was not one of those who could turn from so young a victim of the villany of man, with anger or contempt. I gave the succour she required, and after more than the pangs a mother usually feels, she gave you birth, and closed the scene of earthly suffering on the third day. I do not bid you check your tears, Alice, mine now flow at the remembrance, she was young, and lovely, and in the breathings of her wounded spirit, I discovered a superior soul. From the first she felt certain of her dissolution, and I well remember the last affecting appeal she made to my heart. You were laying on her bosom, when I entered, and long before she was conscious of my presence, I stood gazing on her as she wept over you, and oh ! good heavens ! how did she weep ! at length she looked up, and recognised me. Grasping my hand, she carried it to her lips, then laying her sleeping infant in my arms, 'Look at that creature,' cried she, 'of helplessness and sorrow, oh ! withdraw not from her the charity you vouchsafed her mother. Good as you are, I would rather the same grave might inclose us both, but it is not to be, my little one, my wretched little one must live, not to inherit a mother's fate, I trust ! Give her, oh madam ! give her your protection, though it be in the humblest capacity in the household, and since she has no rights, no claims, on any but her guilty and expiring mother, extend to her the hand of charity, shelter her infancy from hunger, and the inclemency of the seasons, and may her virtuous industry in future years repay you.' She sunk exhausted on her pillow with emotion, and as soon as my own would suffer me to speak, I promised her that I would be the guardian of her infant. 'Heaven bless you ! that power who knows the anguish of the heart you've soothed, bless you and yours !' She now asked to kiss you again, and when I received you once more from her arms, I was obliged to wipe your little face, it was so bathed with the tears of your mother, which fell as she kissed you. That night she breathed her last, since that hour, Alice, I have heard of none to whom you have claim or kindred, and to your own praise be it spoken, you never gave me cause to lament the charge I undertook." "But," cried Alice, wiping her streaming eyes, "did you never learn who was my father ?" "Never, that was a point on which she was silent, perhaps she was under some vow or promise, and his violation of truth, I suppose, she considered as no justification of such an act on her part. When I asked her how her infant should be named, she replied, 'After her unhpppy mother—Alice Boyce. Should her father ever meet her, he will know that name !' And should he ever meet you, Alice, you will not need the name, for a resemblance so true, so wonderfully, I never beheld before."

When Alice retired that night, she wept till she fell asleep, from mere exhaustion ; and her pale cheek and dejected air in the morning betrayed the state of her spirits : Lady Herbert appeared with her usual serenity of aspect, and little difference could be discovered in her manner, except that she spoke to Alice in a tone even more soft and kind than that which was habitual. When breakfast was over, her ladyship presented her melancholy protegée with an elegant little box. "This, my love," she cried, as she presented it, "contains the note your mother wrote to me, a lock of her hair, her earrings, and a locket, which she wore round her neck, they will be valuable to you, as relics of an only parent, and I have preserved them, with another view, trifles as they are, they may serve to confirm your identity; they are not improbably gifts to her from your father. Alice received the gift in silence, and kissed the hands from which she took it. She did not open it, that was an indulgence reserved for the privacy of her own chamber, where she might spend the fullness of her heart upon them. Ere she

could with propriety leave Lady Herbert, a knock at the street door announced visitors, and in a few moments after, Charlotte Rushton, and Harriet Wilmot entered the room. These young ladies, the first of the same age, and the latter two years older than Alice, had been her playmates from infancy, she was believed in all the neighbouring families to be the child of a poor and distant relative of Lady Herbert's, and it was whispered in snug gossipping parties, that her ladyship had many such—that it was a great thing for her when she married Sir William, for she came of a very poor family, a mere nothing on the father's side, but these were only side speeches, never destined to stray beyond the holy circle in which they were uttered, and in every other case Lady Herbert was courted, and all whom she protected, as beings without whom it was impossible to exist. Man is the creature of imitation, and generally imbibes much of the principles of those with whom he is reared, it is not much to be wondered then, that the intimacy of childhood, did not in maturer years ripen into friendship, since it was a sentiment in its proper acceptation of which both Harriet and Charlotte were incapable. "We are going to make a morning call at the Armstrongs," cried the former, soon after they were seated, "Come, Alice, will you go over with us." "You must excuse me this time," returned Alice with a forced smile. "Oh! do now," entreated Charlotte, "and you'll see how the preparations are getting on." "What preparations?" cried Alice. "Why, for Edmund's coming of age, he is expected home in three or four days. Come, Alice, I am glad to see a little stray color wander into your cheek, for you were wretchedly pale when we came in, you must positively get quite captivating for the ball, for we all know who is Edmund's favorite. Oh!" continued Charlotte with encreasing vivacity, "he is a most dangerous young man, for timid young ladies with downcast eyes, he is so handsome, so lively, so liberal, so brave, and moreover he is made a lieutenant." "Indeed," cried Lady Herbert, willing to divest the flippancy of Miss Rushton from tormenting Alice, "he has distinguished himself?" "Oh! yes, very highly," replied Charlotte. "He is a most promising young man," rejoined her ladyship, "and will no doubt prove an honor to his country, and an ornament to his profession." "Oh! papa says," cried Miss Wilmot, "its all chance, or interest, and he knows a great deal of interest was made to advance young Armstrong, for my own part I think Charlotte and Alice will pull caps about him, I can't say *I* ever thought him any such great matter, or in fact *any* of the Armstrongs." "You will make an exception in favor of his eldest sister," cried Alice, who had insensibly been led to take interest in the conversation. "Surely you will allow her to be highly accomplished, and eminently beautiful?" "Eminently beautiful!" repeated Miss Wilmot, "you are fond of strong expressions, I know, Alice. She is very well taken altogether, but if you examine her, she is not so strictly handsome as you imagine, she is too like her brother to be handsome, in *my* opinion. But come, dear, I'll assist you to dress, and let us begone. I long to know how they are getting forward for the gala." Alice was positive in her refusal, and the young ladies, with many expressions of vexation, kissed her, and bade her farewell.

As soon as she was at liberty, Alice flew to her room to examine the contents of the box, her mother's hair and hand-writing awoke feelings of the most vivid nature; she read the note over and over again, and imaged to herself the anguish of her unfortunate mother's mind while penning it—she kissed the hair, and matched it with her own, then folding it up, placed it in her bosom. She examined the earrings, they were pearl, the locket it contained hair, perhaps her father's. "I will have my mother's placed in it also, and then it will be complete," she exclaimed, as she carefully put them by and descended down to dinner. In attention to the kind lady Herbert, for whom her heart had swelled with feelings of gratitude, she had never known before, she partially recovered her cheerfulness. In the evening she took her seat at the piano, and played some sweetly plaintive airs in her best style; she then took up a book and read aloud, and thus in the active exertions to please one to whom she owed so much, she retired with a feeling of self-satisfaction, which gratified her more than any selfish indulgence of her own feelings could have done, and last, not least, the ardent and deep devotion with which she appealed to the great guardian of the universe, and felt that indiscribable communion

which habits of devotion only can establish, when all of earthly views and wishes are overawed, or forgottén, in those of heaven, restored her almost to happiness. Alice was, perhaps, in religion, too much of an enthusiast; she wept and wrought up her feelings frequently to too great a pitch, but it was the enthusiasm of unaffected devotion, in public worship none were more calm, and on the topic of religion she was invariable silent. It was with her a sanctuary too sacred to be invaded at every careless moment, and she ever found it a refuge in those of sorrow and distress. Wisely shutting her lately discovered history in her own bosom, and reserving its discussion only for her hours of meditation, or when lady Herbert seemed inclined to indulge the conversation, she went into society as usual, and on the evening of the fete at Armstrong's, she was there early, and in fact dressed in Emily's room, the beautiful Emily on the subject of whose personal attractions Miss Wilmot and Alice were at issue. Of all her early acquaintance, Miss Armstrong was the one she most loved, and she saw with pain an unusual agitation about her this evening. It was an agitation, however, which, though perhaps in a degree fatal to her health and peace, was no enemy to her charms, since it added lustre to her dark eye, and increased the bloom of her glowing cheek. Emily and Alice entered the ball-room together, a singular contrast to each other, the first crowned with roses vivid and sparkling, the latter whose blue eyes and naturally pensive and delicate features, had from recent circumstances caught a tinge of melancholy, with her light ringletty hair enwreathed with pearl, and in simple white, even to the shoes, while the whole of her companion's dress was ornamented to correspond with her head-dress. The ball was opened by Edmund and a young lady of great beauty and fortune, a stranger in that part of the country, and the subject of infinite speculation to the company. After the usual quantum of coquetry, compliments, and discontent, at being matched with disagreeable partners, or partners they dislike, the dancers had a short interregnum, during supper, which, as the season was fine, was laid out in a kind of terrace in the garden. Edmund had been Allice's last partner, he therefore assisted her to throw a light shawl over her shoulders, and was offering her his arm, when he stooping down, exclaiming, "What is here? a locket." "Which I would not lose for the universe!" cried Alice, snatching it from him. "Indeed," cried he, "is it so valuable to you?" there was an expression in his countenance which Alice was not slow to read, and though the most remote intimation of their sentiments for each other had never passed their lips, yet each were at this moment unconsciously acting as if all had been declared in form Anxious to dissipate Edmund's suspicion, Alice replied, "It contains the hair of a friend of my mother, and when this lock of her's is united with it, it will indeed be valuable to me." "Give me the commission," cried Edmund, with a brightened countenance, and drawing a silken purse from his pocket, (a keepsake from his sister Emily,) he carefully deposited them in it. The whole of this little scene passed in the space of a few minutes, yet it was sufficient to leave the ball-room vacant of all but one person besides themselves, and that person was Miss Wilmot. Alice blushed the deepest crimson the moment she met her eye, and the appearance her private conference with Edmund must have had, flashed instantaneously across her mind; but as one blunder is generally followed by another, she hurried her arm into that of Edmund's, fancying she heard him offering it, and hurried from the room. Edmund, too happy to observe Miss Wilmot, or if he did, to notice her, led off his beautiful partner, for whom he had now some difficulty in getting a place, but having at length seated her, he took his seat at the back of her chair. Alice had not been long in her place, when she observed Miss Wilmot in earnest conversation with Mrs. Armstrong, and from the frequent direction of her eyes, guessed that she was herself the subject of their conversation, and a vague feeling of apprehension, blended with the entranced emotions, that were delightfully agitating her heart. Dancing recommenced, and she forgot her fears, and entered into the amusements with more spirit than she had done in the early part of the evening. Edmund was again and again her partner, and it soon was the general, remark that never did Alice Boyce appear so beautiful before. It is very easy to solve the problem, a lovely face is never so exquisite as when animated by love—the happy emotions of the heart com-

municate themselves to the countenance, glow on the cheek, burn in the eye, kindle in the smile, and shed a charm over the whole person as brilliant and bewitching as it is transient, alas!

> "All that's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest."

Thus is it with all the forms and dreams of earthly beauty, and of earthly bliss. When the revel ended Alice received from Mrs. Armstrong a pressing invitation to remain, and share Emily's bed; it was readily accepted, and the numerous guests departing, she retired with Emily. The door was scarcely closed, when the latter grasped her hand exclaiming, "Alice, I believe you love me?" "Oh give me but the means to prove I do." "Promise then not to betray or impede me in what I shall reveal to you." "Good heaven! what is it you meditate?" "Promise, promise me sacredly." Alice gave the promise. "I am relieved: in five minutes you will hear a signal, on which I descend from this window to the garden; Raymond and I have long loved each other, he has appealed in vain to my parents, and I this night quit their protection forever, for his." "Oh! think ere you act thus rashly," cried the terrified Alice. "Emily, dear Emily, pause yet awhile——" "Hush!" interrupted Emily, "you will be heard. Can you, Alice, imagine I have not thought, or believe that I could stop to think now? Close the window when I am gone, but make no noise, if possible, though it will hardly create alarm if you do, then retire to your bed, and may sweetest slumbers bless you!" She kissed Alice as she spoke; that moment the signal was heard, and stepping on to the ladder that was placed against the window, which was no great height from the garden, Alice saw her received into the arms of a person below, hasten along the path, when their figures were soon lost in the shades. Agitated and distressed, Alice seated herself at the window, to watch the grey streaks of an autumnal morning, so unbroken was the silence, that she fancied she could distinguish the rolling of the carriage that bore Raymond and Emily away. Finding herself chill, she rose, and drew on a dressing-gown, and employed herself in disengaging the ornaments from her hair. It was perhaps seven o'clock, when she was aroused from a reverie by a tapping at the door, and hearing her name repeated, "Who is there?" she cried. "A message has come from Lady Herbert, madam, for your immediate return, and her ladyship's carriage waits for you." Alice rushed from the room, and the servant closed it gently after her, as if fearful to awaken his young mistress. Alice skimmed the stairs, and as she darted into the carriage, asked the servant who stood at the door of it what was the matter? "Her ladyship was dangerously ill," he replied, and closing the door mounted behind, and the coach drove off at the utmost speed. Half frantic with terror, she was rushing to the room of her beloved friend the moment she got home, when a female domestic arrested her progress, she did not speak, but Alice gazed a moment in her face, and then exclaimed, "*She is dead.*" "She is." Alice clasped her hands over her face and fell upon the floor.

The Armstrong family did not assemble till late the following morning; Edmund, who had risen an hour sooner than the rest, was the first to hear the distressing news which had hastened Miss Boyce away, and desiring that no one might wait breakfast for him, he hastened to learn the state of Lady Herbert. When Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong entered the breakfast parlour, the servant gave them the same account he had before given Edmund: the younger branches of the family crowded round him during the relation, and one, a little girl, ran immediately from the room; in a few moments she returned exclaiming, "Mamma, where is Emily?" "In her own room, I suppose." "No, mamma, there is nobody in the room, and when I opened the curtains, I saw nobody in the bed, and it looks as if nobody had been in it all night." Immediately the whole domestic establishment was in motion. "I see how it is," cried Mrs. Armstrong, returning to the parlour. "The elegant Miss Boyce has eloped with Edmund; I detained her to prevent mischief, but it seems my precaution was vain." "How can you be so absurd," cried Mr. Armstrong, "when you hear Lady Herbert's own carriage and servants came for her, and that Edmund has not been gone an hour, he would naturally go, and so would any man of common feeling, to ascertain the present state of Lady Herbert?" "No matter, she shall never cross *my* thresh-

hold again." "Phoo, phoo, you have an object of much nearer interest to claim your attention, where is your daughter, madam? and how came it that I found that fellow Raymond of our party last night?" "And do you address this to me, sir; do you imagine I am an accomplice? rather seek one in the *innocent* Miss Boyce, who, had she not views of her own, might have given the alarm. Mr. Raymond was included in the invitation to his family of course, I could not receive *them* and reject *him*. Where is your son, who should be pursuing his sister? Mr. Armstrong, I assure you, lightly as you may think of *my* judgment, my suspicions are well grounded; Edmund and Miss Boyce were an hour alone in the ball room, after the company had left it, and she gave him a lock of her hair to be placed with some of his own in a locket." Mr. Armstrong seemed little to attend to the vociferations of his lady, ordered his horse, and declared he would pursue the fugitives himself, and leaving word that the moment Edmund returned he should follow the north road, he departed. Mrs. Armstrong felt deeply chagrined, that in her attention to the tell-tale gossip of Miss Wilmot, she had suffered herself to neglect the (to every body else) very obvious agitation of her daughter, and the absence of mind which marked her demeanour the whole evening. Raymond Wilson was a young man of education and family, but being the youngest of four brothers, had little or no fortune. His future prosperity in life depended on his success at the bar, for which he was intended, and certainly with some prospect of becoming an ornament to it. But neither his talent, his good nature, elegant manners, or manly person, were subjects of any recommendation to Mrs. Armstrong, who, however she might court the connection with a view to the eldest, and even second son, who had great expectations from an old and wealthy uncle, or the consideration such an acquaintance might confer, she took very little pains to conceal, except from the Wilsons themselves, her utter disgust at the two younger brothers, a feeling which she very liberally extended to the sisters. But love and nature ever at variance with fortune, had given these portionless young men every advantage over their better-destined brothers. It was soon rumoured that Alfred Wilson had made a conquest of the young lady of fortune with whom Edmund had opened the ball, and whom his manoeuvering mother fondly hoped to see secured as a prize for her own son. The Hon. Miss Elton was the daughter of Rear Admiral Elton, who had lately purchased an estate in the neighbourhood, and from the very precarious health of her sister, might be considered his sole heiress. The circumstances of birth, fortune, and her father's nautical fame, might perhaps induce the lofty carriage that marked her form, and the dignified reserve which pervaded her manners the whole night. Mrs. Armstrong felt her obsequious efforts to insinuate herself into her particular favor, obtain very slight notice, and though deeply and secretly chagrined, at the little progress she made, she let slip no occasion of mentioning her as a woman of high breeding, and short as was the opportunity allowed, maliciously contrasted it with what she chose to term the flippant levity or affected pensiveness of Alice Boyce. Edmund having learned the death of Lady Herbert, did not presume to intrude himself on the youthful mourner, but deeply occupied by the effect the event might have upon her future fate, he continued his walk rather than return home. Edmund could not be blind to the reigning foibles of his mother's character, but as it was not his place to combat, he chose rather to avoid entering on the subject of her prejudices. Having no particular engagement, he extended his walk to the house of a young friend, about three miles beyond Lady Herbert's. The sweet Alice Boyce, the playmate of his infant years, occupied his thoughts the whole way, the transient playfulness that would suddenly flash across her, like lightning in a summer evening, the soft melancholy in which he had often observed her sink, when she was not called forth, the delicacy of her voice, which had something pleading in its sound, were all sedulously remembered; their parting when he first went to sea, their meeting on his return, were brought in review; and he acknowledged to himself that she was, and had long been the mistress of his heart, though till now it had been a latent rather than a conscious passion.

(*To be continued.*)

A GUIDE TO LOVE,

WITH A FEW ODD THOUGHTS ON HIS POWER.

LOVE! let me see—why really the peculiarities of love are so numerous, and the disposition so whimsical, that it will require half an hour's meditation to write a single word on the subject. Love! I have this instant placed my hand on my heart to ascertain whether I have any symptoms of this afflicting malady; but alas! my heart is as sound and as strong as ever, not a thump, nor a bump, nor a throb can be felt to certify its existence. I have just looked into the glass, but my face bears no testimonies of the tender passion; it is as calm and as sedate as when I slept over my friend Doctor Drowsy's last sermon, not a muscle out of its place, and not even a tear glistens in my eye. I have consulted my appetite, but woe is me, it is undiminished still, and likely, in the present state of things, to remain so. But what confirms my opinion is, that my landlady has just entered my room with her confounded bill, and congratulated me, with a smile, on the improved state of my health, pointing at the same time (horresco referens) to a tremendous unpaid butcher's account, the length and breadth of which was enough to send any nervous man into a galloping consumption. One thing is clear then—that I am not in love—that I never was, and most probably from the platonism of my disposition, never shall be. But, however unamiable (and to my shame I confess it is so) such a phlegmatic character must appear, there is one decided advantage attending it, that it enables its possessor to hear, see, and describe the peculiar eccentricities of the tender passion with more minute correctness than if it were blinded by sentiment and prejudice.

In the earliest spring of life, when the flowers of existence are yet in blossom, love is the most powerful sovereign of the female (I always begin with them) disposition. At seventeen, he gives sundry and manifold hints of his embryo usurpation, and at eighteen arrives in the full plentitude of his despotism. He revels in the eye, blooms in the cheek, flutters in the heart, and lingers in the imagination. Every new novel that is read or written, adduces stronger proof of his tyranny, and every sigh that is breathed serves only to confirm his usurpation. A lover, to be a truly fashionable and sentimental one, must possess an infinitude of peculiarity. She must lose her appetite, (a serious thing with some heroines,) forego the bloom of her complexion, and contrive to call up a blush on occasions, (a difficult task for some ladies.) In going out to a party she must studiously avoid the appearance of understanding what she is talking about; there must be a pleasing incoherency in her speech, an affecting wildness in her eye, and a romantic disorder in her intellect, to promote the character she is desirous of sustaining. Her fits of abstraction must be frequent, original, and proportionate to the intensity of her passion. In taking wine with a friend, she must wait till the eyes of the company are disengaged, and then under pretence of quaffing the liquor, must swallow the contents of the salt cellar, and if practicable, spoon and all. If a gentleman addresses her, she must of course possess the usual quantity of mental abstraction—gaze languishingly in his face—(if she can contrive to smirk, it will perhaps be as well) and then drawl out in a lack-a-daisical manner, "Did you speak to me, madam?" If the gentleman professes astonishment, which no well bred person will be rude enough to do, she must burst into tears, sob hysterically, and retire in confusion. When the party follow her, (as of course they will) with eau de luce, flower water, vinegar, aromatic scents, smelling bottles, cold towels, hot ditto, napkins, rhubarb, the family medicine chest, and the whole artillery of female hysterics; she must be discovered in the boudoir, dissolved in tears, and uttering affectionate soliloquies over her lap-dog, such as, "Barbarous Shock, wilt thou also desert me?" It would be advisable that she should conclude this address by unconsciously pinching his ears; he not unconsciously returns the salute on her fore finger, she sighs (for she must never squall,) he growls, away run the ladies in disorder; frightful screams are heard, the gentlemen hurry

into the bedroom to learn the cause of the tumult, the ladies meet them half way on the staircase, they bolt against each other, the foremost gentleman in consequence falls into the arms of the next in advance, he is precipitated into the one behind him, and away they all roll to the bottom. One young man in falling seizes hold of a beautiful lady by the hair, thinking by these means she may stop his tumble; unfortunately she wears a wig—off goes the wig—down goes the gentleman, the lady all the while consoling him in his precipitation by the elegant expressions of brute, wretch, monster. In this distressing dilemma, one person who is lying at the bottom of the stairs, calculating on the probability of his being killed or not, endeavours to rise, but is prevented by the extreme tightness of his stays. The footman, in the meantime, who is going up with the tea-tray, frightened at these sudden exclamations, tumbles over the prostrate dandy. The poor gentleman, in consequence of these accumulated afflictions, d——ns the party, and the lady who created the disorder, and is determined to immortalize her, by mentioning the circumstance where-ever he goes. Thus, then, the lady acquires notoriety for the *pensive melancholy* of her love; but as the continuance of her celebrity is entirely dependent on herself, it is requisite that she should invariably be sentimental and romantic. If ever she descends to be familiar, her character for love is ruined; and though, like a cabinet minister, she may do very well without one, it is at the same time valuable in cases of emergency. A friend of mine lost her reputation for a similar reason. Her father was a man of vulgar manners; but as his daughter had been taught sentiment at Miss Blouzelinda Blarney's circulating library, she moved in a sphere above her situation. Romantic in her disposition, she was of course particularly interesting, and though she was so stout, that it would have been sufficient exercise for an invalid to walk four times round her, such was the caprice of the day, that her character was considered as the very model of fashion. One unhappy evening, however, when she was dining with some families of distinction, and expatiating on the beauties of moonlight scenery, rustic graves, &c. a gentleman accidentally trod on her lilac dress, forgetful of her assumed character, she gave way to passion in the following emphatic terms, "Confusion! he has dished my new gownde!" I need not add that this unlucky speech soon signed the death warrant of her fashionable notoriety. To return to our subject: if the young lady who is afflicted with the spasmodic visitations of love, discovers that her ardent passion is not returned, she must find out some eligible means of acquainting her inamorato with her distress. Winks, blinks, nods, shrugs, tears, and smiles, are the post horses by which love is usually accustomed to travel; these, then, must be the engines of power; but notwithstanding these additional auxiliaries, the lady must never lay aside her character for absence of mind. Every opportunity must be taken to display it. For instance, her uncle, who is a particular old gentleman, desires her with a smile to bring down his essence of coffee for breakfast. On entering his bed room, she lays violent hands on a strong dose of rhubarb, hurries away with it, boils it up by mistake in the coffee-pot. By thus rendering her lover as indisposed as herself, she has a fine opportunity of manifesting the ardor of her affection; and as a sympathy of souls rarely fails of bringing people together, it not unfrequently happens that the heroine is rewarded for her perseverance by the hand of her adored. But above all things, let it be considered that the genuine sentimental lover must never be afflicted by familiar disorders. She may be allowed to pine away in consumption, because that in itself is pathetically interesting, but for God's sake let her never have the stomach ache! The tooth ache always is a considerable damper to sentiment; a sore throat is decidedly inimical; but *the mumps* are diabolically hostile! I once knew a romantic young man who was to have been married to a very beautiful young lady, but the evening before the ceremony, as he called to pay her a visit, he discovered that she had got the mumps, and was so much shocked that he sent in his resignation.

The few hints and suggestions I have ventured to throw out, are essentially requisite; and more especially when we take into consideration the absolute universality of the tender passion. From our own country to the remotest regions of the world, love holds paramount sway over all the other tender affec-

tions. The young, the middle-aged, and those who are stricken in years, have felt and may still feel its power. Even dotards who are hovering on the verge of the grave, where all is darkness and stillness around, require some companion with whom they may pass through this vale of tears; and so strong, so intuitive is the prepossession, that it has been known to hold absolute sway over the imagination, at the last moments of existence.

On the sudden death of Public Spirit, says an old legend, Love and Reason came down from heaven as rival candidates, for the election of a representative of the human heart. The trial was held in Guildhall, and every male and female, young, old, or middle-aged, had a privilege to vote on the occasion. True blue, however, which was the symbol chosen by Love, seemed to be the reigning color of the day. It was welcomed with thunders of applause wherever it was seen; and from the peer to the peasant all seemed equally intent on supporting the pretensions of the favorite candidate. Love first ascended the hustings, he bowed gracefully to the populace, smiled with the most bewitching fascination, and commenced his harangue. Unfortunately, however, the reporters of those days assert, that though he spoke for a considerable time, and seemed to make a great impression on the multitude, they found it utterly impossihle to understand what he was saying, and illiberally assert, that he seemed equally ignorant himself. As for Reason, the populace received him so rudely, and notwithstanding his venerable appearance, pulled him so vigorously by the beard, that the old gentleman was glad to make his bow and retire. At the opening of the poll, a large body of voters, consisting principally of young ladies about the age of eighteen, moved in procession towards the hustings, and unanimously gave their support to Love. One female more strenuously in his cause than the rest, stepped to the front of the scaffolding, and begged to know on what pretension the rival candidate founded his chance of success. She very properly remarked, that he had no claim on mankind; that he had never shown himself their friend; and that he was a perfect stranger in the world. Human nature, she added, had sometimes heard of his name; but she was convinced from long experience, that they never were on speaking terms; and that the ladies of whom she was the representative, had desired her to inform the multitude, that they knew nothing at all about Reason, and wished never to hear his name mentioned again. A party of young gentlemen, arrayed in dresses formed principally of rebusses and acrostics, next advanced; they were followed by a numerous assemblage of old men and women, whose withered eyes, and wrinkled cheeks, seemed to acquire new lustre, as they gazed on the animated countenance of their favorite candidate. A body of aldermen and divines next came forward, and the recorder read aloud a letter which he had that day received from the lord mayor, (it is supposed to have been Whittington) mentioning his inability to attend the election, in consequence of a severe fit of the gout, but enclosing a plumper for the popular candidate. At the close of the poll, the numbers stood exactly thus:

Love..............4526
Reason...... 0000

Love was accordingly elected, but he soon after lost his life at the mayor's feast, and his eldest son Selfishness reigned in his stead. As for Reason he died of a broken heart, at having missed his election; and carried his unrelenting spirit toward mankind so far, as to declare with an oath, on his death bed, that neither himself, nor any of his family should ever again make their appearance in the world; and he has since most pertinaciously kept his word.

THE MAN OF GENIUS.

(Concluded from our last.)

I saw at the idea of returning to England, every feeling revolted, it was an effort too great for the invaded energies of his mind, he could not brook to expose his decaying pow-

ers, to the successful boobies of his family, he already heard the yell of triumph over his fallen fortunes, his imagination aggravated the possible distress and mortification he might encounter; had he stood alone, I should have forborne to urge a step, so painful even in contemplation. "I will return then to England," at length he cried, "but there is no ray of hope invites me there, all is over, I feel it too certainly, for myself I never had, nor will condescend to have a thought, but my children ——." I saw he was overpowered, and endeavoured to urge those points likely to illumine the future, the encreasing age, and consequent softening of his father's character; he checked me and showed me the copy of his last letter to that obdurate old man; it concluded thus:

"The strongest proof of the existing virulence of your radical prejudice against me, is shewn by your limiting our correspondence to a *single letter in a year.* With how many, sir, have I troubled you for the last ten years? The paucity is even within the letter of your last unnatural and unnecessary edict, for nature (ever jealous of her rights,) will *arrest* it. In obedience, however, to your unfeeling command, I here take my *annual* leave of you, with my never to be disadopted signature of

Your unfortunate and afflicted son.

N.B. Having the liberty of opening my mouth but once a year, I speak with some degree of freedom; even the slaves of ancient Rome had a few days once in every year, which were held sacred to them, when they might speak and act, *ad libitum.*"

Tears that could not be restrained flowed as I read this letter, and I am not prone to weep at trifles, alas! Essex, I internally exclaimed, there is no hope for you or yours. This was the last letter his father ever received from him. Death was advancing with a noiseless but a rapid step. I envy not the feelings of that old man, when the irrevocable grave closed on his unpitied and ill-fated son!

Poor Mrs. Essex saw the rapid decline of her husband's health, with anguish too acute for description, but she hoped, (so prone are we to hope,) that his life, if not his health, might yet be spared; the period of her confinement was advancing, the embarrassments of their situation encreasing, and, under all circumstances, it was impracticable to think of an immediate return to England; winter was besides approaching, and to travel at that season with so large a family, was not to be thought of; this plan was therefore delayed to the following spring, and to Essex it seemed a reprieve. The daring spirit, the brilliant flow of soul which once distinguished him, seemed suddenly sunk into the mute acquiescence of broken-heartedness. I knew such a change could not take place unless the foundation of his constitution was gone, and at the very moment I was walking arm in arm with him, he was, to my apprehension, half a corpse. But the excitements of his situation partially revived him, and during the period of Mrs. Essex's accouchement, who brought him a little girl, he was more himself than I had seen him a long time. I now had an opportunity of observing how much early indulgence had spoiled him. From the constant habit of always having some one about him, he was as helpless as a child, and the sense of this brought Mrs. Essex from her room much earlier than was consistent with her health. She was not about many days, when a rumor reached us, that an immense army of the French were advancing in rapid marches to Hamburg, (the city in which we resided.) This report had been so often raised, that it excited little sensation, till their approach was actually discerned. Then a general panic seized the inhabitants: dreadful had been the ravages which these marauders had committed in the surrounding country, and terror in every various form took possession of the hearts of all. The city had no power of resistance, and therefore not the slighest opposition to their entry was even contemplated. The ramparts which commanded an extensive view, were in the immediate neighbourhood of Essex's house; he took two of his children, (a little girl and boy,) and accompanied by me, went to see the French enter. It was a grand and interesting sight, as indeed the sight of all vast multitudes are, especially with the aid of military trappings and martial music. In the midst of this scene I turned to contemplate the majestic Essex, with his boy and girl in either hand. To me the chances of fortune were comparatively nothing, standing as I did alone; but to him how fearful was every contingency, surrounded by a large and helpless family, with spirits and constitution broken,

and possessed of powers, which are in such junctures useless, and only added keenness to all his susceptibilities. Men of genius are among the first luxuries of refined and polished life, adding lustre and embellishment to the prosperity of nations; but they are of all luxuries the first to be thrown aside, in circumstances of general commotion and distress. The finest epic would weigh little against a single loaf to a famished city; and we need not go to such extremes, to find how soon and how easily the labor of the mechanic and the trader makes its return, to what those of the mind ever do. The works of genius have ever been ill paid.

Very good meat is cent per cent,
Dearer than very good argument.

Was there not something in the pursuit, which of itself repaid the labor, such works of merit and magnitude, as enrich the mart of literature, would never have been produced. All minds require *a stimulus*, none, perhaps, more than those devoted to the sciences, and belles lettres, and there are few stimulants greater than that of meeting adequate reward. But take the general run of the sons of genius, except a few instances here and there, who owe their exemption from the common lot, to circumstance, situation, or connection, rather than their talent, they are an unfortunate race; the powers of the mind depend not on volition, how often, from variation of spirits, and a thousand fortuitous circumstances, is the writer unequal to the task before him, how often do the wants which goad him to exertion, deny those accessaries which would animate and inspire his intellect?

But to return to Essex, the next day, in my way to his house I met him, dismay and horror, were legible in every line of his face. I was soon aware of the cause, there was no bread to be got in the city, the influx of such a body of men, had necessarily occasioned this. With the quick apprehension of a father, and that precipitancy of making decisions peculiar to his character, he instantly declared nothing could save the place from famine, and that he should see his children perish round him, at whatever hazard he was resolved to quit Hamburgh. There was a species of madness about him which alarmed me, and the rain coming on in torrents, I advised him to return home, and we would consult on the subject. No; he would go to the proper authorities and instantly obtain a passport, he would settle all his affairs that day, and leave the city ere night-fall. I yielded to the torrent, I found it vain to oppose. He got his passport, and having called at several places, all equally barren of aid to his resourceless fate, saturated, I may say, with rain, we returned to his house. No effort of the tender Mrs. Essex could induce him to change his garments, he had too much to do to attend to himself, and having seen that his wife and children were safe, and though without bread, had other necessaries, he again sallied forth. I accompanied him, fearful lest any sudden ebullition of temper should expose him to insult or injury from the arbitrary soldiery. We had not been out long, when a proclamation was issued, declaring all the English prisoners of war, and no one under pain of death was to quit the city. This was a death blow to Essex. I expected to see him drop before me at the astounding intelligence; his anguish was too great for utterance, and once more we returned to his ill-fated family. I saw his imagination was possessed with the images of their sufferings under every form of violence and want; he conjured up to his enraged and agonised soul every possible injury, power, or brutality could commit. A thousand times he wished that one grave was open to receive him and them. Every argument that suggested itself to soften or soothe him I made use of—but calamity had weakened the powers of his mind, and terror had attacked him where he was alone vulnerable to it.

The next morning a paralytic stroke deprived him of the use of one side. Unutterable anguish took possession of the heart of the unfortunate Mrs. Essex; a doctor was sent for, (the first that could be got,) a man, I believe of little skill, and he prescribed for my unfortunate friend. The city was still in the utmost confusion, churches turned into stables—and nightly depredations committed. Some of the English who had concealed their property, were betrayed to the French authorities, and dealt with in a very summary manner; all was doubt and dread, and none were conjoined with deeper domestic calamity than in the house of Essex.

On the third evening, he felt so much better

that he insisted on rising, and said he would read us a play, wrapped in his morning gown and seated by the fire, for it was the first week in December. He took up a volume of Shakspeare, and pitched on "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Ere he uttered a word the book fell from his hand, and he sunk in his chair, never shall I forget Mrs. Essex, she uttered no shriek, but with a presence of mind perfectly miraculous, applied every possible effort for his recovery; in her hurry she had laid the child at her breast on the carpet, and for once the feelings of maternity surrendered to those of conjugal tenderness and terror. He had fainted, and when he revived was with difficulty conveyed to his bed. From that hour I never quitted him. I was a witness of all the bitterness of the trial Mrs. Essex had to undergo. Sometimes he would ask her to sing, and I have seen every muscle of her face and throat distorted with the effort. One day I remember she gave him some beef tea. "Mary, he cried, "this would raise the dead!" the words were spoken with all his accustomed energy, and I saw hope revive her fainting heart, but it was a hope never to be realized! The next day he got much worse, and towards evening he took her hand, and said "Mary, you have great strength of mind, and will have great occasion for it." Shortly after, "Mary, you will never forgive all the suffering I have caused you." She did not dare to trust her voice to reply, but her kisses denied the charge. "Give me my little one," he exclaimed, and with all of vital strength that he had left, he strained it to his heart. What were the feelings of that martyred heart at that wild moment? Sufficient surely to atone every error of his past life. He shortly after called for pen, ink, and paper, but his hand had no longer the power to trace legible characters, and it was not possible to decypher a single word, this sad and last memorial of expiring genius. I however carefully presented it to the almost broken hearted Mrs. Essex, and I saw her put it by with the too sad conviction that it was a last relic. Once, he exclaimed, "It is all over!" and again he exhorted Mrs. Essex to fortitude, and in a few hours after he became speechless. I now forced her from the room, pleading for her child, if she was regardless of herself, and at length succeeded in procuring her temporary absence; one of the little girls at this moment came to the bed-side, and her speechless father grasped her hand as if he never meant to loose his hold. Heavens! what must be that state of sensation when the prisoned thoughts can no longer find their vent in language, when all the strength of intellect survives the power of utterance and exertion, when standing on the brink of eternity we feel ourselves seeking an unknown future, and leaving those we love to an unknown fate. I anxiously removed the child, for I was unwilling any of his family should witness his last agonies. He died hard, yet to the last, consciousness never deserted him. One of his children came to the door, which was left ajar for air, to enquire how he was; he heard her step, her breathing before I did, and waved his hand to prevent her approach. In an hour or two after, poor girl she was fatherless.

I should not forget to mention that during the illness of Essex, there were some who called, who appeared to feel for him the truest admiration and respect, and the most genuine sympathy for his situation. Among these was one whose heart seemed overflowing with all the better feelings of our nature; he was a German and a *Jew*, and for his sake wherever and whenever it falls in my way, I will serve the people of the nation and persuasion to which he belonged, with the greater pleasure.

It now only remained to lay poor Essex in a quiet grave. Mrs. Essex with a feeling dictated by affection, and peculiar to her sex, was anxious to have him deposited where there would be no fear of disinterment, a circumstance frequent in Hamburgh, not for the purpose of dissection, but for one more revolting to human nature. There are in fact many stories told of the church-yards in Hamburgh, which, if true, are shocking; one thing at least I *know* to be true, that they are so small and crowded that you may frequently kick the earth from the coffins as you walk through them.

The remains of the unfortunate Essex, were deposited in a vault in Johanna's Kirk Johanna's Strasse, the only sanctuary of religion, which the French troops did not invade and desecrate. Thus ended a life commenced with every brilliant promise—thus ended a being gifted beyond the generality of man-

kind, far from country, kindred, or congenial minds, without a memento but the tears of his family, and the sighs of his friend. How little was such an event to be calculated, and with all his imprudence how easily might it have been averted. But he had no father, brother, friend, or sister, to step forward for him. Had he risen in life, they would have clung round him, and done homage to an elevation which might have conferred solid benefits and reflective lusture on themselves; but when, contrary to their expectation, he fell from the orbit in which he was formed to move, so far from saving, they accelerated his descent: selfishness and pride made a compromise with envy, and they blotted his name from their memory, and by shunning to enquire his fate, avoided the necessity of proffering him assistance. But they were not really ignorant of his sorrows, and his sufferings; circumstances perpetually obtruded the recital upon them, and shame and compunction has often tinged the cheek of some who acknowledged the duty, but could not form even the wish to save him.

The season proving uncommonly severe, and many other circumstances concurring, Mrs. Essex found it impossible to quit the German dominions till the June following. On the morning previous to her departure, she took her children to Johanna's church, in order to take a last farewell of the spot where their father slept forever. When she reached it with her little mourning train, contrary to her expectation, the church doors were closed, they could only therefore shed their tears on the threshold over which his beloved remains had past; and Mrs. Essex breathing a silent prayer left the porch, without even the poor consolation of hoping that her dust would one day mingle with her husband's. It is little matter provided their spirits meet in a blessed eternity, where surely, though there is "neither marriage, nor given in marriage," we may be allowed to hope, that the being with whom our fate was fondly interwoven *here*, will be peculiarly dear to us hereafter. I am not one who can merge particular in general feelings. I can readily conceive a state of beattitude is a system of universal love, yet I cannot relinquish the hope that the selected one on earth, will be the selected one in heaven, and where all are dear still be the dearest.

Poor Mrs. Essex and her children embarked on board a very small vessel, worked only by a man and a boy, without any accommodation for passengers; in this she was to go to Tonningen, a distance of 80 leagues, before she could get a vessel for England. A situation more devoid of comfort can hardly be conceived with a large family and no domestic; but the very difficulties of her situation, called forth efforts which counteracted the excess of her grief, and this she even regarded as the wisest ordination of providence, as under other circumstances she would have probably yielded to a sorrow which would have left her children doubly orphans.

I heard afterwards of their safe arrival in England, but the hearts that had denied their father pity, were equally steeled against them, they had therefore nothing "but the world before them, and providence their guide."

ELLA,

A CHARACTER FROM REAL LIFE.

(Concluded from our last.)

Her limited fortune, notwithstanding her high and proud connections, made it expedient for herself and sister to live with an elderly lady, who had also other female boarders. An officer who had been wounded in the service of his country, in a distant climate, with a constitution apparently broken, made application to be received into the family, of which our heroine was a member. The circumstance excited great alarm, and occasioned much sérious debate. At length after many sage discussions, and beds of justice, it was resolved *nemine contradicente*, that a wounded officer, somewhat advanced in life, and with an impaired constitution, was not an object to awaken the scruples or alarm the fears of the sisterhood. Things, however, turned out quite contrary. "Love (as it is said) laughs

at locksmiths," and such a dart was shot from Ella's bright eyes, through the thorax of the major, where, by the way there was a ball lodged already, which no medical skill could extract, that he surrendered at discretion. The final issue may be related in a few words. Application was made to Ella's great and noble friends, for their consent to this ill-suited union, to which the Horatian adage might strictly be applied. These mighty people, however, whose generosity never extended beyond giving their relation an occasional dinner, wrapped themselves in their magnificence, and in stately terms forbade the banns. What was to be done in this dilemma? after due deliberation it was determined that they should consider themselves as solemnly pledged, and wait for a favorable change of circumstances. Month, however, succeeded month, and year followed year, and no such change took place. At length the gentleman's health began to be growing worse and worse, it was deemed indispensably necessary for his convalescence, that he should remove to Bath. Upon this occasion, the lady behaved with a characteristic nobleness of mind. She thought her friend and lover would return no more, and that the circumstances in which he was placed, with respect to herself, might induce him to make a will in her favor. As soon, therefore, as he had arrived at the place of destination, she wrote to inform him, that after duly considering the little probability there existed of their ever being happily united, she thought it best for both, that the engagement should be dissolved. Under this impression, therefore, she was determined positively to decline any favorable intention he might retain towards her, if induced to make his will. She added the strongest recommendation in favor of his nephew, whom he had materially assisted in life, and who had also experienced many solid benefits from her friendship. The lover felt, and acknowledged the great good sense and honorable conduct of his mistress; and thus terminated a connection commenced under no very auspicious omens, protracted till mutual esteem was succeeded by the most perfect indifference, which ever, during its continuance, was interrupted by jars and bickerings, the unavoidable consequence of inequality in temper, habits, and age; and presenting at no period, any favorable prospect of an harmonious union.

The catastrophe of this youug lady's history was very melancholy. With every talent and accomplishment necessary to adorn the most elevated station—with every pretension of loveliness, grace, and manners—with a fortune which by prudent management, might have secured her an honorable, though not a splendid independence, her final exit was not very much unlike that so beautifully recorded by Pope, of Villiers, duke of Buckingham. She first of all impoverished herself by the profuse liberality of her presents to those to whom she was partial. She was subsequently induced to lend, with the truest motives of generosity and friendship on her part, a portion of her capital, on very insufficient security; this she accordingly lost. There was an enthusiasm in her attachments, bordering on infatuation, and very indiscriminating in the choice of its objects. Talent was her great idol, before which she bowed, but she often neglected to examine and investigate the private character and conduct by which it was accompanied. The consequence was, that she was perpetually imposed upon, and did not discover her error till it was too late. Her finances became finally so exceedingly narrowed, that penury began to stare her in the face. Her friends, in some degree, to ward off this evil, suggested the expediency of her publishing two volumes of her poems. This was accordingly done, under the inspection of a most judicious friend, whose attention cheered and soothed the last sorrowful moments of her life. Her compositions were all of the same character and tendency, tender, elegant, and tinged with the most romantic sensibility. Whether their publication answered the purpose proposed to any effect, may reasonably be questioned; for in her last illness, if she did not actually want the necessaries incident to her situation, she had but a scanty supply of them. After her death, when the kind friend before alluded to, undertook the office of executor, and the superintendence of her funeral, barely sufficient was got together to have the last offices performed with due decency. She carried the preposterous enthusiasm of her misguided partialities to the very last. All the valuable trinkets, rings, and jewels, which

she had inherited, had long since been given away, or otherwise disposed of, one diamond ring excepted, which had, from time immemorial, remained in her family. In drawing up her will, she had bequeathed this ring to a popular theatrical performer. Her executor having timely knowledge of the circumstance, insisted upon its erasure, and positively declined having any thing to do with her affairs, unless she bequeathed this ring to her sister. She was prevailed upon, though reluctlanty, to do so.

She died very prematurely, but she had been as negligent of her health, as of her worldly affairs, and indulged in habits, than which nothing could be more pernicious in themselves, or more injurious to her constitution. Being occasionly subject to great depression of spirits, and habitually a very bad sleeper, she indulged in the use of æther and laudanum, to an excess that can hardly be credited; by which and by various other acts of similar imprudence, she doubtless much accelerated her end.

Among her intimate friends were many of the most elevated rank, and she was personally acquainted with all the females of her time, who were in the least celebrated for their intellectual accomplishments. She was the correspondent of Anna Seward, much acquainted with Mrs Piozzi, Helen Maria Williams, &c. &c. Be it permitted us to lament, yes, deeply to lament, that no friendly pilot among those upon whom she had the claims of kindred and of friendship, stepped forward in the progress of her little life, to steer her frail vessel through the storms and perils of a treacherous world. She was left at a very early age, an orphan adventurer, to find her way as best she could, over unknown seas and regions, and many a pelting did she get from divers pitiless storms.

Poor Ella! one tear, at least, is paid to thy memory, by an individual who knew thy worth, admired thy talents, and loved thee with the truest warmth of friendship. Being so poetical herself, and addicted to the society of those who had the same disposition, volumes might perhaps be made of the poems addressed her. The following is selected as particularly descriptive of her character.

Wit, beauty, goodness, sentiment refin'd,
The brightest genius, with the purest mind;
Quick nerves to sympathy too nicely strung,
And sportive innocence for ever young;
Gay beaming smiles, and each still varying
grace,
Accordant harmony of voice and face;
Sweet chat, that might despairing anguish
soothe,
A soul all energy, a heart all truth—
Give it but wings, 'tis angel, goddess, elf,
Or add caprice and—Ella—'tis thyself.

HENRY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Henry's father was a clergyman, discharging humbly and meritoriously his professional duties in a country village. He discerned early marks of superior talents in his son, and placed him under a distinguished master, whose instructions have produced many eminent men and accomplished scholars.

The youth's health was always delicate, which gave him a propensity to retirement, to books, and particularly to poetry. There was a characteristic taste, delicacy, and feeling, in his earliest productions, which will at this distant period stand the test of the severest criticism. Under the instructor above alluded to he became a very good, if not a very profound scholar; and he went to the university of Oxford with the greatest ardor for literary pursuits, still retaining his early prepossessions in favor of poetry.

The bias which he took toward ancient English poetry, and the perseverance and zeal with which he pursued and cultivated a knowledge of the earliest English poets, probably arose from his introduction to Thomas Warton, whose history of English poetry, and other productions in illustration of our ancient bards, were his great and constant favorites. With the feelings which this kind of reading

inspired, aided by the delicate frame of his constitution, and the natural sensibility of his temper, he at this period wrote some beautiful pieces of poetry, which he was induced to print. They were soon disposed of, and were for a long time enumerated among the scarce tracts of our language, but they have since been reprinted with an accurate biographical sketch.

It was not at all likely that such exquisite sensibility of mind and temper as characterized our friend, should be a long time without fixing on one individual object to share his tenderness and sympathy. This accordingly happened, but "*hinc illæ lacrymæ*," he surrendered himself a willing captive to the charms of a lovely and accomplished woman, of the same age and similar propensities with himself, and with respect to whom there was but one thing wanting to secure to a union between them, as much of happiness as can be the lot of humanity. The attachment was supposed to be reciprocal; this is to appearance implied by the following fragment, written as it should seem on revison of some verses composed by the lady in question:—

"The time was once when oft the long day through,
Far, far too busy for my present peace,
O'er these the pensive sablings of your muse
I hung enamored, while with anxious glance
The kindred feelings of my youthful years
In visionary view full glad I found,
And blissful dreams, familiar to my heart,
O'er which sweet Hope her gilding pall had flung
Such, oh! such scenes, with Myra to have shared,
Was all my fruitless prayers e'er asked of Fate.
Mischance stood by, and watched, and at an hour
When least I thought her near, with hasty hand,
All my fair pictured hopes at once defaced."

The lines which follow are much too beautiful to require any apology for insertion:

"The traveller thus, when louring skies impend,
In sorrowing silence, leaning on his staff,
From some ascent his weary steps have gained,
Breathless looks back, and pausing, wonders well
The lengthened landscape past: now hid, he finds,
Mid far off mists, and thick surrounding showers,
Each city, wandering stream and wildering wood,
Where late, in joy secure, he journeyed blythe,
Nor met the phantom of a single fear,
Where every cloud, illumined by the sun,
Hung lovely, and each zephyr fragrance breathed."

The obstacle, however, could not be removed, and it was deemed expedient and prudential that the connection should be dissolved. It was so, but our friend never got the better of the shock, which his sensibility sustained. He absented himself from his friends, and when he again appeared among them, he introduced a wife; but such a wife! —no more like her by whom he had been rejected, than he himself to Hercules. Who she was—where he found her—why he married her—are matters which, if known at all, can only be known to a few. But the vessel was too much shaken, and battered, and crazy to weather many of the gales of life. There was deadly and corrosive poison lurking within. It was deemed advisable that he should try the air of Lisbon. He prepared to do so, and in his progress thither, before he embarked, he visited him who now pays this tribute to his memory. But oh! how altered! He was also alone; he who merited every care, every attention of the tenderest sympathy, had, when approaching almost to the last stage of pulmonary decay, no friend, no companion, no kindness to soothe his sufferings, or cheer him on his way. Shame, shame, shame! She whose duty, if not affection, should have prompted her to undertake the benevolent office, remained behind; and, if not foully slandered, went to the theatre with her paramour, within an hour after her parting with her husband, with every probability of seeing him no more. She married this same fellow afterwards; but both are dead, and may God forgive them.

But, as we were saying, he proceeded to Lisbon, where he would have died a victim to the want of proper attention and attendance, but that the incidental recommendation of a friend, procured for him hospitality of no ordinary kind or extent. All was, however,

unavailing, and he returned without benefit. He did not survive a great while afterwards, but to the last retained his native sweetness of temper, unruffled by sufferings, and his elegance of taste and powers of intellect unclouded and undiminished. Peace to his ashes. A purer spirit has not beayen. He died at the early age of 24; yet in that short interval, he directed the national taste to the investigation of natural and simple beauties, which had long lurked unnoticed and unknown, in the productions of our earlier bards; and, had he lived, would beyond all doubt, have pursued the course of his studious propensities, and have brought to maturity somewhat of still greater importance to the literature of his country.

DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES OF POLITICAL DISSENSION IN PRIVATE FAMILIES.

The mysterious disappearance of Lady Grange, occasioned the most excruciating anxiety to her friends, and long engaged the ardent curiosity of the public. Seventy years elapsed before the accidental research into some old papers belonging to a family of the Isle of Sky, brought to light a manuscript penned by the unhappy lady. This was her third attempt to inform her family where she might be found; but as she had entrusted her communication to a woman, who applied to a partizan of *the Prince* to get it forwarded, it was suppressed, and, indeed, it is surprising that it was not destroyed. Perhaps its preservation may be ascribed to the extreme reverence of the *gael* for any injunction or request from the dying or defunct; lady Grange had been for many months considered as on the verge of the grave, and expired on the ninth day from the date which concluded her melancholy narrative. The person who held it would be reluctant to expose the cruel machinations of her party, and probably made a compromise with conscience in saving it from the flames.

The limits of a periodical publication will not permit a full detail of the incidents committed to writing by the unfortunate Mrs. Erskine of Grange, whose husband was a lord of session in Scotland, under king George the second. We shall, however, give a brief account of the causes to which she imputed her abduction, her detention in confinement, and the cruelties she suffered. Lord Grange was of a family devoted to the Stuart dynasty, and Mrs. E. had been reared in equal zeal for the Hanoverian succession. On this topic they had frequent contention, and the lady's jealousy of her husband exasperated their animosities. By some accident she discovered that Mr. E. was in correspondence with the clans of the north, to promote the interest of the pretender. She expostulated, she intreated him not to engage in a plot that must bring certain ruin on himself and his children; but again finding he was deeply involved in the Jacobite schemes, she renewed her importunities, and receiving no satisfaction, declared, she would denounce the northern chiefs to government, as the only means to avert from Mr. E. the consequences of their disloyalty, and she assured him his name should not be implicated. No doubt Mr. E. informed the chiefs of these menaces, and as the only security for themselves, they resolved to hold the lady in durance, where she could make no communications. They failed in an attempt to carry her off from her house in Edinburgh but forced her from Mr. E's. country residence, placed her on a pillion, behind a man to whom the leader of the party gave strict injunction to stab her to the heart if a sound of her voice should be heard. This leader, and another stout ferocious looking man, rode on each side of their captive, each with a loaded pistol in his hand, telling her the weapons were intended to dispatch her, if she was not silent as death, and tractable as an infant. After riding at a hard pace from midnight on Wednesday, to the small hours of morning on Friday, Mrs. E. was, for the first time, sheltered in a house. Her persecutors had twice permitted her to alight, while, under favor of darkness, the horses pastured on rich fields of

grass, and the travellers took some refreshment; but they kept her constantly in sight. She was now half dead with fatigue, and was carried up several stairs, preceded by an old woman, who evidently expected a guest, as she had a fire ready kindled, a bed made, and food prepared for the travellers. Mrs. E. had never slept since she left her own house, and overwhelmed by anguish of mind, and personal exertion, believed she dozed a day and two nights. She awoke about noon, her limbs, stiff, aching, and swollen, could not support her. She sat on the side of her bed looking round her gloomy apartment with anxious scrutiny. The moth eaten tapestry, and all the furniture, bore all the signs of venerable antiquity; the only window, high and narrow, was grated, with iron stancheons, and a few beams of the sun falling on the discolored panes of glass. Mrs. E. observed some writing with a diamond or flint. She crawled along the floor on all fours, and with great difficulty raising herself, read several lines, the purport of which convinced her she was in the castle of Polmaise. When the old woman opened her prison, she endeavoured to learn from her where she was, who were her conductors, and whether she would be allowed to remain? To all these questions her keeper respectfully, though in a resolute tone, made answer, she was under the most solemn oaths to give no intelligence, directly, or indirectly. The door of her prison was invariably locked, and when she asked leave to breathe the fresh air, the woman said, it was a grief to her heart to be obliged to refuse the request. Her attentions were not only civil, but compassionate and kind; and if the unhappy lady could have forgot her children, she might have been almost resigned to her situation. The time arrived when she left it with agonizing reluctance. The twilight of an evening in November was closing in, when she was stunned with horror by the sudden entrance of the two men who rode on each side of her during her enforced journey. They seemed to her messengers of woe; but a high spirit supported her in receiving them with a dignity suitable to her station. They told her, lord G. commissioned them to remove her. She declared she would take the mandate only from his own lips; but they assured her resistance could be of no avail, and reminded her that they overcame her strength and fortitude on the first night of their acquaintance. She yielded unwilling compliance, and they proceeded with her as formerly, through bye ways, armed with dirk and pistols, as they said, to put it out of her power to tell tales, if she gave any alarm. During a night and two days they made no halt, unless while their steeds cropped the herbage in wood or valley; and the miserable lady was constrained to except from them a piece of bread dipped in wine, which they all carried in flasks slung at their back. They sheltered themselves from pelting rain and wind, in an uncouth uninhabited forester's hut, during some hours of impenetrable darkness; and when the moon gave a partial light, they pursued a course northward for two days. The weather was cold, and the sky lowering, and in crossing an extensive wood, a tremendous storm howled among the trees. The reverberations of thunder peals convinced Mrs. E. she had reached a mountainous country, and by the vivid flashes of lightning, she discerned towering rocks. Surrounded by deep obscurity, Mrs. E. was drenched with rain, and her equestrian comrade desired her to hold fast by his girdle, as they had lost their way, and she had a chance to fall off, and to be trampled under the horse's feet in the rugged path before them. The hoarse roaring of a mountain torrent, soon announced the danger of a fatal plunge in the waters, and Mrs. E. hoped her calamities would speedily terminate in death. She felt disappointed, when one of the men, who explored the paths before the rest, cried out, he saw a light, and either some fellow creature, or hospitable fairy, would doubtless take them under a roof in such a night. It was no easy achievement to follow the friendly ray through thickets, and stumps of trees, amidst marshes, and on the brink of precipices. At times the horses stumbled over fragments from the crags, or sunk in pools to the saddle. What a harassing journey for a lady, accustomed through life, to the accommodations and elegancies procured by affluence! No ordinary constitution of mind or body could have sustained the trials she endured. Faint glimpses of the moon, about the small hours of a wintry morning, assisted them to shun many perils in a near approach to the building, from which they discerned a

blaze, resembling a fire of pine wood. They crossed a gateway, but could find no entrance to the half delapidated castle. The men called aloud with stentorian voice, but no answer was returned, and they fired their pistols as signals of distress. Still the inmates gave no attention, and a tall robust man, who directed all their movements, swore he would enter by a broken window, and make good a lodgement for the party. He loaded a pair of pistols, and stuck them in his belt, he carried a loaded horse pistol in one hand, and a drawn dirk in the other, and with some help from his companions, clambered to the window. They handed him his horse pistol, which would have encumbered his ascent, and in a moment they heard him leap down on the inside. In a short time he returned with three men in the lowland garb. The lady was carried up stairs, and laid on a truss of straw, near the fire. A person who was manifestly superior to his associates, beckoned to a wild looking female, who had adjusted the lady's lowly couch. They went out together, and at their return, found Mrs. E. in a swoon, from which she did not recover till her wet cloathing was taken off, and she was laid in bed. They had made her swallow strong brandy punch, and her head ached in consequence, so that she could not take any of the delicacies her host and the old woman took to her bed side. She, however, thanked him with tearful eyes, saying it was long since she had heard accents of kindness. He politely apologized for the coarseness of her bed, and the wretched furniture of her chamber, assuring her, if he had better to offer, they would be at her service. If agreeable to her, the woman would sleep beside her, but Mrs. E. with many expressions of gratitude, avowed, she had surmounted all womanish fears. Bowing gracefully, he retired, and the woman soon left her. She ruminated long on the strange incongruity of the manners and language of Mr. Buchannan, and the respect he offered her, in contrast with his sequestered and ruinous abode ; she could form no probable conjecture, and the brandy punch acted as a powerful opiate. Day was scarcely dawning, when her rest was interrupted by the creaking of a door she had not before observed near her bed. Her host appeared with an armful of splintered wood, which he laid on the embers of the night fire.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE WIFE.

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man,
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth,
The violet bed's not sweeter."

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependance, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant

is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by providence, that woman, who is the mere dependant and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot" said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed, that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, partly because he is more stimulated to exertion, by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding, though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still *a world of love at home, of which he is the monarch.* Whereas a single man is apt to run waste and self-neglected, to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My friend Leslie had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample, and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination. He was of a romantic and somewhat serious cast; she was all life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze on her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how in the midst of applause her eye would still turn to him, as if *there alone* she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphant pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortune in large speculations, and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. He came to me one day, and related his whole situation, in a tone of the deepest depair. When I heard it through, I enquired, "Does your wife know this?" At this question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, do not mention it to my wife, it is the thought of her that drives me almost mad!"

"And why not?" said I, "she must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides you are depriving yourself of her sympathy, and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together, an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind, and love will not brook reserve; it feels under-valued, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"But oh! my friend, to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how am I to strike her to the soul, by telling her, her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart! it will break her heart!"

"But how can you keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living," observing a pang to cross his coun-

tenance, "do not let that afflict you, surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary."

"I could be happy with her," cried he, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could—God bless her—God bless her," cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye more, it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad day-light of prosperity, but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity."

I finished by persuading him to go home, and unburthen his sad heart to his wife. I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure. "And how did she bear it?" "Like an angel! it seemed rather a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck, and asked me if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But poor girl, she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty, but in the abstract—she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love—she feels as yet no privation—she has suffered no loss of accustomed conveniences, nor elegancies. When we come *practically* to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliation, then will be the great trial."

Some days after he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, except his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the story of their loves.

He was now going out to the cottage, where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangements. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing. "Poor Mary!" at length broke with a heavy sigh from his lips.

"And what of her?" said I, "has any thing happened to her?"

"What," cried he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor—she has been to me all love, tenderness, and comfort."

"Admirable girl!" I exclaimed, "you call yourself poor, my friend, you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasure of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh! but my friend, that this first meeting at the cottage were over. This is her first day of real experience: she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant, almost of every thing convenient, and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded by forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music. Leslie grasped my arm; we paused, and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond. I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stooped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished, a light footstep was heard, and Mary came tripping forth to meet us: she was in a pretty rural dress of white, a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair, a fresh bloom was on her cheek, her whole countenance beamed with smiles. "My dear George,"

cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you, and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I have set out a table under a beautiful tree, behind the cottage, and I have been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them, and we have such excellent cream, and every thing here is so sweet and still. Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face: "Oh! we shall be so happy."

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her in his arms—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed from his eyes, and he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has been indeed a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

ORIGINAL AND FUGITIVE POETRY.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

From illustrations on "Gems from the Antique."

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLEY.

This was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame,
This was the light that led the band,
When each was, like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet, not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won,
Feared—but alone as freemen fear,
Loved—but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then eloquence first flash'd below!
Full arm'd to lift the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land!

And throned immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime—
ASPASIA, all his spirit's bride:
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darken'd age.

He perish'd—but his wreath was won—
He perish'd on his height of fame!
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun;
Yet still she conquer'd in his name.
Fill'd with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was posterity!

THE LAST APPEAL.

BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

One moment yet, as 'tis the last,
Deny me not the brief delay,
Too soon 'twill fly to join the past,
And sink like them in tears away.
Leave something for reverted thought
To linger on when you are flown,
Some tone for hope, (from pity caught)
To echo when my heart's alone.

Think what a voiceless waste 'twill be,
Companionless in life's cold gloom,
While thousand thoughts of love and thee,
Like spectres round a desert tomb:
Will haunt this heart where lies embalmed,
The visions of long promised bliss;
The dreamy hopes that soothed and charmed,
My soul in sorrow's worst abyss.

Alas! there is no wild appeal
So vain as love's rejected prayer—
No shrine where martyrs love to kneel
With such intense and wild despair!
Each other wretch has some resource,
Some means to chace or soothe his woe,
Some shield to ward, or break the force
Of bitter fate's remorseless blow.

But *he* has none, nay, do not stay
That look of forced and cold accord,
Can it one burning pang allay,
One gleam of future bliss afford?
The pain you feel, yet fear to shew,
Your pity all too weak too late;
I cannot, will not, seek to know,
Go,—go, and leave me to my fate.

DEVINE MOI
Romance.

Composed & Written Expressly

FOR

La Belle Assemblée.

by

M. le Comte De Lagarde.

Canto

LENTO

De___ vi___ne moi, je

Piano ou Harpe

no___se_te_l'é__cri___re ce mot charmant dont de

_pend mon bon_heur A chaque instant je vou_

-drais te le di----re ma bou-che tait le sè-

-cret de mon-cœur de---vi--ne moi-----

de---vi--ne moi

2

Divine moi, fais cesser le delire
Dont ton regard vient embraser mes sens
Auprès de toi je brule je soupire.
Ah! pour calmer les maus que je sesseus
Devine moi. (bis)

Be't yours to find the path of peace,
Which henceforth I shall seek in vain,
Till comes the cold and last release,
To still the heavy pulse of pain.
And I'll indulge the thought till then,
'Mid all the wreck of hopes long flown,
That if your heart awake again,
There yet will be one pulse my own.

You will not pass the grave where he
Who lov'd you sleeps the sleep of death,
And check the sigh of sympathy,
That seeks to mingle with your breath?
You will not as the day's gone by
On memory's record rise anew,
Refuse him yet a kinder sigh,
Who breathed so many sighs for *you*.

I know you'll not—then be it so,
My soul must bow to fate's decree;
Each other claim I now forego,
I ask but one warm tear from *thee*.
Like some torn shrub that cast aside,
No longer meets the morning ray;
Will joy to feel at evening tide,
The humid gleam of parting day.

MY NATIVE BELLS!

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Ye sweetly ring, my native bells,
Your soft notes float upon the gale;
Till my sad heart responsive swells,
And echoes back your mournful tale!
Ye tell me youth's bright dreams are gone,
And all that charm'd my earlier years,
While *I* am left to journey on—
A pilgrim through this vale of tears.

Ye say the joys of life's young day,
The hopes that gladden'd ev'ry scene;
Like rainbow tints, have pass'd away,
And left no trace where they have been:
Ye speak of hours too lightly priz'd,
(Regretted now their hopes are fled,)
Of follies thoughtless—unadvis'd—
Of friends long lost, "the chang'd, the dead!"

As waves that kiss the pebbled shore
Are lost within the trackless main,
Like them life's summer hours pass o'er,
And never can return again:
Still, still, ring on, my native bells!
For as your soft notes fill the gale,
My answering heart responsive swells,
And echoes back your mournful tale!

STANZAS,

Written in a blank leaf of the Bible.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Has grief's rude hand thy bosom torn,
And dost thou weep some fatal truth?
Art thou untimely left to mourn,
The blighted visions of thy youth?
The tear that trembles in thine eye,
Flows it for friendship ill repaid?
Or does thy heart in secret sigh,
O'er hope deceived, or love betray'd?

Then, pilgrim! turn *this* soothing page,
Here, find a solace for thy care;
That can life's darkest ills assuage,
And calm the tortures of despair.
And oh! thus timely learn to know,
This sacred book to man was giv'n,
To light his erring steps below—
But 'twill be realized in heaven!

Written on a grape-vine, which covered the window of the room where the Author usually sat, having been cut away to obtain a prospect of two sun-burnt fields.

(From a MS. volume of poems by D.A. O'Meara.)

And they have lopt my friendly vine, and broke
The sombre shade that nurs'd my hallow'd oak,
Where, sick'ning of the world, and all its toys,
I've ponder'd oft on life's unreal joys,
Its chequer'd scenes of varied ill and good;
And when I've mixt among the multitude,
With no unholy sadness have I sought
At eve the solitary shade, where silent thought,
As fancy, form'd ideal dreams of bliss;
And promis'd scenes of future happiness,
To find myself a wanderer doom'd to roam,
With no sequester'd spot to call my home;
Where I might shield the houseless child forlorn
From the bleak blasts of penury and scorn.
When early spring first rais'd the rose's head,
And summer's sun its op'ning beauty spread,
With what fond care and most assiduous suit,
I prun'd my little vine's luxuriant shoot;
But when I thought to rest in solitude,
They lopt its bows with gothic taste so rude,
To view each little wither'd sun-burnt field,
That neither bloom or verdure ever yield.
Yes! they are they who hate the pensive mind,
That is not to their dull routine confin'd;
That loathes the busy scene, where man on man
Preys ravenous—where, avarice, thy span
O'erreaches others to lay up a hoard
Of splendid misery, which can't afford
To think on human suffering, or relieve
The wretched mortals who in silence grieve.

TRANSLATION.

HYMN TO VENUS, BY METASTASIO.

(From the Epithalamia written by him, at Naples, in the year 1722, in celebration of the marriage of Signor D. Giambatista Filomarino, Prince della Bocca, with the Lady Vittoria Carracciola, daughter of the Marquis St. Eramo.)

In the glow of thy splendor
Descend from above,
O beautiful mother
Of beautiful love!
For, queen! from thy birth,
Thou solely wert given
The delight of the earth,
And the glory of heaven.

Love darts from each glance
Of thy life-kindling eyes,
Reviving each seed
In earth's bosom that lies:
Delight dost thou shed
All around: e'en the sea
Doth spurn her cold bed,
And is fertile through thee.

From thy soft starry smile
The clouds vanish away;
And the winds, in their caves,
No terror display:
For thee the young lovers
Peep upward from earth,
Sweet queen of the hours!
In the joy of their birth.

For thee the fierce wrath
Of old Ocean is gone,
And his still, smiling waters
Roll placidly on;
Not a cloud o'er his surface,
Not a frown on his brow,
For his mistress, his ruler,
Sweet goddess, art thou.

The diamond lamps
Of yon sapphirine sky,
By thee in the heavens
Suspended on high,
With their tremulous light,
On thy order intent,
From the form of Old Night
His cold mantle hath rent.

On the zephyr's approach,
How the children of spring,
The birds thy sweet praises
Incessantly sing!
Though their songs breathe their homage,
And thy bounties adore,
There's a voice in their bosoms
That worship thee more.

By thee in the ring-dove
Protected from danger,
And her young callow brood
From the hawk and the ranger:
The fierce pard for thee
Her cavern forsakes,
And the blood-spotted tiger
To gentleness wakes.

From thee is the wonder
Of nature—mankind!
His glory, his beauty
Of form and of mind:
From thy spirit is all
That may excellence claim:
E'en this love-girdled ball
From thy breath, Goddess! came.

Then, in the glow of thy splendor,
Descend from above,
O beautiful mother
Of beautiful love!
For, queen! from thy birth!
Thou solely wert given
The delight of the earth,
And the glory of heaven!

David Lyndsay.

THE BARD OF LOVE,

A CANZONET,

(Written by D. A. O'Meara.)

The Bard of Love, with harp unstrung,
In grief was heard to say,
The sweetest strain the minstrel sung
Was friendship's faithful lay,
Till love array'd in beauty's smile,
Allur'd his tender theme,
He trusted to the witching wile,
Which only prov'd a name,

The Bard of Love, neglected roams,
For beauty cold to pine;
In vain for him the goblet foams,
Tears love not rosy wine.
So thus his heart of bliss beguil'd,
Awakes from fancy's dream;
No more he thrills his warbling wild,
Or sighs for wreaths of fame!

EPIGRAM.

Cornelius knows his ugly wife,
Has fortified his head;
But, to avoid domestic strife,
He's silent as the dead.

In this he's surely not to blame;
Why make a needless fuss!
Henceforward, therefore, be his name
Cornelius Tacitus.

D. A. O'M.



OPERA DRESS.

Published Feb.y 1st 1823 for La Belle Assemblée No. 1 [illegible]



BALL DRESS.

Published Feby. 1. 1823 for La Belle Assemblée No. 191

FASHIONS

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1823.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. I.—Opera Dress.

This elegant dress is formed of Cerulean blue satin, or *gros de Naples,* with a rich border, composed of satin puffs folded in bias, beautifully finished by broad satin *rouleaux.* The body is made low, but chastely correct, affording only a partial display of the bust, while the shoulders are covered; a tucker of the very finest specimen of Urling's patent lace, serves also as a modest shield, and the short sleeves are trimmed next the elbow, with the same material; these sleeves are formed of bias-folded puffings, to answer the trimming at the border of the dress. The hair is arranged in a peculiar, but very beautiful and becoming manner; it is partly *à la madonna,* but finishes from the temples in the Sevigné style, and is crowued with an Inca diadem comb of fine pearls, placed in the Peruvian style, very backward. The other jewellery ornaments consist of a double gold chain, with opera class depending, set round with pearls, and pearl ear-rings. The figure represents a lady seated on a Persian lounge, in the opera tea-room, where every part of the dress is displayed to advantage; the shoes are of white satin, and the dress is made rather full, and of a moderate length.

No. 2.—Ball Dress.

This attractive and elegant dress is of *tulle* over white satin; the *tulle* ornamented with broad stripes, laid on of amber colored satin, till they reach a double festoon ornament, in two rows of puckered *tulle en rouleaux,* the points of which are headed by large *rosettes* of pearls; under these festoons, terminating at the hem, is a flounce of broad blond, of a rich and striking pattern. The *corsage* is made plain, but is trimmed round the bosom with a broad falling tucker of blond, which, from each shoulder, falls as a *mancheron* ornament over the sleeve, and has a very beautiful effect. The hair is arranged in the antique French style, and is elegantly braided and intermingled with rows of large pearls. The dress is confined round the waist by a white satin ribbon sash, richly striped. The ear-rings and necklace are of amber, from the latter depends a Maltese cross. The shoes are white satin.

Although dancing has, at present, but partially taken place, the above dress, it is expected, will claim a high degree of patronage from many of the most distinguished votaries of Terpsichore.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

Amongst the purveyors of the toilet, that have been particularly benefited by the late intense frosts, are the furriers; mantles lined throughout with fur, velvet, and cloth pelisses with broad fur round the borders *à la Witzchoura,* are now seen shielding the forms of the British fair; half boots, and even the very gloves lined with fur, though the hands are enveloped in a warm muff, have been almost universally adopted during the many chill days that prevailed in the month of January, which was ushered in by weather peculiarly gelid, yet invention has not been stagnate, and for a beautiful carriage envelope, a new mantle has been invented by Mrs. Bell, to whom also we are obliged for the inspection of several other elegant articles of female attire, which we shall hereafter specify. The

above mantle is either of royal purple, or of black velvet; when black it is lined with ruby colored satin, and if purple with amber; a flat rouleau of satin, in bias, headed with silk cordon is the ornament adopted all round the mantle, and is of the same color as the velvet. This cloak is already much worn at the opera.

Walking bonnets are of black beaver or velvet, lined with pink satin, and are worn either with or without feathers; the plumage is long, and waves over the shoulder; there has been but little difference in the carriage hats since our last accounts; only that they are of a warmer fabrication, and black velvet seems as prevalent for the ride as for the promenade.

Pelisse dresses are still fashionable for home costume, they are made of a bright colored plain *gros de Naples*, elegantly braided down each side, the sides partially fastened to a false petticoat or apron in front, a pelerine of the same material as the pelisse falls carelessly, as if from each shoulder, and has a very novel and pleasing effect. A very elegant evening dress is of cerulean blue gauze chequered with white satin; it is trimmed with two flounces of the same in festoons, edged with white satin, and at the points of the festoons are placed rosettes of white satin; the corsage is the same as the dress, but has long sleeves of white net, wound round the arm with straps of white satin. Another favorite evening dress is of gauze, striped with white satin and amber, it is finished at the border with two flounces of blond, or *soufflée* gauze, not very broad, and has a broad puckered layer of amber satin over the hem. Ball dresses are of fine net, embossed with a broad border of flowers in colored crape, interspersed with delicate branches embroidered in chenille; over the hem is a beautiful cockle-shell trimming of colored crape, the satin corsages worn with these dresses, are of the same color as the crape ornaments; they are made in the Anglo-greek style; the stomacher part inlaid with stripes of net, and the ancient robings are composed of satin and narrow blond; the short sleeves are of white net, with straps of colored satin, lengthwise of the sleeve, elegantly clasped mid-way, as if buckled.

Fancy has not been idle in composing the winter head-dress; the morning cornettes are very plain, flat, and unbecoming, however appropriate to the *dejeuné*, they are formed of fine net, with a scanty border of blond, and are relieved by a few narrow *rouleaux* of white or colored satin. The home cornette for the more advanced part of the day, is of fine net and blond; the caul has an ornament of white satin edged with amber, forming a *fleur de lis.* Another ornament divides the caul from the head-piece, and this is made of net, surmounted with blond, on which are fan ornaments of white and amber-colored satin; the blond next the face is rather broad, and set on scanty; on each temple is a purple and white striped china astre. Caps, however, are more in favor than cornettes, and one for receiving dinner parties at home, much pleased us by its simplicity; it was formed of those favorite materials, net and blond, and the caul was striped with narrow rouleaux of rose-colored satin; on the left side was a half wreath of full blown roses. The theatre cap has the same kind of caul, and is very richly ornamented with quilted blond, and bouquets of small full blown roses and myrtle blossoms. Another theatre cap is of blond and net, trimmed with white satin: in front is placed an ornament of leaves composed of net, and edged round with white satin; and on the hair over each temple, just under the border of the cap, is a small half blown rose, with a sprig of myrtle blossom; another theatre cap is composed of fine net and blond with a ruby satin caul divided from the head-piece by a mural ornament of net, the points finished by narrow bindings of ruby satin; a superb half wreath of full blown damask roses inclines to the left side. We shall speak of the fashionable materials for turbans in another part of our observations; but we have remarked that the face to which caps are particularly becoming, do not look well in a turban, for such, a very lovely cap has been invented, called the *demi-negligée*, it is fitted either for home costume in receiving dress parties, or for the select dinner costume; it has the appearance of a cap in front, and is beautifully ornamented with flowers and blond, but it has no caul, and the hair is displayed behind, brought out in full curls, ringlets, or *nœuds à la Sappho.* Opera hats are of white satin, turned up in front, and crowned by a plume of white ostrich feathers, or of black velvet lined with

white satin; this last mentioned hat shields part of the face on the left side; the right side that turns up is indented at the edge, the whole hat superbly ornamented with pearls, and between each indenture is a tassel of pearls, a plume of white feathers finishes this tasteful and truly elegant hat.

The favorite colors are cerulean blue, ruby, amber, and rose color.

The new ball, or evening full dresses at the Parisian depôt, belonging to Mr. Hill No. 29 Regent Street, are, indeed, unrivalled; the most striking, for it is impossible to detail them all, is first, one of green and gold lama on white crape; a gossamer net work of gold runs over the hem, *en serpentine*, and above is a splendid border of gold lama, chenille, and colored crape; the colored crape represents the large pod of the garden poppy, which has a beautiful effect in green; a second dress is finished in the same manner with pink crape and chenille, with silver lama. The third dress is of white crape superbly ornamented with blue and silver; a rich trimming of silver lama, forming a kind of fringe in festoon, is next the hem, over which are blue china astres striped with silver, and large leaves of silver lama form a foliage beneath these flowers, which tower magnificently above; each china astre is surmounted by four smaller flowers branching out, in blue chenille.

The materials for turbans are of the most brilliant kind, and well adapted for the midnight glare of artificial day. Some are of white gossamer gauze with green and gold stripes, with the white spaces between slightly clouded with gold; another article for this becoming head-dress is of rainbow striped gauze, on a green ground powdered with gold; the stripes are crimson, royal blue, green, and yellow; but the most superb material for the full dress turban, is the pactolus, or golden sand gauze, it combines both lightness and richnesss, and makes up beautifully; but much care is required in not making it appear heavy, and none but a skilful *Marchande de Modes* can possibly pin up a turban of this material, so as to give it a propes effect; it is peculiarly becoming to those ladies who have dark hair and eyes.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Paris is now crowded to excess; so, of course, are her drawing rooms, private concerts, &c. It is hardly credible, but having, perhaps played at cards in three different houses in one evening, one has not found an opportunity of once speaking to the lady of the house. The fashionable men of the present day, in such cases, leave a card the next morning, elegantly stamped with their name and armorial bearings in cameo, and are, in consequence, always regarded as *les gens comme il faut.*

Mantles, mantles, nothing but mantles are to be seen as out-door envelopes, the greatest part of which are of glazed black satin, some have hoods and linings of the same material, others have rose colored or *ponçeau* hoods; the newest color is hermit blue satin for mantles, with a flame colored hood, though the most elegant is reckoned a black satin mantle with a hood lined with velvet. Carmelite brown pelisses also, with a rose colored or a blue hood are much in favor.

Hats are of a light color; blue and rose colored bonnets are very prevalent, they are lined with a plush silk of two colors, the ground of a bright light yellow, and the downy or shaggy part massaca brown. The ornaments on these hats consist in one larger or several small rosettes, half satin, half plush silk, with the ends very long and broad.

The dresses most in favor are black velvet, made very short, and flounced with black lace; one of these flounces is set on at the edge of the hem, and is of a very rich pattern, which is admirably displayed over a white satin dress worn under the velvet one, and made as much longer than the upper garment, as the lace is broad. Over this dress is sometimes worn a mantle of velvet of a dark violet color, with a scalloped collar; the mantle is trimmed at the bottom with a broad border

of chinchilla, and is made just short enough to discover the black lace flounce.

At public spectacles, and especially at concerts, caps are universally adopted, these head-dresses have, however, undergone a considerable change; it is no longer the *Mary Stuart's* cap, with the point on the forehead. The fashionable cap now is called the *Clotilda* cap, it is almost a complete garland of musk roses, white thorn small daisies and clematis, under a trimming of blond, and this full wreath lies between the blond and the hair, and terminates at the ears. Dress hats are made of spotted velvet, and are ornamented with three or five plumes, formally laid round the brim of the hat.

A dress scarf occasionally thrown over an evening robe is much in favor; it is of flame colored *barége* silk, each end ornamented with three black stripes, and a black fringe; some of these scarfs have the stripes entwined with rings of gold.

The fashionable furs are the fox, the white wolf of Siberia, and chinchilla: the fur tippets have very long ends.

The furred shoes are of violet or dark blue velvet; they tie up the front with three large rosettes of satin ribbon, with short ends.

The favorite colors are rose color, bright yellow, violet, and hortensia.

Ever foremost in noticing any new planet in the hemisphere of taste and fashion, we should be neglectful of our accustomed duty, if we omitted to notice the elegant establishment just opened by Messrs. Dison, Wilson, & Co. 237 Regent Street. Seldom have our eyes had so great a treat, as they enjoyed in the inspection of their beautiful assortment of British and Foreign laces.

THE HIVE.

Scolding.—In the whole course of my reading, which has been both extensive and desultory, I do not recollect having ever met with an essay on the *science* of *scolding*; yet that it is reduced to a perfect system, and that the *practice* of it has long been a ruling passion with the fairer part of the creation, few *men* will deny. There is as much harmony (comparatively speaking) in the boisterous pipes of a regular bred out-and-out scold, as in the astonishing cadenzas of a *Catalani*, or the melting appogiaturas of a *Braham;* indeed, even the most celebrated and experienced physicians assert, that it is of the most essential benefit in many *cases*, which I would attempt to divide into the following classes, viz.

1st, The Constitutional Scold, who practises for the benefit of her health.

2nd, The Beautiful Scold, who is put out of temper because she cannot bring her complexion to its usual *pitch* of perfection, even with the aid of the captivating *patch*.

3rd, The Authoritative Scold, who discharges her spleen to support her dignity, and will not permit the least infringement on the prerogative of the petticoat.

4th, The Matrimonial Scold, who reads curtain lectures for the reformation of her husband's morals, recommended to the very ancient and numerous family of the *Henpecks*.

5th, The Dramatic Scold, alias Stage Shrew, who endeavours to convince the world that she can rant off the stage as well as on it.

6th, The Patriotic Scold, who vociferates for the good of her country, to display her great knowledge and party principles.

7, The Inebriate Scold, who, by forming a *cordial* alliance with certain strong liquors, is wrought up to a phrenzy, in which she *strikingly* evinces the *ardent* disposition of a *woman of spirit*.

8th, The Billingsgate Scold, though last, not least, in fame, who may with the utmost propriety, be styled a *professional virago*, possessed of a volume of voice, combining vast compass and exhaustless strength, especially in the *upper* notes. She is so well established in the ancient art, mystery, and practice of *scolding*, that all others implicitly submit, and leave her the undisputed heroine of the field—of *tongue*.

D. A, O'M.

Amusement of the Ice-hill, exercised by the Russians.—The amusement of the Ice-hill is a species of exercise very difficult to describe, as I know nothing in England that I can compare to it. The Russians are particularly fond of the amusement, and though dangerous to the ignorant, yet to the practised, from their dexterity in descending the tremendous fall, it is both safe and delightful. A temporary stage of wood is erected, about 40 or 50 feet from the surface of the river, from the perpendicular height of which is a steep descent, like the sides of an abrupt rock; against this is laid blocks of ice, that soon become an united mass, by means of torrents of water which are thrown along them, and that harden in a few seconds. On the level, at probably 250 or 300 yards, stands a similar erection, only placed a little on one side, in order to clear the glassy road for the sledges darting from the summit of its opposite neighbour. This they mount by means of a flight of steps in its rear, and placing their sledges on the declivity, are conveyed back to the other hill by the same method they left it. Indeed, the force gained by precipitatng themselves from the top is more than sufficient to carry such light sledges to a far greater distance than that which lies between each pyramid. The bearded natives gather a plentiful harvest of *kopecks* during this carnival, as a few pieces of that money is their usual charge for transporting individuals down the ice fall. The mode is as follows: a sort of sledge, without projections of any sort, but in shape and flatness like a butcher's tray, is most fantastically and rudely ornamented with carving and colors, and placed on the summit of the hill. The native seats himself upon it, very far back, his legs extending in front perfectly straight, the person to be conveyed places himself, or herself, before him in a similar attitude, and both remaining steady, pass rapidly down the frozen torrent. The native behind guides their course with his hands, on the same principle as that of a vessel touching the contrary side to that which they wish to go. To such a nicety do they attain, that they steer round groups of upset persons, without the chance of their giving or receiving the slightest injury. Many go down in these sledges alone, and others on skates, both men and women, who fly forwards in a perfectly upright position. Steadiness seems the chief accomplishment in the Russian skater, and the velocity of his motion the object of pleasure in the spectator.

Highland Honor and Hospitality.—An extraordinary instance of incorruptible fidelity occurred in the course of the miserable rambles of the Pretender. A poor cottager, of the name of M'Ian, who was upon principle hostile to his cause, and who, on account of a severe season, was, with his family, in a state of starvation, received the wretched wanderer, and at the hazard of his life, committed depredations to procure him sustenance, when an immense reward lay within his reach, and with powerful temptation invited him to surrender his guest. The fate of this generous man was as singular as his conduct to the prince. In a season of great scarcity, he stole a cow, to save his family from dying of hunger, for which he was tried, convicted, and executed. A little before his execution, he took off his bonnet, and thanked God *he had never betrayed a trust, never injured the poor, and never refused a share of what he had to the stranger.*

Dress in the days of Queen Elizabeth.—Clothes, during this reign, were not kept, as now, in drawers, or given away when no longer fashionable; but they were hung up on wooden pegs, in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them, and they were suffered to hang by the walls till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations. When Queen Elizabeth died, she left behind her 3000 different dresses.

The ladies used dyes to change the color of their hair, and often wore false tresses of a different color to their own: as the Queen's hair was sandy, so every female, if not so gifted, generally wore false hair of that color, in compliment to her Majesty: the young unmarried ladies had their locks curiously knotted and raised from the forehead; and in cold weather wore a cap of hair, or wig.

The married women covered their hair with a species of caps, under different denominations; one of which was the *ship tire*, a flaunting head-dress, with lappets or ribbons, floating in the air like streamers. The *tire-*

valiant was a head-dress yet more shewy and ostentatious: feathers, jewels, and gold and silver ornaments were common in those days. The French hood was a favorite *coiffeure;* it consisted simply of gauze or muslin, and reached from the back of the head down over the forehead, leaving the hair exposed on each side; this is certainly the Mary Stuart cap, so prevalent in our day. Cauls, or nets of gold thread, were also thrown with much taste over the glossy tresses of the British fair; and the hair was often adorned with peas in their shells, the shell open, and the peas therein formed of fine pearls; this may be a valuable hint to our jewellers and florists.

A lady's morning cap was, as it is now, a mob; and the citizens' wives wore a superb velvet cap, with a peak or tiara three inches high; the peak was white, the cap generally colored, and three-cornered.

Masks were in general use when a lady went abroad, or to the theatre; they also concealed their chins like the Turkish women, with what the English ladies called a muffler. They wore very stiff ruffs, and of most enormous dimensions. The ruff reached behind to the very top of the head, and the lawn or cambric of which they were fabricated was of the most extraordinary fineness. These ruffs gave rise to the invention of clear-starching, which was taught for a premium of five guineas: the plaits were adjusted by what they called poking-sticks, made of iron, steel, or silver, and were heated in the fire to form the plaits.

The waist was frightfully, and beyond all proportion long: in the forepart of the stays was a pocket for money, letters, and needle-work. The gowns were made of the richest materials, with velvet caps, embroidered with bugles, and the sleeves very curiously cut. A round hoop, called a farthingale, was worn with the petticoat, and the gowns were stuffed or padded about the shoulders. A mantle, called a kirtle, was thrown over the dress as a finish; some of these had hoods, some were without; the mantle was of velvet or silk, richly bordered with lace.

The heels of the shoes were very high; and the fans were made of ostrich feathers, with silver or ivory handles, studded with diamonds and other jewels. In the year 1589, on New Year's Day, Sir Francis Drake presented Queen Elizabeth with a fan made of white and red feathers, with a gold handle, enamelled with a half-moon of mother of pearl, within that half-moon another garnished with sparks of diamonds, and a few seed pearls on one side, having her Majesty's picture within it, and on the other side was a device with a crown over it.

The bracelets, necklaces, and gloves were perfumed.

Pockets, we may imagine, were no more in favor with the higher classes than they are now; for to the girdle hung a small looking-glass, and a pocket-handkerchief, richly wrought with gold and silver.

Pleasure.—Pleasure is to women what the sun is to the flower, if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves, if immoderately enjoyed, it withers, etiolates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are, perhaps, as necessary to the full developing of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, comfirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

Contentment.—Agar said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches, and this will ever be the prayer of the wise." Our income should be like our shoes, if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but if too large, they will cause us to stumble and trip. But wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not on what we have, but upon what we would have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

Lochness.—This lake, by reason of its great depth, never freezes, and during cold weather a violent steam rises from it, as from a furnace. Ice brought from other parts, and put into the lake, instantly thaws; but no water freezes sooner when brought into the house. Its waters are esteemed very salubrious, so that people come and send thirty miles for it.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

CONTAINING THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, MUSIC, &c.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

At Drury Lane theatre, we look as naturally for the *Gloster* and the *Othello* of Kean, once in our periodical review of the drama, as we mechanically find our Shakspeare in its accustomed place on our book shelves. We look for this treat with the anxiety of old and tried acquaintance, and seat ourselves to its enjoyment with vigorous appetite, and powers of comprehension quickened by this frequent contemplation; thus it is indeed with excellence of any kind, when long habit has endeared it to us, and thus it ever should be, and indeed ever will be, with the sparkling points of our theatricals, in all those cases in which we have rationality and philosophy enough to make a proper selection, and are inclined to pay them the requisite degree of attention. The *Gloster* of Mr. Kean has been so much and often the theme of praise, that superficially considered, it may seem to be exhausted; it ought not, *must* not ever become so, it is one of those exhibitions of the art on the consideration of which we could periodically exercise ourselves; the beauties of the scene allow us an abundant latitude for observation, and Mr. Kean's power over the character has too much richness and variety to tire.

Of the female characters of this play, we may always say that Mrs. West personates *Lady Anne* in a touching and excellent manner. But here let us ask why in the first scene of the fourth act, when *Lady Anne* retires, after being summoned to her coronation, she raises her voice in "Long live the queen!" the sense of the passage not only does not require it, but is actually violated by the mistaken conception, for such we must term it. Mrs. Glover plays the *Queen*, but not, as we consider, in unison with the general excellence of the play; her grief is much too boisterous, as well as too whining in its tone; it does not afford us a true picture of the mother's distress; and it would be well to recollect that much of the applause it receives, is excited rather by the sentiments and the situations, than the actor's representation of them. While speaking of Mrs. Glover, who is highly and deservedly esteemed in her private character, as well as in her professional career, let us once for all whisper the admonition of an old friend; the open style of dress which some twenty years ago was so gracefully becoming in her, is no longer so.

The *Gloster* of Mr. Kean, like the character drawn by the bard, swells into grandeur, as the danger of his situation, and the bustle increases; his conference with *Stanley* on the motions of the invading foe, is strikingly fine, "There let him sink, and be the seas on him," &c. The scene of the night preceding the battle is all his own, no man (except perhaps the late Mr. Cooke in some points of minor importance) has made so much of it, we had almost said, made any thing of it. His tent scene is, as it ever has been in his hands, *terrific*. His "Who's there?" to *Catesby's* abrupt entrance, and his exhaustion; his CHARGE at the close of the scene which precedes the battle; his abstraction in the moment of discomfiture; his cry for a horse, and his burst of animal courage on a horse being suggested as the means of escape, are all undiminished in grandeur and effect, and improve, as does all his acting, as we learn to study him more closely.

To sum up—As a whole, where, or when, has there been such a *Gloster*? We can answer with confidence for every one since Garrick, nor are we willing to believe implicitly that *he* was his equal. Of Mr. Kean's stature and voice, about which so much has been said, we assert again and again that whenever we take the trouble to *study* his acting, we shall acquire a new relish for the drama, and a perception of his capabilities, of which we were not before possessed; in his best scenes he will be found to occupy the entire attention of the observer, and with what company

soever the scene may surround him, he will do this so effectually, as to leave no other object with which to compare him! He is from that moment of any stature our notions of the character may require him. His voice, we insist, without fear of contradiction from any qualified opponent, is harmonious and rich, and, in the present form and size of this theatre, of abundant volume for any exertion which good taste can demand. While we are still speaking of this theatre, and of Mr. Kean, we are naturally led to advert to the epoch which the good taste and liberality of the lessee has introduced in the combination of talent. In theatricals, the mere introduction of new dramatic pieces, is by no means of so much importance as an improvement, as the more efficient performance of those we already possess. Mr. Kean, magically powerful as he is, is incapable, physically unable to support a play of Shakspeare *alone*, unaided. How often have we witnessed the finest flights of his genius thrown away, utterly lost, from the want of adequate support; the illusion of the scene altogether dispelled and ruined, by the misapprehension, carelessness, or incapacity, of the characters about him, who, to produce keeping in the picture, ought to have played as powerfully and judiciously as himself. The tragedies of *Othello*, and *Venice Preserved* have been produced to remedy this crying evil, and with an effect which we trust will not soon or easily be forgotten, either by the public or the theatrical management. In *Othello* we have the Moor of Mr. Kean, perhaps altogether his most powerful and perfect character, supported by Mr. Young's *Iago*. In the last mentioned tragedy, the effect of the new arrangement is still higher, Mr. Kean's *Jaffier*, and Mr. Young's *Pierre* afford each other reciprocal benefit. In this play, we have had the gratification to find Mr. Kean's general manner and acting eminently beautiful, without those violent transitions which are erroneously considered his great dependence; his close of the conversation is an instance,

"Oh! Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more."

In the same scene with *Pierre*, again; and the opening scene of the second act, in which *Pierre* works *Jaffier* to the purposes of the conspiracy, is yet richer. In the second scene of that act, *Jaffier's* delivery of his *Belvidera* to the care of the conspirators, and his mode of receiving his wife's charge of *Renault's* treachery, are of great beauty; his skilful management of the passage, "No, no, out on't, violence! &c." is alone a point worth an evening's attendance to witness; it is a passage of great nicety, although seldom treated with much attention; it has never been rendered with so much fidelity of description without coarseness, so much indignation with so much propriety.

Macbeth has been got up in an excellent style, with Mr. Young's *Macbeth*, a powerful performance. The symmetry of that gentleman's figure, greatly aids the effect of his acting this character; his performance is a rare treat. His utter abstraction in the scene with his wife immediately after the murder, and his exclamation as he at length retires, at the alarm at the gates: "Wake, Duncan, with the knocking," &c. was among the finest of his efforts. His driving off the ghost of Banquo, with "Hence," &c. we consider superior to the same passage by John Kemble. Mrs. West's Lady Macbeth, is certainly not that of Mrs. Siddons, but is respectable.

The second Pantomime at this house is not only an improvement on the first, which, unusual to relate of this class of performances, proved insufficient for the amusement of the young holiday folk, but is decidedly good. The story is sufficiently simple to be intelligible and clear to the spirits for whom it is specially constructed, but the episodes are amusing and various; the buffooneries of the *Pantaloon*, is, perhaps, inimitable; the vagaries of the *Clown* are as uncouth as need be; *Harlequin* every thing to be wished; the *Columbine* of Miss Tree, cannot be otherwise than excellent. On the whole, the *Golden Axe* is an entertainment good of its class, setting gravity, sober judgment, and criticism, as it ought, absolutely at defiance, and electrifying with surprise also as it ought, those, for whom this species of entertainment is by ancient usage provided.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

At this house we have had the *School for*

Scandal in excellent style and keeping. Farren's *Sir Peter Teazle*, and the *Charles Surface* of Mr. Kemble, could hardly fail to produce an excellent play. Mr. Macready is always respectable, often inimitable; but we are bound to say, he should avoid the character of *Joseph Surface*. *Maid Marian* continues to draw houses; and we have announcements of numerous important novelty, which will be matter of observation in our next.

Harrison's Panathene at Spring Gardens, is a singular and tasteful endeavor to unite an assemblage of the Fine Arts, in a singularly, beautiful, and unique combination. Painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and the most refined mechanism, are all taken into requisition, to form a superb specimen of various and exquisite workmanship, and is intended as a superb centre ornament for a nobleman's library, grand saloon, music room, picture gallery, or temple, in his pleasure grounds.—The Panathene itself, in fact, is a temple dedicated to the Fine Arts, of which, although the various specimens are few, the excellence is indisputable. Howard's painting as emblematic of architecture, must be viewed with unqualified pleasure; for however wide the analogy may be to the subject, the chasteness, the sober transparency of coloring, the expressive sweetness of the countenance, and the poetic feeling that reigns throughout, will long make this picture a favorite; the same may be said of poetry, and his faith, hope, and charity. Of Stothard's pictures, little requires to be said, as they all possess excellence of a very high order, and are strongly marked by the delicacy of coloring and graceful lines peculiar to this celebrated artist. Town's pictures on velvet, and much of the sculpture, are placed in an injudicious light, to see their beauties. This grand work of art, we understand, is announced for sale. We paused again and again before it, and left it with regret.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

Second Theatre Francais.—*Saul.* A tragedy.

The author of this piece has undoubtedly taken the idea from Alfieri, but merely the idea, for the plan, the situations, and the dramatic springs, are all different Alfieri only took one particular moment of Saul's life, and that was the last: the author of the present drama has brought together many interesting situations. Alfieri represents David as already the husband of Michal, and the object of Saul's hatred. M. Soumet introduces him to us as a shepherd, a conqueror, a lover, a husband, and the acknowledged king of Israel. He has not precisely given the scene where David appeases the fury of Saul by his singing, nor the principal developements of that monarch's character, nor dwelt on the sentiments of David, towards Michal and Jonathan: and as the two tragedies are totally different, so the part of the Pythoness is entirely Mr. Soumet's own.

When the curtain rises, the first scene that is represented, is the camp of Saul, whose troops are within sight of the Philistines. A mysterious looking personage placed near the side of a barren mountain, excites universal attention; this is the Pythoness; she declares herself the Witch of Endor, renowned only by the mischiefs she performs, that her charms and philtres are composed of the tears of mortals, and the most destructive poisons. In Saul, she says, she finds a resemblance to her own character, for like her, he braves the anathema attached to magical incantations, &c. &c.

This debut is novel, and in the course of the drama, the Pythoness realizes the horrible portrait she has drawn of herself: yet we cannot regard it as a well-judged piece of artifice to let this speech come from her lips; would not it have been better for the Israelites to have occupied the space after the appearance of this gloomy spectre, and to have let them speak of those baneful passions, which, as Saul's evil genius, she has breathed into his breast.

The Pythoness, after her speech, retires into a cave, and Jonathan, with his sister Michal, accompanied by a few Israelites, enter; they deplore together the lot of God's chosen people, and that of a king, whom the Almighty has forsaken, since he ceased to follow the precepts of Samuel; as he foresaw with envy, him whom the dying prophet had named to be the future monarch of Israel, he had abandoned himself to the most impious sacrilege, and was guilty of the murder of the priests of Nobe, where the ark of the covenant was

kept. Israel, therefore, could no longer communicate with their God, and Saul gave himself entirely up to the presages of the Pythoness. Israel demanded another king, and Saul had no hopes but in the faithful valor of his son Jonathan, and the tears of his daughter. In the mean time, the danger becomes imminent. The Philistines prepare to give battle, with Goliah at their head, and Jonathan appears marching, with his troops, to inevitable death; when the priest Achimelec, who has survived his brethren, and who has saved the ark from destruction, appears in the midst of the astonished Israelites. He is blind, and is led by young David, the anointed of God. This shepherd, the future sovereign, is only armed with a sling, but a superior power directs this simple weapon to hurl destruction on the Philistine.

Jonathan hears the commands of the priest, and yields to them, as to the voice of heaven. He does not dispute with the young shepherd the prize of carrying off the victory; should he fall, he only wishes to die with him.

The second act is opened by Saul, who rises from the ashes, and throws off the sackcloth, to which, for three days, he has condemned himself. Fury and convulsive agony of mind mark his demeanour. All the past rushes on his mind; he declares himself weary of life, as he is become the prey of the most appalling visions; yet though laden with crimes that fill his bosom with all the agonies of remorse, he still continues to brave heaven; and in the midst of this agitation, he is informed, that his people are engaged in combat, but that his son Jonathan, is not at their head. It is a young shepherd, led to victory by a priest. At this intelligence, the fury of Saul knows no bounds, and exhausted nature sinks under its excess, when a most happy stage effect takes place, and infuses a powerful charm by its contrast: the harp of David is heard, giving harmonious sounds of joy and gladness. David has vanquished the giant, and is returned victorious, while he comes to bring his monarch the joyful tidings of peace. The hymn of praise is very fine.

The voice of David, accompanying his harp, reanimates, and soothes the spirit of Saul; overcome by his gratitude, he instantly offers his daughter Michal, as the prize of his victory. This gives occasion, in the third act, to a scene between the lovers, for so they may be called; they have already seen each other, and David has adorned his head with those flowers that the tender Michal had prepared for the lord, but which she has let fall at the shepherd's feet. There is great delicacy in this scene, but, perhaps, not quite simplicity enough. In some passages, David and Saul's daughter have great mental endowments, and even their *naïveté* seems studied and affected: however, this scene forms a happy contrast to what follows. While the marriage rites are preparing, we are informed that the Pythoness is again about to be brought forward, who has set a new spring at work, to bring Saul over to his dependence on the infernal powers. She has already rendered him furious at the thoughts of losing his crown, and having learned that David is to be appointed in his stead, she informs Saul of it, who will not believe her. She then dares him to descend into the sepulchre of Samuel, where she will invoke the shade of the prophet. Saul follows her to the awful spot, the shade appears, it has spoken; and while, in the fourth act, the hymeneal altar is surrounded by lighted torches, the Pythoness, rising from the mausoleum, casts herself at the foot of this altar. Saul stands transfixed with fear. The sacrifice ceases, and the astonished pair look in silence on the priest, who was about to unite their hands. Saul recovers only to proclaim the oracle of Samuel, and to order the punishment of the pretended king announced by the prophet, and of the pontiff who protects him. The two victims are then dragged away, less terrified at the threat, than him who has just pronounced it.

The audience is left completely in the dark as to the means of David and Achimelec had of breaking their fetters; and how David and Jonathan, in the midst of a battle with the Philistines, should be found again together in the same scene: as to their changing armor, that is very well accounted for, as a pledge of friendship; and it is easy enough to foresee, that Saul, instead of wounding David, mortally pierces his son Jonathan. This noble and loyal son comes to expire in the presence of his father, and Saul, even while he blasphemes his God, is compelled to acknowledge his power. He gives his crown to David, presaging to him a similar fate to his own; that

he will fall on his own sword in flying from his enemies. Such is, in fact, the denouement of this drama, of which we have given a complete outline, omitting only one scene, which is useless, heavy, and without any kind of end or consequence; it is between the Pythoness and young Michal, in which the daughter of Saul disputes for her son, against the demon, in terms which savor too much of the present era of religious opinions. It is a scene that is visibly traced only to employ the time while the battle takes place, and it would be much better to suppress it.

Saul appears under various aspects; an impious king, a penitent man, a warrior restored to himself, but a king about to lose his crown. The character of David is happily conceived, and he diffuses over the first part of the piece an irresistible charm, in the last he seems a complete nonentity. The character of Michal is full of grace and sweetness. Jonathan is but a secondary character.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Peveril of the Peak, by the Author of Waverley. Edin. 4 vols. 12mo.

Another novel has issued from the exhaustless Waverley mine. To say any thing farther on the character of this school would be little better than *tautology*, when the subject has already been worn threadbare by crowds of reviewers and copious extracters, who have from time to time enriched their columns with historical gems culled from this invaluable store. We should, also, probably, by some, be thought hypercritical, were we to venture further on the topic, and, rather than expose ourselves to that charge, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to a few extracts. The publication of the *Peveril of the Peak* (for such is the title of this new novel) was retarded in London by very untoward circumstances, to the great mortification of hundreds of impatient booksellers, and thousands of still more impatient readers. The work has been protracted to four volumes: more than three volumes, and the remainder of the fourth were shipped at Leith, but owing to stress of weather and contrary winds, the arrival was delayed, and thus, the work was generally circulating in Scotland, the north of England, and throughout Yorkshire, whilst not a single copy was for some time to be obtained in London, except those received by the anticipating critics, at a great expense of carriage, by the mail. A morning paper has, also stated, that notwithstanding the notoriety of the name of the real author of the Scottish novels, in his native city, the same mysterious precaution with regard to the manuscript and proofs is still regarded. The manuscript sent to the printer is not in the handwriting of Sir Walter Scott, and during the progress of the work through the press, two proof sheets were forwarded to the author, by an intermediate person, one of which was returned corrected, evidently in a disguised hand. We can only add, we should feel some satisfaction in seeing this long agitated question set at rest.

The following is a short sketch of the plot: The novel begins about the year 1658, and presents to us Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, a sturdy cavalier descended from the bastard son of William the Conqueror, settled at Martindale Castle in Derbyshire, with estates and fortune sadly dilapidated, in consequence of royalist sufferings in the civil wars. At Moultrassie Hall, near him, resides Ralph Bridgenorth, descended from a Leicester brewer, a presbyterian. In the midst of the contests, however, which distracted the country, and in spite of their opposite opinions, Bridgenorth had befriended Sir Geoffrey, who was his old schoolfellow and playmate, and good-will subsists between the families.

The house of Peveril has an heir in Julian, a bold boy of three or four years of age, while the more prosperous Bridgenorth loses all his children except an infant, Alice, whose birth at this epoch costs the life of her mother. The father is utterly disconsolate, and hopeless of saving this last pledge of his union, when the amiable Lady Peveril interposes, and takes the baby under her charge to Martindale Castle.

The restoration of Charles, which at first puts an end to "civil dudgeon," raises the expectations of Sir Geoffrey, but does not improve his fortunes; and the various shapes of relation into which public affairs cast the neighbours in Derbyshire, are dwelt upon

nearly throughout the first volume. In the end, Bridgenorth and Peveril quarrel, and Alice is taken from her kind protectress, and disposed of with her attendant, Deborah Debbitch, no one knows where. The ground of quarrel is the appearance at Martindale of the famous Lady of Latham, Louise de Tremouille, the Roman Catholic Countess of Derby, who is pursued by a court faction for the execution (denounced as the murder) of Colonel Christian, whom she had condemned in her capacity of sovereign of the Isle of Man, and immediately put to death. Even the services of her husband, who perished on the scaffold at Bolton-le-Moors, are insufficient to protect her; and Sir Geoffrey, in aiding her escape, comes into violent conflict with Bridgenorth, one of her most inveterate pursuers: this spruug from his wife's being the sister of Christian, and a deep desire for revenge on one who had shed the blood of the saints. The Countess, however, reaches the Isle of Man, and except a heavy mulct, is no farther assailed by the government. But her offence is not forgotten by the aggrieved party, and not only Bridgenorth, but his brother-in-law, Edward Christian, study with a determined perseverance how to requite the death of their murdered relative.

A period of years is now overleapt, and we find Julian Peveril, the hero, a fine young man, who had travelled with his kinsman, the youthful Earl of Derby, and now remains with him at his mother's castle in Man. Hither, it also turns out, Alice had been removed, and occupies, with Deborah, a retired mansion of her late uncle; and here Julian encounters her, and a mutual passion ensues. But Alice has had resolution to forbid his visits, when the following scene is described:

"When Alice Bridgenorth entered, at length, the parlor where her anxious lover had so long expected her, it was with a slow step, and a composed manner. Her dress was arranged with an accurate attention to form, which at once enhanced the appearance of its puritanic simplicity, and struck Julian as a bad omen; for although the time bestowed upon the toilet, may, in many cases, intimate the wish to appear advantageously at such an interview, yet a ceremonious arrangement of attire is very much allied with formality, and a preconceived determination to treat a lover with cold politeness."

The description of the Countess of Derby's little female elfin page, is original and interesting:

"This little creature, for she was of the least and slightest size of womankind, was exquisitely well formed in all her limbs, which the dress she usually wore, (a green silk tunic, of a peculiar form) set off to the best advantage. Her face was darker than the usual hue of Europeans; and the profusion of long and silken hair, which, when she undid the braids in which she commonly wore it, fell down almost to her ancles, was also rather a foreign attribute. Her countenance resembled a most beautiful miniature; and there was a quickness, decision, and fire, in Fenella's look, and especially in her eyes, which was probably rendered yet more alert and acute, because, through the imperfection of her other organs, it was only by sight that she could obtain information of what passed around her.

"The pretty mute was mistress of many little accomplishments which the Countess had caused to be taught to her in compassion for her forlorn situation, and which she learned with the most surprising quickness. Thus, for example, she was exquisite in the use of the needle, and so ready and ingenious a draughts-woman, that, like the ancient Mexicans, she sometimes made a hasty sketch with her pencil the means of conveying her ideas, either by direct or emblematical representation. Above all, in the art of ornamental writing, much studied at that period, Fenella was so great a proficient, as to rival the fame of Messrs. Snow, Shelley, and other masters of the pen, whose copy-books, preserved in the libraries of the curious, still shew the artists smiling on the frontispiece in all the honors of flowing gowns and full-bottomed wigs, to the eternal glory of caligraphy.

"The little maiden had, besides these accomplishments, much ready wit and acuteness of intellect. With Lady Derby, and with the two young gentlemen, she was a great favorite, and used much freedom in conversing with them, by means of a system of signs which had been gradually established

amonst them, and which served all ordinary purposes of communication.

"But, though happy in the indulgence and favor of her mistress, from whom indeed she was seldom separate, Fenella was by no means a favorite with the rest of the household. In fact, it seemed that her temper, exasperated perhaps by a sense of her misfortune, was by no means equal to her abilities. She was very haughty in her demeanour, even towards the upper domestics, who in that establishment were of a much higher rank and better birth than in the families of the nobility in general. These often complained, not only of her pride and reserve, but of her high and irascible temper and vindictive disposition. Her passionate propensity had been indeed idly encouraged by the young men, and particularly by the Earl, who sometimes amused himself with teasing her, that he might enjoy the various singular motions and murmurs by which she expressed her resentment. Towards him, these were of course only petulant and whimsical indications of pettish anger. But when she was angry with others of inferior degree—before whom she did not control herself—the expression of her passion, unable to display itself in language, had something even frightful, so singular were the tones, contortions, and gestures, to which she had recourse. The lower domestics, to whom she was liberal almost beyond her apparent means, observed her with much deference and respect, but much more from fear than from any real attachment; for the caprices of her temper displayed themselves even in her gifts; and those who most frequently shared her bounty, seemed by no means assured of the benevolence of the motives which dictated her liberality."

The person of Charles II. is interesting, though it has in it nothing new to the readers of that monarch's life.

"The person whom he looked upon was past the middle age of life, of a dark complexion, corresponding with the long, black, full-bottomed periwig, which he wore instead of his own hair. His dress was full black velvet, with a diamond star, however, on his cloak, which hung carelessly over one shoulder. His features, strongly lined, even to harshness, yet had an expression of dignified good humor; he was well and strongly built, walked upright, and yet easily, and had upon the whole, the air of a person of the highest consideration. He kept rather in advance of his companions, but turned and spoke to them from time to time, with much affability, and probably with some liveliness, judging by the smiles, and sometimes the scarce restrained laughter, by which some of his sallies were received by his attendants. They also wore only morning dresses; but their looks and manner were those of rank, in presence of one in station still more elevated. They shared the attention of their principal in common with seven or eight little black curly-haired spaniels, or rather, as they are now called, cockers, which attended their master as closely, and, perhaps, with as deep sentiments of attachment, as the bipeds of the group; and whoss gambols, which seemed to afford him much amusement, he sometimes regulated, and sometimes encouraged. In addition to this pastime, a lacquey, or groom, was also in attendance, with one or two little baskets and bags, from which the gentleman we have described took, from time to time, a handful of seeds, and amused himself with throwing them to the water-fowl."

But this monarch's manner of speaking is ill described. He was not accustomed to use the phrases of *thee* and *thou*; this is too much like king James in the "Fortunes of Nigel;" the speech of Charles II. was most graceful, he was brought up chiefly in the court of France, and his manners were those of a finished gentleman, however profligate might be his conduct.

"'Now, heaven forgive thee thy hypocrisy, George,' said the king, hastily. 'I would rather hear the devil preach religion than thee teach patriotism. Thou knowest as well as I, that the nation is in a scarlet fever for fear of the poor Catholics, who are not two men to five hundred; and that the public mind is so harassed with new narrations of conspiracy, and fresh horrors every day, that people have as little real sense of what is just or unjust, as men who talk in their sleep of what is sense or nonsense. I have borne, and borne with it—I have seen blood flow on the scaffold, fearing to thwart the nation in its fury—and I pray to God that I or mine be not called on to answer for it. I will no longer swim with

the torrent, which honor and conscience call upon me to stem. I will act the part of a Sovereign, and save my people from doing injustice, even in their own despite.' "

Literary Pocket Book; or Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art for 1822. Lond.

This elegant little manual, which was commenced in 1820, is continued with the same spirit of originality which recommended it at the first outset. The present book, or number, contains a "Town Calendar" of the month, written with much naïveté and taste; and No. IV. of the Walks round London (Marylebone Park) written in a very superior style. The Original Poetry includes several beautiful sonnets, and a classical translation of Metastasio's Hymn to Venus. A few choice anecdotes and extracts from rare works, and the usual lists make up this companion, which we recommend to our readers as the most classical and original work of the kind.

The lateness of publication compels us to defer our notice of Vol. I. of *Miss Hawkin's Anecdotes.* Whoever has read the Countess and Gertrude, written by this amiable Lady, will anticipate much intellectual delight from the present work. It is in truth, a *bonne bouche*, and we hope, in our next number, to present our readers with a few selections from this exhaustless fund of interest and amusement.

We notice, with much pleasure, No. I. of a diamond edition of Shakspeare's Plays. It is so portable, as to be carried in a waistcoat pocket; and in point of typographical execution, it will be hailed as a curiosity strongly indicative of the triumph of modern art and national superiority.

Mr. Planche, the successful adapter of the popular opera of *Maid Marian*, is said to have received 300*l.* for that piece. We are happy to recognise the spirit of liberality in the theatrical world, as it bids fair to tend to improve the taste for modern dramatising, which, in some instances, has proved to be on the decline.

History of an Irish Family. Edinburgh and Glasgow, 1 vol. 12mo.

This interesting little tale exemplifies the advantages of early instilling virtuous principles into the human mind; which will discover themselves, and by encouragement, predominate, even if temptation has caused its victim to wander for a while among the labyrinths of vice.

This moral work is the production of a lady, to whom La Belle Assembleé has often been indebted for some interesting communications; a Mrs. Grant, of Duthil, the author of "Intellectual Education," and "Popular Models," &c.

This wretched family, like many of their unfortunate fellow-countrymen, are dispersed abroad, and Patrick Connel and his wife, with eight children, pass over to the western coast of Scotland; their first shelter is a sheep-cot, where they are attacked by fever, and suffer innumerable hardships, but are relieved by the humanity of a noble lady, who also undertakes the reform of a lad, named Lewis, of very vicious propensities. After the lady's death he departs for America. We, however, find him afterwards with Terence and his wife, who are patterns of industry.

We shall conclude this notice by the following excellent extract:

"Perspicuity of ideas, accuracy of judgment, and habits of reflection, are chiefly attained by superadding to our own observation the recorded experience of others; and though knowledge should not find an opportunity of opening a path to emolument, if mental enlargement shall qualify the possessor for more completely fulfilling the humble offices belonging to his station, and for a wider circle of self-derived enjoyments, he has not misapplied his exertions.

"It may be expected, that the best informed will be most exemplary in wisdom and worth, and if the time frittered away in trifling pursuits, or abused in licentiousness, were consecrated for improving the percipient faculties, old age would be in a great measure exempted from despondency, and youth from folly."

Instructive Enigmas, &c. By A. Veigt.

The "Instructive Enigmas" may be truly said to combine amusement, with both lite-

rary and musical instruction, and we give Mr. Veigt great credit both for ingeniously devising such a work, and still more, for its able execution. Several of the most pleasing airs in the book are selected from instrumental pieces; and we consider this idea as an excellent one, for if the melodies were popular when in lessons, they cannot fail to become much more so with well adapted words; instrumental music, after all that can be said to the contrary, having a much more uncertain and less durable effect on the mind, than vocal compositions. It seems to have been Mr. Veigt's aim in this work to give as great a variety as possible of the popular airs of various countries, modifying and arranging them in such a manner that they might please either as songs, or as juvenile piano-forte lessons; for this purpose, the melodies are always strictly preserved, with the occasional use of chords derived from the thorough-bass, and symphonies of a more than usually brilliant and pleasing description. The entire work is comprised in six numbers, with six melodies in each. To the first number is a handsome title, with two wood cuts, explanatory of the solutions of the first six riddles. The enigmas commence by perhaps, the most ingenious one in any language, namely, that of Lord Byron on the letter H. and here we will take occasion to remark that the words of all the riddles have been cautiously selected, so that they may safely be placed in the hands of young females by the most scrupulous of parents. But we find our space drawing to a close, and can only critically notice a few among the various gems to be found in this interesting little work. No. 13. is a beautiful air from the celebrated Storm, by Steibelt; it is arranged with so much simplicity, that the merest tyro on the piano-forte will have no difficulty in its execution. No. 2. is a very clever riddle adapted to a beautiful German Waltz. No. 28. is the popular movement in the overture of Lodoiska, which sings well, and is admirably fitted for the double purpose of a song and juvenile lesson. But we find we must conclude, though our inclination would lead us specifically to designate at least a dozen more airs in the collection, and among them four original melodies by Veigt, which bespeak so much talent for vocal composition, that we hope he will soon appear more prominently before the public in this department of the musical art.

Melodies of various nations for the flute, with accompaniments for the piano forte, dedicated to Lord Churchill, by W. Wheatstone. Nos. 13 to 18 forming the third volume. (Wheatstone and Co.)

In novelty and interest, the present number of this popular work does not fall short of the two volumes which have already appeared before the public. As interesting practice for amateurs of the two most prevalent instruments, we strongly recommend this publication.

Fashionable Parisian Quadrilles, with their appropriate figures, as danced at the nobility's assemblies, arranged for the piano-forte, by J. Simonet. Nos. 42 and 43. (Wheatstone and Co.)

This is really an elegant little work both in its contents and its typography. We recognise many of the quadrilles as being great favorites in the French metropolis, and the whole of them are composed in a very characteristic and original style.

Jones's Musical Game, for establishing in the mind the varieties of time.

Piele's Musical Game, for teaching the names of the notes in the treble and bass clefs. (Wheatstone and Co.)

These instructive games are played similarly with dominos. They convey useful elementary information in a very easy and pleasing manner, and cannot fail of stimulating juvenile students in their musical progress, we therefore highly recommend them to schools and private families.

The celebrated Venetian Boat Song, arranged for the piano forte; the words by D. A. O'Meara. (Wheatstone and Co.)

This is a very pretty little ballad, adapted to an air which has long been a favorite, under the title of the Carnival of Venice.

O love is like the morning beams, a favorite ballad adapted to the popular air of Le

Garçon volage, arranged for the piano-forte, the words by J. Scott, Esq. (Wheatstone and Co.)

The air to which this ballad is adapted, has been extremely popular; the words well suited to the melody, are written with taste, and in good style.

Mary of Castle Cary, an admired Scotch ballad. (Clementi and Co.)

Miss Paton sang this air with consummate taste and pathos, in the opera of Morning, Noon, and Night. She was unaccompanied by the orchestra, consequently a very favorable opportunity was afforded her of executing this melody, (one of the most delightful of those of her native country) in the chastest Scotch style, that is to say with great simplicity and peculiar attention to the swell of the voice. Her efforts were rapturously appreciated by the audience.

A Series of Moral Songs, composed and dedicated to the young ladies of Misses Turner's establishment, Theresa House, Hammersmith, by J. C. Clifton. No. 1. (Clementi and Co.)

This innocent song cannot fail to excite the admiration of all the lovers of vocal music, particularly of those who are in search of moral pieces, it is not only well set, and the parts cleverly constructed, but it combines feeling, in character with the poetry. The transition in page 3. first score, on the words "O what charms can equal thee," is finely imagined. We beg leave to ask Mr. C. why he did not imitate this passage instead of introducing the one bar symphony? or rather why he did not omit this intrusive *thing* altogether? We acknowledge this ballad to be as elegant as any we have seen from the pen of this gentleman.

O! look but on that fairest form, a canzonetta, written by J. R. Planche, Esq. composed for, and respectfully dedicated to J. Cohen, Esq. by C. M. Sola. (Clementi and Co.)

This *canzonetta* of the Italian school, has a good deal of smoothness and flow, and is not wanting in elegance, one or two instances being excepted; the word "feeling," is well expressed; whereas the second syllable of re-veal-ing, is enriched with a flowery passage of seven notes, which irregularity is not to our taste. The foregoing observations will equally apply to the ornamental figures on the words "starting," "departing."

'Tis vain to deck thy Brow with Pearls, a song with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, composed and respectfully dedicated to J. Fry, Esq. by Joseph de Pinna. (Clementi and Co.)

This is a pleasing ballad, written with a good deal of feeling, the rhythm, however, is somewhat irregular.

A Caledonian Melody, with an introduction and variations for the piano forte, composed and inscribed to Miss Simpson, by Frederick Hill, published for the Author by Clementi and Co.

This is the first work of Mr. Hill which we have the pleasure of reviewing, and we hope it will not be the last, though we understand the professional avocations of this gentleman (who resides in the country) are so numerous, that he has little time for composition.

The introduction to these variations is flowery and elegant, and the theme cleverly interwoven. The 1st variation is very pleasing, and of facile execution. Variation 2nd, written in octaves, is an excellent practice for the right hand. Variation 3rd, is tasteful, and all the passages are well constructed. Variation 4th, is of a shewy character, and finishes brilliantly. The work altogether deserves our commendation.

A Duett for the harp or piano forte, or two piano fortes, dedicated to Miss Krumholtz, composed by Joseph de Pinna. Harmonic Institution.

As far as we are able to judge from the parts separately, this lesson has many charms, and the *ensemble* must be very agreeable.

Errata in our last Number.

Page 35, line 25 from the bottom, *for* Stalia's, *read* Italia's.

Page 35, *for* Cornwell Baron Wilson, *read* *Mrs.* Cornwell Baron Wilson.

THE UNIVERSAL ADVERTISING SHEET,

OF

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For FEBRUARY 1, 1823; *and to be continued Monthly*

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.

A. ROWLAND and SON, sole proprietors of the origiual MACASSAR OIL, respectfully inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public at large, that they have removed to No. 20, Hatton Garden.—Also, beg to caution, that in consequence of the universal demand for their Original and Genuine MACASSAR OIL, impostors purchase the empty bottles, and attempt to deceive the Public with spurious Macassar Oil, composed of injurious ingredients, offering it for sale at a lower price, and without the label; and others sign "Rowlandson," imitating the signature, which renders it necessary on purchasing, to ask for ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, and strictly to observe, that none are genuine without the little book inside the wrapper; and the label is signed on the outside, in Red, "A Rowland and Son."—The prices are 3s. 6d.—7s.—10s. 6d. and 21s. per bottle. All other prices are impositions.—The genuine has the address on the label, "No. 20, Hatton Garden."

Patronised by the Royal Family; their imperial Majesties the EMPEROR and EMPRESS of RUSSIA, His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR of CHINA, and the EMPEROR OF PERSIA, their Excellencies the Dukes de L'INFANTADO and de SAN CARLOS, and the Duke of BRUNSWICK, by their Especial Authority, and most of the Nobility throughout Europe—

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,

(The Original and Genuine) which for many years has been universally admired, and is the acknowledged to be the *only Article* that really prevents the Hair turning grey, produces a luxuriant growth on the baldest places, preserves it to the latest period of life.

CURLY HAIR.—It produces and makes the curl firm during exercise, or in damp weather, renders Hair that is harsh and dry as soft as silk, glossy, elegant, and beautiful.

INDISPOSITION, Accouchment, &c. during which this Oil should be regularly applied, as it prevents the Hair being injured, such as falling off, or changing colour, and retains its beauty.

CHILDREN'S HAIR.—A due attention to Children's Hair is of the greatest importance. This Oil is invaluable; it eradicates the scurf easy and pleasant, and is superior to combs, soaps, &c. makes the hair firm in its roots, and fixes a stamina for a beautiful Head of Hair. Price 3s. 6d.—7s.—10s. 6d. and £1. 1s. per bottle.

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Sold by the sole Proprietors, A. ROWLAND & SON, 20, Hatton Garden, Holborn, London; and, by appointment, by all Perfumers and Medicine Venders.

☞ Ask for ROWLAND'S OIL, or ROWLAND'S DYE.

DR. SOLANDER'S ENGLISH TEA,

So many years recommended and approved by the late Sir Richard Jebb, (physician to the King,) and other eminent physicians, in preference to Foreign Tea, as the most pleasant and powerful restorative hitherto discovered, in all nervous, bilious, and consumptive disorders, and in every other debility of the nervous system. This Tea, so pleasant to the taste and smell, is an effectual purifier of the blood, and by promoting gentle perspiration, powerfully assuages those excruciating pains derived from the gout or rheumatism; and is of sovereign efficacy in removing complaints of the head, invigorating the mind from those self-created alarms, which too frequently render the existence of nervous people intolerable. Drank warm at night, it promotes refreshing rest, and is a restorative cordial to the constitution of such as keep late hours, or live too freely.

Sold by Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Hawkins, Bond Street; Harris, Ludgate Street; Tait, Cornhill; Nix and Stradling, Royal Exchange; and throughout the Kingdom, in Packets, 2s. 9d.; and canisters 10s. 6d. duty included.

DR. JAMES'S ANALEPTIC PILLS,

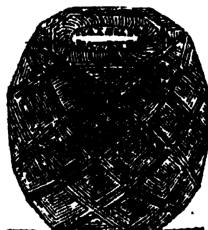
From their tendency to promote the natural Secretions, are the best remedy for Colds, Rheumatisms, slight Fevers, and all those disorders which arise from obstructed perspiration, so common in a changeable climate. They are strongly recommended for Head-achs and Indigestion, and for Gouty, Bilious, or other Complaints of the Stomach and Bowels, too often the consequence of free living. As a general Family Medicine they have no equal, and are particularly convenient for persons travelling, being mild in their operation, and not requiring any confinement.

The Analeptic Pills continue to be prepared by Messrs. Newbury, from *the only Recipe existing under Dr. James's hand*, and are sold by them at the Original Warehouse for Dr. James's Powder, No. 45, in St. Paul's Church Yard, and Mr. Sanger, 150, Oxford Street. As counterfeits are frequently offered for sale, Purchasers must observe, the Genuine have the name "F. Newbury," engraved in the Black Stamp on each Box.

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BARCLAY'S ASTMATIC CANDY has, for many years, been proved an effectual preservative from the ill effects of the Fogs and Damp Air, which, in the Winter Season, are so prevalent in this climate. Its effects are, to expel Wind, to preserve the Stomach from the admission of Damps, and to relieve those who suffer from difficulty of breathing. Prepared only by Barclay and Sons, 95, Fleet Market, London, and sold, by their appointment, by Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; Nix, Stradling, Royal Exchange; Prout, Strand; Ward, Holborn; and all respectable Stationers, Druggists, and Medicine Venders, in Boxes at 2s. 9d. and 1s. 1½d. each, duty included. Observe none can be genuine, unless the names of "Barclay and Sons" are on the Stamp affixed to each Box.

BY THE KING'S PATENT.



NAISH'S DIAMOND SEWING COTTON,

Sold wholesale and retail, by F. Naish, inventor of the IMPROVED STAYS, Baby-Linen-Warehouse, 37, Grace-church-street, London.

By a peculiar process this Cotton is rendered remarkably strong and free from curling. It is wound in diamonds to distinguish it from the common sewing Cotton.

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Boxes containing a useful assortment at 9d.—1s.—1s. 3d.—1s. 6d.—2s.—2s. 6d.—3s.—3s. 6d.—5s.—7s. 6d.—10. 6d. each.

Packages containing a general assortment for family use, at 5s.—10s. and 20s. each.

An assortment of the most useful Articles of Haberdashery of the best Manufactures.

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Under the gracious patronage of the Royal Family. The most beautiful ever produced.

These Laces, in every article of elegant dress, are the most fashionable that can be worn: they are also held in the highest estimation at the court of France, where the Proprietor and Manufacturer has been sent for, waited upon, and exclusively supplied the different branches of the French Royal Family personally. They are naturally transparently clear, without undergoing any injurious process to render them so: they require no starching, are more durable, of a most delicate texture, wash a most beautiful white, and the designs are by the first Foreign and English Lace artists, peculiarly retained by the Proprietor in France and England, for this manufacture only, and are therefore inimitable. Only to be had genuine at the Warehouse, 30, Southampton Street, Covent Garden; and at the Kensington Lace Works, and Manufactory, 14, Kensington Square, London.

Every article has a ticket attached, with her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte's arms, and the full addresses. Orders manufactured to match any kind of Lace, white. or black.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

BEING

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

FOR MARCH 1823.

A New and Improved Series.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. A finely engraved Portrait of MRS. MARY BRUNTON, authoress of "Self-Control," "Discipline," &c. &c.
2. A beautifully finished whole length Portrait Figure, in Ball Dress.
3. A beautifully finished whole length Portrait Figure in Evening Costume.
4. The First Commandment, a Canon, composed by Dr. Haydn, engraved expressly for this Miscellany.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to postpone forwarding their several contributions beyond the 18th day of the month, otherwise their insertion cannot be depended on, as the magazine is partially arranged for the press on the above mentioned date.

We must again repeat our request, that our literary friends, who send us notices of "Works in the Press," would be less tardy. We should have all such intelligence by the 16th or 17th of the preceding month, to the publication of our magazine, at farthest.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. Cowie, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months. Orders also, post-paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to No. 4. Brydges-street, Covent Garden, London.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Proprietors of this Magazine offer its pages to commercial men and others, as a cheap, and advantageous method of claiming public attention.

The admission of this Miscellany into the families of the Nobility and Gentry of the first distinction, must render it a most respectable medium for advertisements.

The Editors finding the sale of "*La Belle Assemblée,*" progressively encreasing, have in consequence been induced to extend the limits, hitherto appropriated for the insertion of public announcements, as much to prevent the disappointment of applicants, as to afford a better notion of typographical beauty to the favors they shall in future receive.

Those persons, therefore, who may feel inclined to give the preference to this Magazine, may be assured of having their advertisements exhibited to the best effect, and in a conspicuous style, upon more reasonable terms than in any other periodical publication of equal circulation in the metropolis.

London: Printed by J. M'Gowan, and Published at No. 4 Brydges-street, Covent Garden.

March 1, 1823.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For MARCH, 1823.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Seventy-two.

MRS. MARY BRUNTON.

Authoress of Self-Control, Discipline, &c.

Mary Balfour was the daughter of colonel Thomas Balfour of Elwick, a cadet of one of the most respectable families in the county of Orkney. Her mother was Frances Ligonier, only daughter of colonel Ligonier, of the 13th. dragoons.

Mary was born in the island of Burra, in Orkney, 1st of November, 1778. Her early education was not conducted on any regular plan. Her father, a man of extraordinary talents and acquirements, had little for superintending it, and was very often necessarily absent from his family. Her mother had early been left an orphan to the care of her uncle, field marshal the earl of Ligonier, and had been trained rather to the accomplishments which adorn a court, than to those which are useful in domestic life. She was, however, a lady of eminent natural acuteness, and of very lively wit; her conversation, original though desultory, had no doubt considerable influence in rousing her daughter's mind. She was assiduous in imparting the accomplishments which she herself retained, and Mary became, under her mother's care, a considerable proficient in music, and an excellent French and Italian scholar. From these languages she was much accustomed to translate; and there is no other habit of her early life which tends, in any degree, to account for the great facility and correctness with which her subsequent compositions were written.

At a very early age, the charge of her father's household devolved upon her, and the details of house-keeping in Orkney are so multitudinous and exhausting, that from her sixteenth to the twentieth year, she could find but few opportunities for self-improvement.

About this time, viscountess Wentworth, (who had formerly been married to the second earl of Ligonier, Mrs. Balfour's brother,) proposed that Mary, her god-daughter, should take up her residence with her in London. What influence this alteration might have had on her succeeding life, can be only conjectured. She, however, preferred the tranquillity and privacy of a Scotch parsonage, and in her twentieth year married the Rev. Alexander Brunton, and went with him to reside at Bolton, near Haddington.

Her time was now much more at her own command; her taste for reading returned in all its strength, and received a more methodical direction. Some hours of every forenoon were devoted by her to this employment, and in the evening her husband was accustomed to read aloud to her, either books of criticism, or the belles lettres. Among other subjects of her attention, the philosophy of the human mind became a favorite study with her, and she read Dr. Reid's work with uncommon pleasure. Her ear was peculiarly gratified with the music of Dr. Robertson's style, and she has been often heard to remark, that she looked upon his account of the first voyage of Columbus, as the most attractive and finished narrative which she had ever perused.

She added a little German to her acquisitions in language. She repeatedly began, but as often relinquished the study of mathematics. Where the address to the intellect was direct and pure, she was interested and successful. But a single demonstration by means of *reductio ad absurdum*, or of applying one figure to another in order to shew their identity, never failed to estrange her for a long time from the subject.

During her residence at East Lothian, she never wrote any thing beyond an ordinary letter, and indeed her correspondents were very limited in number. To letter-writing, either as an employment or as a recreation, she had an utter dislike.

After six years tranquillity and happily spent in East Lothian, she removed to Edinburgh, in 1803, but she heartily regretted her little quiet residence, which many nameless circumstances had endeared to her. Still she became resigned to the change, when she considered her husband's interest rather than her own enjoyments should be complied with.

Hitherto Mrs. Brunton does not seem to have been at all aware of the strength of her own mind; her circle of acquaintance was small. She appeared among them scarcely in any other light, then as an active and prudent young housewife, who submitted with the most cheerful good humor, to the inconveniences of a narrow income, but who contrived by method and taste, to join comfort with some share of elegance in the whole of her management.

Till her arrival in Edinburgh, she had had but little commerce with literary society, but now it was otherwise, she mingled more with persons whose talents and acquirements she had respected at a distance. She found herself capable of taking her share in their conversation; and, though nothing could be farther from the tone of her mind than either pedantry or dogmatism, she began by degrees, instead of receiving opinions implicitly, to examine those of others, and to defend her own. There was a freshness and originality in her mode of managing those little friendly controversies—a playfulness in her wit—a richness in her illustrations—and an acuteness in her arguments, which made her conversation attractive to the ablest. But the circumstance, which more than any other beyond the range of her own domestic intercourse, tended both to develope her intellect, and to establish her character, was an intimacy which she formed soon after her arrival in Edinburgh, with a lady in her immediate neighbourhood; they read together, worked together, and talked over, with confidential freedom their opinions from minute to the most important points. This intercourse continued for about six years, when it was interrupted by the lady changing her place of residence. In the literary pursuits which they carried on together, there were occasional blanks caused by the avocations of either. It was chiefly for the employment of accidental intervals of leisure, occasioned by the more numerous engagements of her friend, that Mrs. Brunton began her novel of Self Control. At first its author had no intention of submitting it to the public eye, but as her manuscript swelled, this design half unconsciously began to mingle with her labors; perhaps, likewise, a circumstance which occurred about this period, might have had more weight than she was aware of in prompting the attempt. She had often urged her husband to undertake some literary work, and once appealed to an intimate friend who was present, whether he would not be his publisher. He consented readily, but added, that he would, at least, as willingly publish a book of her own writing. This seemed, at the time, to strike her as something the possibility of which had never occurred to her before; and she asked more than once, whether he was in earnest.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

STRICTURES ON THE POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. 8.—James Montgomery, Esq.

> "I love thee—when I hear thy voice
> Bid a despairing world rejoice."

Poetry is the garden ground of literature, in which the exotics of imagination are cultivated in all their vast variety of form and fragrance; and that individual, the obtundity of whose senses leaves him without rapture or relish for its beauties, is certainly an object of compassion. Indeed it is difficult to conceive how a cultivated mind, and a heart awake to the endearing charities of life, can be insensible to the charms of poetry. It is the language in which all the affections speak with sweetness—in which fancy loves to expatiate—which adds beauty to the beautiful, and sublimity to the sublime.

Whenever the depreciators of the value of poetry, are reduced to the necessity of a fair argument, they always make exceptions in favor of Shakespeare and Milton, and at length fly to the strong hold of indignant invective against rhyme; but it is a false notion that rhyme is so great a trammel, it may sometimes compel a circuity of expression, but it repays in euphony what it denies in brevity, and we have as fine instances of condensed ideas in poetry as in prose; we need revert to lord Byron alone to support the assertion. Language in the hands of *poetical* genius, is to use a homely simile, like clay in the hands of the potter, he can give it what form he pleases. It is very rare that a good poet does not write good prose, in fact the earliest efforts of genius generally are in poetry, the exceptions are so few that it might be laid down as a rule; when advancing years have somewhat sobered down the feelings they have perhaps forsaken it altogether, but never without retaining a love for the art they have resigned and a conscious feeling of the benefit they have derived from it. The declaimers against poetry revert to Shakespeare and Milton to save themselves from the outcry such apostacy would create, for it is hardly to be credited, that the mind which is acutely sensible of *their* beauties, can be dead to the beauties of those who have succeeded them. There is something so unfair in this election of a few, from the republic of letters—it betrays so ignoble a spirit only "to heap the shrine" already consecrated by the devotion of ages, and pretend to despise or disregard the efforts of later or contemporary talent. Who are these despisers of the language of inspiration? They are your cold calculating matter-of-fact men who never deviate from truth—but in the way of business, or at the suggestion of interest, and frown with mock morality on the fictions of the imaginative;—they bear a kind of flannel-petticoat love, in all the domestics of life,—just enough to make them feel comfortable without creating any great excitement, or inducing any great exertion, and who beyond the pale of home, carry neither warmth, feeling, or liberality. A man of highly cultivated imagination may be viscious and wicked, as unfortunately there are but too many instances to prove, but he is never so radically bad as a bad man with no imagination at all; in the first there is chance of an appeal to his feelings, and where *they* can be awakened, there is yet a spark of redeeming goodness, and at the impulse of the moment he may do a noble and a generous thing; but when turpitude inhabits a lightless soul, the views of which have never extended beyond hopes and aims at once sordid and selfish, the case is altogether hopeless.

The most primitive people have had their bards, and in the absence of every other trace of refinement, the wild and extemporaneous poetry of these rude minstrels have often exhibited a vigor and vividness of imagination, which speaks how much the art is inherent in our nature; and the effects which it produced

on their auditory, how powerful its influence on the general feelings of mankind whether wild or cultivated. That being then must have merged his real, in the artificial habits of his second nature, who is insensible to the charms of poetry. It is a passion indigenous to human nature, and goes hand in hand with music; when speaking of them *thus*, it is by no means meant in their present state of elaborate refinement, where the one often requires the ear of a professed connoisseur and the other the routine of education; we mean, simple melody, and simple verse. The savage in the woods—the Arab in the desert, has his songs of love and war; in humble life whether in the cottage or the kitchen, they have their favorite ballads; in all the stages of existence, from infancy to manhood, we look back on, and remember with pleasure, the nursery rhymes, and songs of boyhood we once loved to listen to. Where man is, there will poetry be also, at first wild and irregular like himself, but catching every refinement in proportion as he advances in the scale of civilization.

"As bees mixed nectar draw from various
flowers."

So does the poet from the varieties of life extract something to charm the fancy, and delight the heart, with this difference, that it is not from the *flowers* only, but from the very weeds, rocks, deserts, wilds, and precipices, all that is rude, terrific, and repulsive, as well as all that is gentle and attractive, that, he continues to awe and to entrance us. His primary object is to please,—the demonstrations of science—and the dogmas of philosophy, are out of his sphere, he cannot "dig from the mine," but he irradiates that which the patient labor of more sober-minded skill extracts from it. He comes forth to beautify and embellish, and we feel that unfinished, which he has not consecrated. And he has yet a nobler praise, the cause of virtue and morality, and all the kind affections are the appropriate subjects of his muse, and in *his* language insinuate themselves into hearts too inert to seek, or too volatile to attend to their precepts in a graver form. In sacred themes how

"Truths divine come mended from his
tongue!"

and may he not revert to Scripture as containing the sublime epitome of his art? Let the subject of the present article attest for the whole race, how eminently poetry is fitted to discuss the sacred subjects of Scripture history. Mr. Montgomery has written much and what is saying infinitely more, written well. "The World before the Flood," "The West Indian," "The Wanderer of Switzerland," and "Greenland," are all poems of merit and most of them of magnitude. The following from the last-mentioned poem is a striking passage, and displays the descriptive powers of its author.

"There lies a vessel in this realm of frost
Not wreck'd, nor stranded, but for ever
lost;
Its keel embodied in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous
strung;
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.
Wrapt in the top-most shrowd there rests a
boy,
His old-seafaring father's only joy,
* * * * * *
Now cast on shore tho' like a hulk he
lie (lies)
His son at sea is ever in his eye,
And his prophetic eye from age to age
Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage;
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot
How brief that son's career, how strange his
lot?
Writhed round the mast and sepulchred
in air
Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear;
Congeal'd to adamant his frame shall last
Thro' empires change, till time and tide be
past."

The little poem on the royal infant of the lamented princess Charlotte, contains one verse peculiarly sweet,

"The Mother knew her offspring dead
Oh! was it grief, or was it love
That broke her heart?—The spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above."

The "Incognita" is another happy effort

"And who was she in virgin prime
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by time,
In shadowy tints have stood;

While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber past,
In which her once resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm.

* * * * * *

The dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory thro' the sky.
Spirits from bondage thus set free
Vanish amidst immensity
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

* * * * * *

Of her of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form,
Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm;
Of her this "shadow of a shade"
Like its original must fade.

* * * * *

And then perchance this dreaming strain
Of all that e'er I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain
When silent lies my tongue,
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me."

"The West Indies" owed its appearance to feelings which do as much honor to the author's heart, as the genius he displays in it does to his head. The philanthropy which his general writings declare towards the whole human race, kindled with empassioned fervor in the cause of the injured African. The poem bears all the appearance of being written from the impulse of the moment, the absence of all plan may therefore be forgiven. "The World before the Flood" is decidedly our favorite. It is a most beautiful production; the idea that God

"Created woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that form'd her on her face,"

is a very sweet one. The description of Zellah is most felicitous:

"Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gaz'd,
With quicker swell her hidden bosom raised
The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
Their golden wreaths from her reclining head,
A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
Her closed lip quivered as in act to speak;
At length amidst imperfect murmurs fell,
The name of "Javan" and a low 'farewell!"
Tranquil again her cheek resumed its hue,
And soft as infancy her breath she drew."

"The Wanderer of Switzerland" has been much praised; in our opinion more than it deserves, it is boldly but carelessly written, and contains a great deal of indifferent poetry. His last work is not exactly that which we expected, or which Montgomery might have produced, when we consider it as a whole; in part it is truly beautiful. Our limits permit us no further extracts, but it is an omission which will readily be forgiven, since there is no lover of poetry, but is already intimately acquainted with the merits of our author. To him that praise is due, which is little emulated at the present day—*his verse is pure,*—his warmest effusions do not stain the cheek of youthful beauty with a blush, while they may often bid that mantle which springs from a heart warmed and awakened by the spirit of devotion. The parent or preceptor may give the works of Montgomery to his young charge, secure that he will find nothing to pollute, but every thing to elevate and chasten his mind.

ALICE BOYCE.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

Of Lady Herbert's family Alice knew little; one daughter was married and settled in Barbadoes, the other in Wales, from the latter she had only once every three years a visit, and though her son would occasionally ride down to see his mother, *his* visits were usually short,

and Alice saw little of him, it was chiefly in the shooting season that the mansion was thus honored, and he had always many among whom he divided his stay. It was therefore not without fear and trembling as soon as she was sufficiently composed to consider her situation, that she saw herself thrown among strangers, on whom she had no claim, and to whom she might be an object of no interest. Sir James Herbert arrived immediately on receiving the intimation of his mother's decease, to arrange her funeral and affairs, and the day after the first melancholy office, he took an opportunity to speak to Alice on the subject of her peculiar situation. "I am sorry," he observed, "that Lady Herbert has left no will, and thereby deprived me of all clue as to what were her wishes respecting you, can you yourself throw any light upon the question?" "I was, sir, from my birth," replied Alice, "the child of her bounty, I owe to her fostering care, education, every thing I possess, whether she ever contemplated extending her benefactions any farther, I am ignorant. I owe her gratitude that will cease only with my life, and I have no other way at present of proving it than by entreating, I may not add to your present affliction and trouble; the field of industry is open to me, and though without relations, I have some friends." "I am happy to hear you say so, I am a bachelor, and am therefore a bad adviser, had I a family it would be different, I might then perhaps assist you, however, as I return to town immediately, you may remain here till such time as you can illegibly remove, and you will receive this (presenting her twenty pounds,) to assist such removal whenever it takes place." He then bowed somewhat stiffly and coldly, and left the room. Alice remained standing on the very same spot, long after the door of the apartment closed after Sir James, such a chill had this formal dismissal struck upon her heart, it is true she had never before received from him any thing beyond the passing notice of the moment, which common civility demanded. But *then she* did not need any thing *more*, *now* a word of kindness and consolation had been invaluable. "I must not yield thus," she exclaimed, endeavouring to shake off the feelings which oppressed her, "I have yet many who have loved me from infancy, and they will soothe and direct me, when they know how unconnected and unhappy I am." Poor Alice, thine was the reasoning of a young heart judging from itself, unknowing that the very circumstance that gave thee a right to compassion, were those that would first operate to bar thee the claims of friendship and association, however ardently they might have *once* been sought and supported. Bitter was the lesson she had soon to learn. Charlotte Rushton heard of her situation with surprise, and catching the tone from her mother, expressed her pity in the exaggerated terms which such people think it necessary to use to conceal their utter insensibility. Having drawn from her by this false shew of feeling as much information as they could obtain, they suffered her to depart—without an invitation. Not as formerly when the repeated intreaty had so often detained her against an original determination to the contrary. The news of her utter destitution flew like wild-fire. Miss Wilmot was not at home when Alice called; and she did not call again, for slow as she was to read the baseness of human character, she had only to ask herself how would *she* under similar circumstances, have acted towards Charlotte and Harriet, to be convinced of the truth. In the loneliness of heart, her thoughts often turned to Edmund, she remembered the last evening on which she saw him, the tenderness of his looks and manner, the whole seemed only a brilliant vision, and no object in the group appeared more like a dream than herself, so changed did she feel from the buoyant hearted being she was that night. In all the impatience of youth, she believed she would never be happy again; she looked on the world before her, as a wide waste that she was to tread alone in sorrow and despair, and she wept in the true bitterness of anguish. Many feelings had forbade her following the first impulse of her heart, in flying to the Armstrongs, and now the repulses and neglect she met elsewhere lessened the little courage she had; yet with a beating heart she went. When her name was taken up, she forbore as once to follow the servant, and enter immediately on her announcement; she now waited for the summons she feared to obey, in a few minutes she heard the drawing room door close, and the servant descend, her heart beat quick. Mrs. Armstrong desired Miss Buyce to be informed she could not see her, she stared as the man spoke, her cheek grew colorless, and

but for an effort, violent as it was painful, she would have fainted, collecting herself as well as she was able, she left the house, mentally imploring heaven to give her strength to reach home, that she might not die in the street. As soon as she did she flew to her own room, and throwing herself on her bed buried her face in her pillow, these then she thought are my friends. "Mrs. Armstrong, who was but lately so flattering and so kind,—Harriet Wilmot whose father had lately returned from India with a princely fortune, and Charlotte Rushton —perhaps Emily and Edmund too! oh! I am indeed alone in the world!" She was interrupted in this burst of anguish by a gentle tapping at her door, she started from her recumbent position, and after the pause of a moment, flew and opened it, the person who then made her appearance was the cook, "Oh! Sanders, is it you," cried Alice, "pray come in." It will here be necessary to remark that Lady Herbert's establishment was on so economical a plan, and so much under her own superintendance, that the cook was the chief of the female domestics, she was an illiterate but good natured woman, and feelings that did honor to human nature, now brought her to the apartment of the friendless Alice. "I dare say you wonders, Miss Alice, what should make me make so free, but I saw you as you went through the hall, and you looked so ill I was sure you had met some new misfortune, so I thought I woudn't wait no longer, but come and tell you what had been on my thoughts this good bit. It wasn't for such as me to offer my service, while you had so many young ladies like yourself, who could be your friends, but I soon saw how the cat jumped, and I heard a good deal, more than you was like to hear, and I thought they ought to take shame to themselves to turn their back of a young *creator*, when she was downcast in the world." "Oh! Sanders, I have met nothing but coldness and cruelty since my only best friend closed her eyes," and sinking on the kind bosom of her humble friend, Alice again burst into tears. "Take comfort, Miss Alice," cried the cook, "Poor dear thing! what haven't you got no friend or *naterral* relation in the world?" "Not one! not one!" cried the despairing girl. "Then I'll tell you what, you shall come to London with me, and it shan't cost you a farthing, and you shall live with me till you gets into something." "You are very good, Sanders, but I cannot think of incumbering you, I shall however be grateful for your protection, here is all I am worth in the world, you will best know how to use it for me." "I woudn't touch a sixpence if it was fifty times as much, put it by, and I'll tell'ee what we shall do. I suppose you know the old hall is to be turned topsy turvy. All new servants coming down—well that's no business of mine. I I've got a sister in London that's married, and well to do, so I means to go there, and take you with me, and then we will put *divertisements* into the paper, I for a cook, and you for a governess, for I knows the difference between us, you are no more fit for the kitchen than I am for the parlor, and then if we both get into the same family, you sha'n't want for nice bits—you sha'n't be starved as I've heard some of them there, poor things are, what you great folks takes to teach the young on's." Alice was immediately struck with a scheme so feasible, a new light of hope broke in upon her heart, and she overwhelmed the worthy Sanders with thanks, who highly pleased with the reception her kind offers had met, having settled an early day in the next week for their departure, she left the room with the intention, as she expressed it of getting Alice something "that wou'd cheer her up, and make her a bit comfortable." When she was gone, Alice sat down to ruminate on the foregoing scene, and fervently did she thank providence that in the days of her best prosperity she had never indulged haughty airs, or petulant superiority towards those beneath her, but by the uniform gentleness of her nature and temper, raised herself a friend where she had least expected it. Yet it may be forgiven her, if in the course of her meditation she revolted for a moment at quitting her native place under such auspices, but a little reflection made her feel how arbitrary where the distinction of rank, and in the eye of heaven how superior was the humble Mrs. Sanders, to those beings whose ridicule she so weakly apprehended. Now also she again thought of her locket, but how to obtain it without subjecting herself to fresh insults; not that she apprehended them from Edmund, pointed as had been his neglect, she felt certain he could not behold her in distress, and deliberately wound her feelings, but from his family she shrunk with horror, she therefore at

length resolved to write to him, and in case he should not be able to return it her before, for she had heard a rumour that he was again attending his professional duties, to give him her direction in London. Cautiously did she word her letter; with a trembling hand she sealed it, and committed it to a servant for delivery, but no answer was returned, and she was under the necessity of setting out for London without her locket. Gratitude towards her companion induced her to use every exertion to overcome the melancholy which oppressed her, and she could not help imbibing some of the hopes which Mrs. Sanders was repeatedly suggesting; with a mind therefore far more reconciled to her altered fortune than she could have anticipated, she alighted, when the stage stopped, at an inn in Holborn. Their luggage was transferred to a hackney coach, which conveyed them to a respectable house. Her curiosity every moment increased, to behold the beings among whom an unlooked for change of circumstances had thrown her, she therefore looked with eagerness when the door was opened, and a girl of about seventeen years of age presented herself; after staring at the coach for some time with stupid wonder, on Mrs. Sanders's rising, she exclaimed, "Oh! lauk, if here a'n't aunt!" and letting the door fly from her hands, ran to announce the intelligence. In this moment, short as it was, Alice had time to contemplate an object such as she had never seen before. With cheeks and chin of the most ample dimension, nature had associated a small snub nose; a vacant smile not wanting in a good natured expression, disclosed teeth, of a very melancholy hue, and her complexion was a species of half mourning—between white and black; her form had received in breadth, what it had been denied in height, and a stoop she had contracted probably from the united effects of labor and neglect, increased the width of her *extensive back*; very short petticoats, a fashion that ill becomes even Parisian legs, in this instance disclosed a pair made for strength, certainly not for elegance, and the absence of all neatness or nicety in her attire, completed the deformity of her figure. On entering the house Alice beheld the whole family in the passage, which being very narrow and very long, they were obliged to turn their backs upon their visitor, and make a hasty scramble to the further end, ere Mrs. Sanders or Alice could advance. Such a herd of awkward animals has rarely been seen collected. When at last way was made into a kind of parlor, which seemed also to answer the purpose of a kitchen, and Alice got a seat, she had leisure to consider the rest of the family. The mother, Mrs. Sneyd, was a woman about forty, and had in youth been a pretty brunette, her eyes were still fine, though deformed by an overhanging brow, and her complexion clear, in her features she bore a favorable resemblance to her daughter, (the nymph who made her appearance first at the street door.) But in point of *figure*, she far outdid her, in size and bulk. The son was a pale sickly boy, with good features and fine eyes, and had the misfortune of being lame. The youngest child, a girl about seven years old, but with all the manners of one or two, was cast in the same mould, which the females of this family seemed to have a charter for preserving. Mrs. Sanders took her sister aside, and after a conference of some time, the latter addressed Alice with "Come to the fire, poor thing, and make yourself *cumfable*. If you believes me," she continued, turning to Mrs. Sanders, "you've made all my flesh creep with telling me of this poor thing's *sitivation*." Preparations for supper now commenced; as soon as it was put on the table, Sophia, the eldest girl, was dismissed to call her father. By the length of her stay it was evident she had more to tell him than merely that supper was ready, and by the look he immediately directed to Alice, it might be guessed he was already acquainted with her situation, he smiled at her with peculiar good nature, and his accent immediately discovered to Alice that he was a German, as in answer to some observation from his wife, he said, "Boor ding! boor ding! she musd nod fredt herself!" Alice was infinitely relieved when she retired to a miserable garret with Mrs. Sanders, every other apartment being occupied by lodgers. The bed, however, was good, and Alice was too grateful to heaven in saving her from utter destitution, to murmur at any thing. Reliance upon providence, conscious innocence, and fatigue, combined to strew poppies on her pillow, and beneath the rude shelter of her new habitation, she slept better than she had done for some time.

With the sweetness peculiar to her happy

nature, Alice endeavoured to domesticate herself with the Sneyds, she soon busied herself in making and remodelling many articles of dress for the elder girl, in whom the absence of every thing to be vain of, had not extinguished vanity. Alice had also many little trifles, which she presented to one or other of the family, and thus increased the goodwill they seemed inclined to shew her. But when a fortnight had elapsed, she was struck with an alteration in the manner of Mrs. Sneyd, who was either disappointed in not finding her sister sufficiently liberal, or in apprehension least their stay at her house should be a long one. Her brow nearly shadowed her eyes, they became so clouded and contracted, she spoke little and that sharply. Trifling causes were sufficient to throw her into violent passions; on one occasion, seeing the small white hand and arm of Alice, resting near the coarse red limb of her ill-favored daughter, was the real, though not ostensible cause of some hours of marked ill-temper, and Alice felt with pain how ill she was calculated to conciliate a vulgar mind. The rest of the family, however, retained their accustomed kindness, and though it was not of that delicate kind which could soothe a mind such as that of Alice, she nevertheless felt, and was grateful for the intention. The morose manners of Mrs. Sneyd precluded all idea of peace, or comfort; the place never very alluring, was now doubly dreadful to Alice, and many and frequent were her ruminations how to effect a change. Absorbed one day in this painful contemplation, she was interrupted by the entrance of an old man, who was in the employ of Mr. Sneyd, she had often observed that he scrutinized her, as he came backwards and forwards from the shop to speak with his master, but attributing it to the circumstance of her being a stranger, she had regarded it lightly, often as it had occurred. He this day probably from finding her alone, paused as if with the wish to address her, but seemed embarrassed how to begin, she perceived his distress, and with her native good humor, she smiled as she said, "Is there any thing you wish to say to me?"

"Oh! and it is the same sure!—yet no it can't be! young lady you are as like a young mistress I once had, as one sister can be to another. Oh! she was just your very self—God rest her, if, as I believe, she is with him." It instantly flashed across the mind of Alice, that he meant her mother; lady Herbert had spoken repeatedly of the astonishing resemblance she bore to that unfortunate parent, and stepping from her seat towards the old man with a rapid and animated manner, "Tell me I conjure you" she exclaimed. "what was her name?"—"Oh! it was Alice Boyce sure!" —"Alice Boyce!" repeated she. "She was my mother." It was now the old Hibernian's turn to express surprise, and with the exaggerated mode of acting peculiar to his countrymen, he threw himself on his knees and uttered a rhapsody, which Alice found it difficult to follow or comprehend; having at length calmed the old man's transport, she collected from him that he was a servant in her grandfather's family, at the time of her mother's elopement—she discovered that her grandfather still lived—and obtained his address—and when the old man at length withdrew, she procured pen, ink, and paper, in order to address her newly discovered relative. As she concluded her letter, a fear came over her that she might be mistaken; how slender was the foundation on which she built her hopes, a name and a resemblance perhaps both accidental, but her situation was desperate, and hope told her, that her fears were groundless. Now she thought of, and lamented the loss of the locket which contained her mother's hair. The next morning having obtained a guide, she directed her steps to the residence of captain Boyce, for she feared to entrust her letter to an indifferent person for delivery, and with a palpitating heart, she entered the house. She was told the captain had not risen, but the servant added (probably perceiving the distress her countenance indicated), "that if she thought proper to wait she cou'd see him perhaps in the course of half an hour;" she readily accepted the alternative, and the domestic withdrew, leaving her in a small parlor somewhat antiquely furnished. A portrait hung over the mantle-piece, which she persuaded herself was that of her grandfather, and deep and minute was the interest with which she contemplated the features. Beneath it were several small miniatures from which she selected one, which she fancied was her mother; in the midst of these contemplations sweet and painful, the door of the apartment opened—with trembling agitation she turned, when instead of captain

Boyce, the being who met her astonishing eye, was Edmund Armstrong. The color instantly left her cheek, and catching at the arm of a chair near her she preserved herself from falling. For a moment he stood transfixed by astonishment, the next he rushed forward and caught her hand. "Dearest, dearest Alice, have I found you at last! How could you leave Hereford, without letting me or at least my family know, whither you were going?" The recollection of the unworthy treatment she had met from Mrs. Armstrong, crimsoned her cheeks with the burning blush of indignation, and with all the command of voice of which she was capable she replied, "I wrote you, Sir, some days previous to my departure, for the locket, which accidentally fell into your hands ——" "Accidentally Alice!" he repeated with a look of tender but reproachful inquiry, "here" he continued, drawing it from his bosom, "it is, and if your deprivation has given me less pain than it has you, it is because as a memento of that evening when I saw you last, it had become as dear to me as if it had contained your own hair." Her eye had fallen beneath the expressive gaze of his, and a thrilling sensation of unutterable pleasure ran through her frame, she was still silent, and Edmund again went on. "The letter you mention to have written, I never received, is there a wish or command of yours I had not flown rejoicing to fulfil?"—"This is language, Sir, in which you must not address me, our relative situations, are very different from what they used to be. You have rank, fortune, and connexion, I am poor, dependent, and unallied, I have learned soon and severely, how wide the distinction those circumstances make between us." This reply was addressed rather to his manner than his language, a manner, the softness and tenderness of which, she felt infusing its melting influence into her heart. But vainly had she struggled to speak with composure and look without consciousness, the tears in her eyes sprung from the sense of her destitution, but they were blended with a ray of love which met an answering beam in the warm meridian of Edmund's eye, as he forcibly detained the hand she attempted to withdraw. "Tell me," he cried "have you judged so poorly of me, as to confound me with the rest of the world, I mean that part of it that could shun and slight you in misfortune? Be ingenuous, Alice—a sailor you know has little grace and less patience, would you fear, would you refuse to unite your fate with mine?" Unable to reply, but with her tears, she sunk into his arms, when a sudden noise of a person descending the stairs, recalled to her recollection, the purpose for which she came to the house. Starting from him, she exclaimed, "This is my grandfather! This is captain Boyce!"—"Is captain Boyce your grandfather," cried Edmund with surprise. "I believe he is—perhaps not—I don't know." While speaking thus incoherently, the servant entered and desired her to walk up stairs, and not knowing what to say, or how to look at Edmund, she left the room.

He as soon as the door closed, walked to the window lost in conjecture, he had recently, and but very recently been acquainted with captain Boyce, yet he thought it strange he should never hear mention of either child or grand-child. He had been an unfortunate man, and was living on half pay, yet still his income was sufficient to save a being so near and dear to him as Alice, from the poverty that involved her, turn the subject which way he would, he was lost in a maze of conjecture, and at last he gave it up as a riddle no one could solve but herself, and he determined to wait to see her again before he left the house.

(To be continued.)

ON DISSIPATION AND MODERN HABITS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

PERHAPS the interests of true friendship, elegant conversation, mental improvement, social pleasure, maternal duty, and conjugal comfort, never received such a blow as when fashion issued out that arbitrary and universal decree, that *every body must be acquainted with every body*; together with that consequent, authoritative, but rather inconvenient clause, that *every body must go every where every body might*. The devout obedience paid to this law, is incompatible with the very being of friendship; for as the circle of acquaintance

expands, and it will be continually expanding, the affections will be beaten out into such thin laminæ, as to leave little solidity remaining. The heart which is continually exhausting itself in professions, grows cold and hard. The feelings of kindness diminish in proportion as the expression of kindness becomes more diffuse and indiscriminate. The very trace of "simplicity and godly sincerity," in a delicate female, wear away imperceptibly by constant collision with the world at large. And perhaps no woman takes so little interest in the happiness of her real friend, as she whose affections are incessantly evaporating in universal civilities; as she who is saying fond and flattering things at random, to a circle of five hundred every night.

The decline and fall of animated and instructive conversation, has been in a good measure effected by this barbarous project of assembling *en masse*. An excellent prelate, (the late bishop Horne,) who himself excelled in the art of conversation, used to remark, that a few years had brought about a great revolution in the manners of society. that it used to be the custom, previously to going into society, to think that something was to be communicated or received, taught or learnt; that the powers of understanding were expected to be brought into exercise, and that it was therefore necessary to quicken the mind, by reading and thinking, for the share the individual might be expected to take in the general discourse; but that knowledge, and taste, and wit, and erudition, seemed now to be scarcely considered as necessary materials to be brought into the pleasurable commerce of the world, in which there was little chance of turning them to account; and therefore he who possessed them, and he who possessed them not, were nearly on a footing.

It is obvious also that multitudinous assemblies are as little favorable to that *cheerfulness*, which it should seem to be their end to promote, that if there were any chemical process, by which the quantum of spirits, animal or intellectual could be ascertained, the diminution would be found to have been inconceivably great, since the transformation of man and woman from a social to a gregarious animal.

But if it be true as to the injury which friendship, society, and cheerfulness, have sustained by this change of manners, how much more pointedly does not the remark apply to family happiness! Notwithstanding the known fluctuations of manners, and the mutability of language, could it be foreseen, when the apostle Paul exhorted "Married women to be keepers *at home*," that the time would arrive when that very phrase would be selected to designate one of the most decided acts of dissipation? Could it be foreseen that when a fine lady should send out a notification, that on such a night she shall be *at home*, these two significant words, (besides intimating the variety of the thing) would present to the mind an image the most *undomestic* which language can convey?

An eminent divine has said that "perseverance in prayer will either make him leave off sinning, or a continuance in sin will make him leave off prayer." This remark may be accommodated to those ladies, who, while they are devoted to the enjoyments of this world, yet retain considerable solicitude for the instruction of their daughters. But if they are really in earnest to give them a christian education, they must themselves renounce a dissipated life. Or if they resolve to pursue the chace of pleasure, they must renounce this prime duty. Contraries cannot unite. The moral nurture of a tall daughter, can no more be administered by a mother, whose time is absorbed by crowds abroad, than the physical nurture of her infant offspring can be supplied by her in a perpetual absence from home. And is not that a preposterous affection, which leads a mother to devote a few months to the inferior duty of furnishing aliment to the mere animal life, and then to desert her post when the more important moral and intellectual cravings require sustenance? This great object is not to be effected with the shreds and parings rounded off from the circle of a dissipated life; but in order to its adequate execution, the mother should carry it on with the same spirit and perseverance at home, which the father thinks it necessary to be exerted abroad in his public duty, or professional engagements.

The old standing objection formerly brought forward by the prejudices of the other sex, and too eagerly laid hold on as a shelter for ignorance and indolence by ours, was that intellectual accomplishments too much absorbed the thoughts and affections, took women off

from the necessary attention of domestic duties, and superinduced a neglect or contempt of what was useful—it is presumed that this popular error, is daily receiving the refutation of actual experience. For it cannot surely be maintained on ground that is any longer tenable, that acquirements truly rational are calculated to draw off the mind from real duties. Whatever removes prejudices, whatever stimulates industry, whatever rectifies the judgment, whatever corrects self-conceit, whatever purifies the taste, and raises the understanding, will be likely to contribute to moral excellence: to women moral excellence is the grand object of education; and of moral excellence, domestic life is to women the appropriate sphere.

Count over the list of females who have made shipwreck of their fame and virtue, and have furnished the most lamentable examples of the dereliction of family duties; and the number will not be found considerable who have been led astray by the pursuit of knowledge. And if a few deplorable instances of this kind be produced, it will commonly be found that there was little infusion into the minds of such women of that correcting principle, without which all other knowledge only "puffeth up."

The time nightly spent in late female vigils, is expended by the light of far other lamps than those which are fed by the student's oil; and if families *are* to be found who are neglected through too much study in the mistress, it will probably be proved to be Hoyle, not Homer, who has robbed her children of her time and affections. For one family which has been neglected by the mother's passion for books, a hundred have been deserted through her passion for play. The husband of a fashionable woman will not often find that the library is the apartment the expences of which involve him in debt or disgrace. And for one literary slattern who now manifests her indifference to her husband by the neglect of her person, there are scores of elegant spendthrifts, who ruin theirs by excess of decoration.

May I digress a little while I remark, that I am far from asserting literature has never filled women with vanity and self-conceit; the contrary is too obvious, but I will maintain that in general those whom books have supposed to have spoiled, would have been spoiled another way without them. She who is a vain pedant because she has read much, has probably that defect in her mind, which would have made her a vain fool if she had read nothing. It is not her having more knowledge, but less sense, makes her insufferable; and ignorance would have added little to her value, for it is not what she has, but what she wants, which makes her unpleasant.

These instances too, only furnish a fresh argument for the general cultivation of the female mind. The wider diffusion of sound knowledge would remove that temptation to be vain, which, may be excited by its rarity.

DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES OF POLITICAL DISSENSION IN PRIVATE FAMILIES.

(Concluded from our last.)

"Sir," said I, "this is an early visit; but you have so much the air and language of a gentleman, that I cannot fear you come with any design unworthy of that character."

"Be assured, madam," he returned, "that I am here with the most sincere purpose, assuring you, I am indeed by birth and education a gentleman, and once was master of a fortune. You have heard of the extravagant dissipated Buchanan, outlawed for killing a man in a scuffle. I am that unhappy being, and though hard necessity has driven me into the gang employed by the late Rob Roy Macgregor and his sons, I cannot forget having seen Mrs. Erskine, of Grange, the ornament of gay assemblies. Your conductor when he entered by a window last night, told me he was taking a deranged lady to a suitable asylum: but I knew you at once, and I likewise knew your captors. Perhaps they recognise me; yet think it best to appear as strangers. They are gentlemen tacksmen of the names of Macdonald and Mackenzie, and braver fellows never undertook a desperate enterprize. My people are all absent, except the two lads you saw; and I know not how far I can trust them, or else I would rescue you immediately. I can, however, confine

your oppressors; and I have sent both my men in quest of their associates. You have only to keep your mind easy, and I hope your deliverance is near. I shall now wish you a sound sleep, while I take measures for restoring you to your friends."

The agitation of joy is not less wakeful than the pangs of grief, but at length Mrs. E. fell asleep, and at a late hour was disturbed by the old woman cooking venison soup for her breakfast. She asked for Mr. Buchanan. The old woman muttered in gaelic some sentences she could not understand, and then made signs that he and his people had fled from the soldiers. Mrs. E. motioned her to leave the room, but the woman got between her and the door, and going out locked it securely. Soon after the lady was alarmed by violent noises echoing through the lofty edifice, and in about twenty minutes, Macdonald, Mackenzie, and their band, with inflamed countenances broke into Mrs. E's chamber, telling her she must depart. They compelled her to descend the stairs, and placing her again on the pillion, they travelled day and night through trackless woods, glens, and hills, till they lodged her at castle Tirum, an ancient seat of the Macdonald chieftains. Here she was given in custody to two stout dames, who assured her, if she behaved well, she should be treated kindly. Macdonald warned her to attempt no more pranks. Indeed it was not likely she would meet another Buchanan to make her a tool to get a pardon for his crime, and luckily the pistols they fired before his fortress, had led the soldiers to the spot, and Buchanan scampered off like a startled deer. He had dared to confine them, but they broke his worm eaten doors, as easily as they would have broken his scull, if he had ventured in their presence after his cowardly trick. Mrs. E. listened in silence. Her health and spirits could not bear up against accumulated hardships and disappointments; racking pains in her limbs, fever, and dejection confined her to bed. Soon after she recovered, the energy of her spirit was restored. She could obtain no books, no work, to divert the tedium of imprisonment, she walked about her room, or looked from the window to the sea. In the twilight she generally perceived a figure gliding along the battlements of the castle. She had heard of brownies, and believed this to be some supernatural illusion; but grief had absorbed all superstitious terrors, and she became regardless of the apparition. Very early one morning she saw a piece of paper, sliding under a door, which never was opened, and waited impatiently for sufficient light to peruse the contents. They ran thus, "Try all the pannels in your apartment, and hasten to the shore, where a boat shall wait for you by the dawn to-morrow." After many trials, a pannel moved aside. Mrs. E. ran down a stair, but all presence of mind forsook her, when in crossing a chapel, where coffins were piled, and bones scattered, she stumbled over a corpse gashed with hideous wounds. She shrieked with all her force, and fell insensible. Restored to consciousness she was dismayed to see many strange men, and the vigorous dames wrapping her in a boat cloak. The dames coarsely upbraided her, and scoffed at her unlucky attempts to escape. She accused them as accessaries to murder. They assured her not one of their household, or neighbourhood ever ventured within the haunted chapel, and if there was a body marked as she described, it must have been carried from some distant place, as the chapel had a subterraneous communication with the harbor. The men now told Mrs. E. she must go on board a vessel, as she could not be trusted on the main land. She had no alternative, and was landed in a small isle, where for several weeks she saw no inhabitants, except a man and his wife, who spoke not a word of English; there she suffered the extreme of destitution. Her food was coarse and scanty; her clothes were in tatters, and she was allowed but one threadbare blanket on a bed of heather. She was locked up every night, but found means to draw the bolt, and passed the day in wandering over her insular prison. Early in March she observed a boat coming towards the shore, and the crew made signs to her to stop for their arrival. The rowers pulled hard, and gained the creek. The steersman told Mrs. E. he was the person who would have delivered her from castle Tirum, if her courage had not failed. He was employed by Mr. Buchanan, who relied on her interest to procure his pardon, if he restored her to her friends. Mrs. E. was stepping into the boat, in a transport of joy, when a crowd of men rushed to the beach. They were residents on

the isle as spies over Mrs. E.: and though the boat pushed off, they fired at the rowers and steersman, and several being wounded, they obeyed the command to return, and give up their prize. Mrs. E. was soon after sent to St. Kilda. The pious primitive christian pastor and his wife shewed her the most consoling sympathy, and humane tenderness. They clothed her, and furnished her with religious books to assuage the distress of her lacerated feelings. From them she obtained paper, and wrote a narrative of her adventures, which she intrusted to the master of a sloop that came for feathers, the only commodity the poor islanders have for exportation. The vessel went to Sky to complete her cargo; and unhappily at a port on the opposite shore, he fell in with Macdonald that took Mrs. E. from her own house. Unapprized of his concern in the affair, he spoke of seeing Mrs. E. at St. Kilda, and that she gave him a packet for her cousin, a barrister at Edinburgh. Macdonald said he would convey it more speedily; but it never reached its destination, and the ill-fated lady was taken from St. Kilda to another isle, where indignities and cruelties were heaped upon her. She was often allowed no food unless she performed a prescribed task in gathering shell fish for a meal to the family, and dried wood for their fire. Seventeen years in this wretched condition subdued her fortitude, and debilitated her understanding. She sank into apathy and the deepest melancholy. From this isle she passed over to the isle of Sky, where she experienced great benevolence and liberality. Two months before her decease she had a lucid interval, which she employed in writing her sad story. The manuscript was withheld from her relatives in the way already explained. Never was violence of temper, and party spirit more severely punished than in the case of Mrs. Erskine, and it seems hardly credible that such an outrage could be perpetrated in a civilized country. The confinement of lady Napier by colonel Macguire, during more than twenty years, and the severities inflicted on lady Strathmore by her husband, were in some respects similar, but not carried to such inhuman extremes. Mrs. E's enemies circulated reports that she had attempted her husband's life; that he detected her in an intrigue with a servant; and that the alienation of her mind rendered seclusion indispensible. By such aspersions her relations were deterred from investigating the cause of her disappearance, lest they should provoke disclosures, that must bring obloquy on them all.

VOYAGES EN EUROPE PAR UN JEUNE OFFICIER FRANCAIS.

The French language being now familiar to almost every person of education, we feel persuaded that the readers of *La Belle Assemblée*, will approve of our occasionally presenting them with extracts from the travels of a young French nobleman, obligingly conceded to us in manuscript for that purpose. They are written in elegant language, and will be found to contain very interesting details respecting the southern provinces of Russia, Constantinople, Wallachia, Transylvania, &c.

LETTRE PREMIERE.

Le Comte Auguste De L——, à son ami Julius——

Moscou,—Mai * * *

C'est aujourd'hui le 1er. de Mai mon cher Julius, je quitte Moscou au retour d'une promenade, où j'ai pu juger de tout le luxe Moscovite, et qui m'a retracé ce que j'ai vu de plus remarquable en ce genre.

Adieu cloche, célèbre! (1) dont, à vingt pieds sous terre on va admirer et mesurer l'effrayante dimension; cloches de toutes formes! (2) dont la riche dorure atteste la piété des générations antiques; adieu Kremlin! où rien ne rappele plus la magnificence des Czars!

(1) Elle s'appele, *Ivan Velky*, ou Jean le grand, son poids est de 200,000 livres. L'incendie de 1737 ayant détruit le clocher où elle se trouvait on n'a pas jugé à propos d'en reconstruire un pour l'y placer.

(2) On compte à Moscou plus de 1,200 coupoles d'églises, ou dorées, ou peintes, de toutes couleurs.

enfin adieu curiosités ! assez peu curieuses que de trop loin l'on ne viendrait admirer, si l'accueil bienveillant des Moscovites ne dedommageait pas les étrangers que l'intérêt ou le sort pousse dans ces régions glacées. La flatterie est un présent perfide, l'éloge mérité est une dette permanente, que je saisis toujours avec charme l'occasion d'acquitter.

Je l'avais écrit le 29 Avril que je partais, mais voici mon cher Julius, l'heureuse cause de ce retard de deux jours, après avoir pris congé de mes connoissances je parcourais jeudi dernier,une des promenades de cette ville que l'on nomme les étangs, j'y réfléchissais à ce désir inquiet, qui nous porte à former de nouvelles liaisons, dont si souvent on s'éloigne à regret, lorsque je fus distrait de mes pensées, par un aimable jeune homme, Mons. Serge, que j'avais quelquefois rencontré dans le monde —" Serait-il vrai," me dit-il en m'abordant, " que vous partiez bientôt pour la Crimée ?" " Oui Monsieur cette nuit même."—" Excuseriez vous mon indiscrétion si je vous demandais la permission de vous y accompagner ?" " Je regarderais cette proposition comme fort agréable ; mais le peu de tems que je puis encore rester à Moscou, n'est pas suffisant pour vous préparer à ce voyage." " Je ne vous demande qu'un jour," me répondit Serge, " c'est demain le premier de Mai, vous ne pouvez ce me semble, vous dispenser de voir notre promenade qui a quelque célébrité, permettez moi de vous y conduire, et demain, sans nul retard nous quitterons Moscou."— Qu'avais-je à répondre à cela ? Je tendis la main à cet aimable compagnon, eh ! bien Monsieur puisque vous le voulez ainsi j'y consens ; nous ferons donc, connoissance en Fauride.

La bienveillance et la bonté ressemblent à ces plantes utiles qui germent dans tous les climats. Il faut en porter toujours la graine avec soi, et tant que l'on peut, la semer partout.—Nous fûmes donc le lendemain 1er de Mai, à ce Long-champ Moscovite, plus de deux mille voitures, dont beaucoup à six chevaux parcoururent en tous sens un parc appelé, *le bois de faucons*, et qui rivalise par sa situation, avec ce que la nature a de plus pittoresque ; des tentes magnifiques placées dans des bosquets contrastaient par leur bigarrure, avec l'uniformité du feuillage sombre des sapins, plusieurs étaient remplies de musiciens, des rafraîchissemens de toutes espèces attendaient les maîtres de ces mobiles salons, des groupes de Bohèmiens richement parés erraient çà et là, en chantant et en dansant à la manière des Russes, des marchands de fruits y étalèrent leurs boutiques élégantes ; enfin au milieu d'un bosquet de cypres, l'immense tente du maréchal Goudowitch ressemblait par l'or dont elle était ornée, à celle d'un Khan de la Grande Tartarie, tout contribuait à rendre ce spectacle aussi neuf que majestueux. Serge me présenta partout, je fis plus de connoissances en deux heures avec lui, que je n'aurais fait seul en trois mois. Cependant quand j'eus salué beaucoup de monde, admiré les beaux chevaux, loué le luxe des équipages, que je me fus récrié sur la profusion des ananas, et la riche variété des costumes, sur la joie taciturne de ce peuple d'esclaves, je quittai ce *panorama slave* pour passer dans un Britchka qui m'entraîna vers le premier relais avec la rapidité des chevaux Russes.

*Mai * * *.*

Je te salue mois d'amours et de bonheur où tout ce qui respire reprend un nouvel être où chaque objet s'embellit du charme qu'il répand ; salut saison choisie des amants et des poëtes. Oh ! sans doute, quiconque veut écrire en voyageant, devrait, au défaut de descriptions mensongères peindre la nature au printems, alors la violette et la rose rattachant par un doux souvenir au passé, comme à la patrie, alors l'âme s'épanouit tout entière pour le sentiment et pour la pensée. On dit que la vie de l'homme, n'est qu'un point entre deux éternités, que l'amitié et le plaisir donnent à ce point un mouvement rapide, ils en découpleront la valeur.

Le Village Sassanora.

Je viens de rencontrer ici la détronée czarina de Georgia, qui se rend à Petersbourg pour implorer des secours de l'empereur Alexandre. J'ai pris le thé dans la même isba (tente) qu'elle. Son port noble, sa belle physionomie, inspirent un sentment d'admiration et de respect. Elle avait à sa suite une cour qui était bien celle d'un roi dépouillé. Toute la pompe Asiatique avait disparue et sur des habits jadis riches, on appercevait l'orgueil comme sous les lambeaux du manteau de Diogène. Ce serait bien ici la place d'une profonde dissertation sur les vicissitudes

humaines, en prenant comme on le dit, la nature sur le fait, mais je me suis contenté de la penser "*Pour être heureux cache ta vie*," dit le persan. Nous vivons dans un siècle, qui nous familiarise avec les élévations et les chûtes, sauvons nous, s'il se peut, à force d'obscurité, de l'éclat dangereux de ces deux écueils.

Serpuchoff.

Pendant qu'on relayait hier au soir, nous avions pris les devans, bientôt nous appercevons un jardin charmant, dont la grille était fermée; nous la franchissons sans peine, et après avoir traversé un parc magnifique nous nous trouvons près d'un château, une balançoire, était dressée sur la terrasse. Serge s'y place, et me voilà le poussant dans l'air et riant aux éclats, des bonds que je lui faisait faire. Tout entière à notre plaisir nous n'avions pas apperçu un homme d'un certain âge accompagné d'une jeune femme, qui à quelques pas de là nous regardaient, et paraissaient un peu surpris de nous voir prendre ainsi nos ébats, je jugeai à leur air que ce devait être les *bavins* (seigneurs) du lieu, et honteux de nous être laissés surprendre, nous nous les abordâmes en nous excusant de la façon trop leste dont nous nous étions introduits. Le maître du château (car c'était lui) nous écouta avec la bienveillance la plus amicale, et charmé que nous eussions trouvé son jardin de notre goût, il nous proposa de nous en faire voir les détails: trois bonnes raisons nous contraignaient d'accepter; premièrement la réparation que nous lui devions, et qui nous obligeait à la condescendance; ensuite, une soirée magnifique; qui fait toujours mieux juger, des beautés de la nature, et surtout enfin, la figure de la dame qui l'accompagnait, et qu'il nous présenta comme sa fille, mariée à un capitaine de la garde de l'empereur, alors en mission à l'armée de Moldavie. Après que nous eumes visité les bois, les parterres, et l'orangerie, on nous pressé de venir prendre le thé, et nous acceptâmes par deux des raisons, qui nous avaient empèché de refuser l'offre de la promenade. Le château est meublé avec élégance, on servit le thé, dans la bibliothèque, et nous ouvrîmes une discussion politique le père et moi, pendant que Serge parlait musique à la fille. Monsieur S—— nous vanta la voix de sa chère enfant, et Madame B—— sans less minauderies d'usage se mit à l'instant à son piano, et préluda d'une façon brillante, mais conçois mon étonnement, je lui entendis chanter une de mes romances. (dont la charmante musique est de Lafond; je te laisse à penser si je trouvai la voix de mon goût; Serge trahit l'auteur, et me voilà choyé comme l'étaient jadis nos ménestrels par les preux. Elle chanta ensuite quelques airs Russes et Italiens, et Serge pour l'eu remercier lui proposa de l'accompagner. Nous envoyâmes un exprès à la poste dire à nos domestiques d'apporter nos instrumens, le violon de Serge ainsi que me guitare furent bientôt là, et nous voilà concertant si bien, que la nuit arrivée on nous proposa de souper, nous acceptâmes encore, car nous n'étions pas dans nos jours de refus. A table la conversation roula sur les voyages; Monsieur S—— avait beaucoup vu' et raisonnait de tout avec justesse; il nous parla de l'ambassade en Chine, (1) nous conta plusieurs anecdotes des deux règnes précédens, il finit par nous dire qu'après avoir passé par les premiers emplois, civils et militaires, il n'était plus rien maintenant, mais qu'il ne se plaignait pas de son sort. Bonheur à vous amiable Epicuréen! c'est sans doute une récompense du ciel. Bonheur à vous! ange charmant qui parliez si bien sciences, modes litérature, beaux arts, c'est sous les auspices du "*bon voyage*" que vous nous avez souhaité, que nous continuons pélérinage en Crimée. Puisse votre vie égaler en félicité les courtes heures que nous avons passées près de vous; hospitalité des premiers âges, bonheur te soit rendu; te me réconcilierais avec les hommes."

"Eh bien," me dit Serge en remoutant en voiture, "vous voyez que l'étourderie est bonne à quelque chose. C'est en franchissant cette grille que nous avons connu des personnes intéressantes, et que dans un simple village, vous avez entendu chanter votre romance, mieux peut-être que dans aucum salon de

(1) Il y accompagnait le comte Golowkin qui sur un vain motif d'étiquette, termina sa mission et son voyage à peu de distance de la grande muraille de la Chine, au grand déplaisir des savans et des artistes, que le gouvernement lui avait adjoints, de ce nombre était le docteur Reman qui en à rapporté des vues unies à un texte, parfaitement écrit. Il serait à désirer qu'il publiât cet intéressant itinéraire.

Moscou." "Mon cher Serge," lui répondis-je, "c'est ce que faisait dire au docteur Pangloss; que tout était pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes, et que la radé de Lisbonne, avait été creé tout exprès pour noyer l'anabaptiste Jacques.

Je ne sais quel auteur, à dit que "l'ennui, ou l'intérêt inspirait le goût des voyages, et que la vanité les racontait." Cet axiôme n'est pas de ce siècle, car il y a vingt ans, que la plupart des habitans de l'Europe, surtout les français, voyagent malgré eux, et commé il n'y a point de vanité à écrire, que l'on parcourt le monde en proscrit, c'est pour charmer l'ennui de l'exil, qu'on rend compte à l'amitié de ce que l'on voit ou de ce que l'on éprouve.

THE WILD ARAB; OR THE CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE.

Almost in the centre of a vast chain of declivities, which may be said to form a natural barrier to the Persian dominions, dividing them from those of Arabia Deserta, nearly opposite, though at a material distance from the spot where the river Euphrates empties its silvery waters into the Persian gulf, lies the almost unknown, almost deserted valley of Sabla.

Rarely indeed has the merchant or the more curious traveller from Abyssinia and Aleppo turned aside on his journey to Ispahan, to investigate the wild and barren retreats of those romantic heights; too gladly has he hurried from even a recollection of the fearful deserts he has passed, of the sufferings and adventures of that perilous way.

So far, the wilderness of Sabla has been unsought, except by the unfortunate, who looked to find protection and seclusion in its fastnesses; or, by the wild Arab, and such as came occasionally from distant parts of the country in pursuit of the antelope. The idolatrous inhabitants principally consisted of savage, or rather simple peasants, whose employment was chiefly in the cultivation of a few aloes, fishing, or tending and milking their goats and camels. Their habitations were formed of rude piles, or walls of granite, heaped unskilfully together, and covered over on flat rafters, with leaves or dried grass.

At the commencement of this narrative, a family composed of a lady, her infant son, and an old christian slave, named Buda, for reasons confined to their own breasts, had penetrated even farther than Sabla, and, in a retired cabin under the over hanging verge of one of the most lofty steeps, immured themselves not only from the world, but from their artless neighbours.

For a length of time, Buda was the sole inhabitant of the cottage that appeared beyond the limits of its threshold. His industry seemed the only source from which the mother and her child derived their existence. In a short period he had erected a rude pallisading round their dwelling, and bringing daily a quantity of fresh earth from the cooler seclusions of the place, planted therein innumerable flowers and vegetables: he also transplanted a variety of cedars, and young* carob-trees from the forest, arranging them at each side of the cottage, so as to protect it alike from the parching heat of † the southern gales, and the burning influence of an eastern sun. His next care was to make a journey to Sabla, from whence he procured a number of almond plants, vines, pomegranates, tamarinds, and dates, these he placed in the most fertile parts of the soil, and by careful attention, in process of time, their intermingling branches covered with green leaves, purple clusters, or variegated blossoms partially screened the habitation from each enquiring eye.

The solitary natives as they reclined in their humble verandahs, smoking their long pipes

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* The kharrub, or carob-tree, or St. John's bread, grows wild and in hedges, and somewhat resembles our pear-tree. It is ever green. Yields pods and shells. Some think this was the fruit on which St. John subsisted in the wilderness, and for which the prodigal son longed.

† Or rather the south-west winds which are extremely infectious.

during the cool of the evening, were often amazed at the improvement which Buda's exertions had so speedily effected in a spot hitherto deemed sterile; they gazed with astonishment on the many colored and refreshing hues of his thickening foliage, and enhaled with delight the exquisite perfume of the accacia and pink almond, as it mingled itself with the almost lifeless breeze.

Their ideas caught a new turn; the example of a christian slave had inspired them with an ambition till then unfelt; each man became anxious to beautify his own home, and a few years saw this unthought of vale, a little garden of loveliness as it was of solitude.

When the infant Zenim began to sport through the luxuriant pastures which Buda's industry had raised, and to climb with unconscious joy the various fragments of those moss-fringed rocks that the hand of nature or of time had scattered profusely around, then it was, that Dœnira, his mother often appeared pensively seated on some adjoining bank-slope, watching with melancholy satisfaction and tenderness his little gambols. Dœnira, it might be observed, possessed all the advantages of dignity and beauty; grief, rather than age, had given a serious cast to features open, and expressive of a noble soul. Her apparel was unassuming in its appearance, and suited to the station of life which it was evident she had but recently adopted; it consisted of a demi robe, or chemise of deep colored nankin, trowsers, and a vest of blue embroidered silk. Her long full sleeves were of the muslin of India, confined tastefully at the wrists. Her cap of scarlet cloth was square, after the fashion of the Arabians, from which a veil of gauze streamed profusely across her shoulders to the ground. The attire of Buda was more simple, being merely striped linen, fastened round the waist and knees with a girdle and garters of Morocco leather, of which material, though of a coarser quality, for the advantage of his domestic employment, his slippers also were composed. He wore no turban, but generally a sort of mandarin hat, painted over, to protect his head from the heat of the sun. As Zenim continued to improve in years and understanding, Dœnira with maternal anxiety embraced every opportunity of instilling into his susceptible breast an ardent love of virtue, and of imparting to him the various accomplishments with which her own mind was elegantly and abundantly stored; and, in order that he might not sink into any degree of effeminacy, she allotted him a piece of ground, on which he toiled certain hours of the day, and cultivated the choicest productions of nature under the almost parental directions of Buda. At an early age, Zenim had acquired a considerable knowledge of different languages, but his favorite amusement, and the one which added materially to his strength and activity, was hurling the javelin at certain marks, in which exercise Buda himself excelled, having originally acquired it among the wild Arabs.

It would be tedious or rather foreign to the purpose of this tale, to dwell upon each particular instance of a young and generous mind deriving the noblest of sentiments from a parent like Dœnira, or of the various natural circumstances which daily occurred from the salutary effects of such instruction. Suffice it, that we pass over a period of twelve years, previously to the expiration of which, Zenim had discovered that a secret sorrow preyed on the peace of his mother, which she endeavoured to conceal in his presence, although he sometimes perceived her in tears. Frequently Zenim in witnessing the affection of the peasants of the valley for their offspring, had naturally been led to ask if he possessed no father? Dœnira, as if the subject preyed too deeply upon her feelings, constantly avoided the enquiry, while Buda endeavoured, by some seeming inadvertent expression, to direct his thoughts into another channel. One morning in his rambles Zenim caught a young and beautiful Chinese pheasant, which had taken refuge from the extreme heat in the caverns of the mountains. Delighted with his prize, the youth ran with it to his mother, and proposed that Buda and himself should endeavour to invent a cage in order to confine it.

Dœnira burst into an involuntary sob, and grasping the hand of Zenim with emotion, "My son," said she, "let us not be guilty of so wicked a deed; how sweet, how delightful is liberty! 'tis a right originally conferred by the most holy power, equally upon all his creatures; alas! that man, cruel man, should pervert the good bestowed upon his race. Perhaps, my Zenim, this poor bird has a mate, to whom its absence would occasion death, a mother— and what if the stern hand of oppression were

to deprive me of thee—" she paused abruptly at the frightful picture her own fancy had drawn, her eyes filled themselves with tears, her lips became deadly pale, and she sat almost motionless on the rude sofa, "Mother! dear mother!" exclaimed Zenim, throwing himself into her arms as he witnessed her excessive emotion. At that instant the pheasant, freed from its control, spread its golden-hued wings and with the rapidity of lightning hurried through the verandah. Zenim, for a moment watched its course, as it flew towards the forest, during which Dœnira had regained her fortitude and presence of mind, and expressed a hope that the bird might recover its companions with its liberty. Zenim gazed with new inquiry upon his mother, the melancholy tones of her voice still vibrated on his ear, still penetrated to the inmost recesses of his heart. And, although the subject of the bird was never again renewed, it had made too deep an impression on him ever to be forgotten.

Zenim began to think it singular both Dœnira and the slave Buda should invariably turn a deaf ear, at all times to his interrogations respecting the existence of his other parent; he had gathered from his mother's conversation, that their family was of noble rank; but, why, or how that mother became a solitary fugitive in the remote valley of Sabla was yet left to his own visionary conjectures. Zenim, who was a perfect child of nature, looked upon his mother as the purest and best of her sex, he believed it impossible in a single instance, she could ever have erred; she was the most exalted, the most wise, the most amiable being in his opinion, in his heart, she was exactly what a mother ought to be, in the heart of her son. He had but one grief, which arose from an apprehension that she lived the victim of a sorrow not to be subdued by time, and his best feelings assured him that that sorrow was unmerited.

After the circumstance of the pheasant, Buda observed Zenim would often unconsciously sink into a reverie while assisting in the cultivation of the garden; that he would frequently climb one of the projecting or spreading heights, and beneath the reclining branches of a favorite cypress-tree, sit buried in profound thought. Dœnira could not long remain ignorant of the emotions which existed in the youthful breast of her son, but she conceived when he should come to be made acquainted with the full extent of his misfortune, the short-lived peace which had hitherto attended him, would at once subside, and the wrongs she feared he must endure, be too oppressive for his notions and feelings.

One morning while Zenim and his mother were taking coffee under a bower of acacia in front of their little dwelling, a native of the valley returned with some trifling commissions from Sabla, and imparted the intelligence that a grand hunt was to take place about two leagues distant among the mountains on the following day. Zenim's eyes sparkled at this communication, and he expressed an ardent desire to be witness of the chase. Dœnira marked his enthusiasm, and the idea occurred to her that, were she to permit him, accompanied by the trusty slave Buda, to be present at this recreation, it might serve to eradicate the occasional gloom, or inquietude evidently gaining ground in his breast; and, by diverting his thoughts to new objects remotely banish the hour of a disclosure, which agonizing solicitude imparted, would rush finally upon him, like the poisonous gales of his own country, that smite more readily the young and tender blossoms. Dœnira, in the fulness of her despair, felt not, thought not, a day could come when every human obstacle should be subdued to the cause of struggling virtue. The morning of her life had passed rapidly away; one dark cloud of adversity had suddenly overcast it. She had been deprived of every friend on earth, except Buda and her child, and even those probably she owed to her seclusion, and the remote distance at which they were removed from the scene of her unrequited wrongs. Under these circumstances perhaps her affection, and excessive apprehension for the only being who was permitted to share her sad destiny, may be more readily excused; there was no imbecility in the mind of Zenim, it was the effects likely to spring from the vigor of that mind which she dreaded.

Zenim possesed all the character, all the courage of his kindred, and Dœnira feared a development of his wrongs might awake in his breast a vain thirst to avenge them. Fatal experience had taught herself how feeble is the resistance of worth to power. But Zenim had yet to learn in a world of incomprehensible wonders, that the purest virtue too often

kisses the dust, while the foot of ignominy tramples basely on its neck.

When Dœnira reflected that the years passed in the valley of Sabla had changed the features of her faithful servant, and scattered the snows of an early winter upon his brow; that it would be impossible for the eye of persecution to trace in the meanly attired Buda, the once valued domestic of a proud and opulent chieftain. She no longer objected to the entreaties of Zenim, but consented that he should mingle with the hunters, on condition, he avoided their conversation, and returned home immediately after the sports had ceased.

Agreeably to these injunctions, the earliest light that shed its golden influence on the summits of the mountains, beheld Zenim risen from his pallet of skins; in a few moments, he uttered his devotions, and proceeded to remind Buda that it was almost time to depart.

The old man instantly quitted his pillow and presently after they were joined by Dœnira, in the main part of the cabin, who prepared for them, as was her daily custom, a breakfast of camel's milk, fruit, and carob* cakes.

Zenim, anxious to begone, ate sparingly of the repast, and was almost out of patience with the more circumspect Buda, for prolonging the time by carefully packing a small quantity of provisions into a sort of rush-basket, which he intended to carry on his shoulder, to serve as a resource by the way. Dœnira while she gazed upon her son, (who stood with one hand on the door, and the other holding his javelin, fixed his full dark eyes almost reproachfully on Buda,) felt a mingled sensation of maternal grief and pride. Grief, that her Zenim was doomed, if to be happy, to remain the child of obscurity; pride, that she beheld him rich in health, a blossom of comfort, strewn by a merciful hand on her path of desolation.

Zemin was tall and well-proportioned, his limbs elastic as those of the antelope he was about to pursue; the constant and burning heat of an Asiatic atmosphere had given a florid tinge to his complexion which might well have been taken for the blush of youth, and added a peculiar charm to that masculine cast of his features; his eye, which was black and full of fire, expressed each emotion that passed in his soul; it was a sure index of his feelings, and his heart. His dress generally, was white, with a vest, and a turban of saffron colored muslin, in which he wore a plume of crimson feathers sweeping gracefully over his left shoulder; on the present occasion, he had resigned his slippers for boots of yellow leather, his turban and vest for a cap and sort of military tunic, both of leopard's skin.

The dawn of manhood was already upon him, for it should be remembered that the human race, like the plants beneath the influence of milder climates, much sooner arrive at maturity than in northern kingdoms.

At length Buda expressing the completion of his arrangements, Zenim fondly embraced his mother, and, buoyant with spirits, hurried lightly down the green avenue which conducted to the upland path. Dœnira stood at the virandah till they were at some distance, Zenim waved his hand from the eminence, she motioned her's in return, and, in another instant, the wanderers disappeared.

Those only, perhaps, who have witnessed it, can imagine the awfully sublime effect produced upon the mind by a contemplation of Eastern scenery at sunrise. As Zenim and Buda continued their course now over lofty summits crowned with cypress and wild figs; now under stupendous masses of rock, which, at the dizzy height, seemed by their air-hanging projections to threaten annihilation to the adventurer beneath them, the heart of the youth glowed with a thousand rapturous emotions. Ere they had proceeded more than half-way on their journey, Buda declared he could proceed no further without refreshment, and throwing down his straw-wallet on the bank of a small stream, which issued from one of the mountains, into an artificial basin of white marble, erected either for * religious or charitable purposes, by the order, probably, of some pious followers of Mahomet,† he invited Zemin to seat himself, and methodically began to display the viands he had brought; the young man impatient at this

* Cakes are made of the carob-fruit, which, Miller says, is mealy, and of a sweetish taste.

* Oblations are done at these basin

† The Mohomedans consider the erection of a well or fountain by the road side, more especially in the deserts, enough to ensure them a place in paradise.

new delay, after drinking of the fountain, and hastily, not to offend Buda, sharing in his little meal, rose from the ground, and perceiving that his companion expressed no immediate sign of departure, strolled carelessly along the margin of the stream, till it opened into a glade of refreshing and luxuriant beauty. Zenim witnessed with admiration, that the place abounded with, what he conceived to be, roses, over which, it was evident the hand of cultivation held some influence; he resolved to return on a future day alone, to this enchanting labyrinth, and bear to his mother a quantity of these flowers, of whose beauty he had so frequently heard her express an admiration, and which to that period he himself had never beheld, except in such faithful portraitures as Dœnira's pencil afforded. Overjoyed, he prepared to hurry back, in order to impart this discovery to Buda, but reflecting that such a circumstance would both occasion a fresh interruption to their journey, and deprive himself of an anticipated pleasure, in agreeably surprising Dœnira by the unexpected sight of those beautiful flowers in her habitation, he threw the one he had gathered into the stream. Zenim, however, almost repented of the first concealment he had ever made from the good old slave, for at the moment they were about to quit the spot, he beheld with some confusion the admonitory rose glide slowly down the crystal current, and fall into the marble at their feet.

The sun had now risen above the gathering hills, and the heat was becoming far more intense, when they heard the sound of horses' feet, and the faint echo of a horn, which bespoke the near approach of the hunters. Zenim started at the sound; it was the first time he had ever hearkened to such a strain; it filled him with indescribable emotions, and grasping his javelin with new force, he hurried to the verge of the precipice, which commanded an ample view of the adjoining valley. He now saw at some distance a sort of cart covered with boughs, drawn slowly along by four buffaloes,* the driver of which, as Buda informed him, was concealed among the branches spread over the vehicle, so as not to be seen by the animals sought after for the chase, who are not alarmed at the sight of the

* From facts.

buffaloes. At a considerable distance, a band of horsemen apparently Arabians, and Persians, moved cautiously along through the underwood, or projections of the mountains, followed by a numerous train of inferior pedestrian hunters of various denominations. Zenim and Buda now took the opportunity of mixing with the cavalcade as it passed. On reaching an expansive plain, the whole party suddenly halted at the sight of a small red fly, the usual signal displayed by the driver from the back of the cart, which gave them to understand that a herd of antelopes were grazing near. Shortly after, the unconscious victims were discerned moving across the opening, staying occasionally to nip the more tender tufts of grass, or to sport fearlessly with each other.

A mingled hum of exultation ran through the band of hunters at the sight; a leopard trained for the purpose, was permitted to leap from the cart, and to take his own course after the individual * antelopes which he should single from the rest of its terrified companions, and finally quit not, tell glutted with its blood. The horsemen immediately flew off in the pursuit, while the hunters taking different directions, planned their steps with such policy, as frequently to surprise the riders by their presence in the course, and as frequently to follow it through tangles and over steeps, where the hoof of the reined steed never yet left impression.

Zenim, all animation, and flushed with the enthusiasm of the moment, rapidly outstripped the wild Arabs and Buda. The latter, terrified for his safety, at intervals caught a glance of him, rushing across frightful declivities, or darting through the narrow and deep vallies which they overhung. at length, the poor antelope was pursued to the verge of a lofty eminence, whose bladeless summits, black from constant heat, seemed like the mourning scaffold of a defenceless victim; a few paces behind, panting, and almost worn out with the chase, came the fierce enemy of his existence, his teeth horribly grinding, his mane erect, his eyes flashing terrible fire; before, at a soundless depth, rolled a foaming flood, uniting itself

* It is remarkable that the leopard invariably singles out one antelope from the herd, which only he continues to pursue, nor can any other object turn him either to the right or to the left.

with the Euphrates, and offering destruction to that desolate being who should daringly presume to plunge into its stormy breast. A moment the antelope hesitated, death on each side equally awaited him. The panting of his pursuer struck upon his ear, in an instant he leaped from the appalling height, in another instant the leopard also had passed the steep; they rolled over and over down the frightful rock, whose heavy showering fragments fell with a dreadful sound into the waters before them; a loud shout from the multitude assembled on the banks of the torrent, confessed their admiration of the event, while the head of the leopard was alternately seen combating with the white foam, as like the hand of providence it seemed to force him from the resistless antelope, who hung expiring on a broken point of the rock just above the stream. At length the sanguinary monster, pawing up the rough side of the declivity, seized the devoted animal, and dragging it down, swam with it across the flood to the opposite bank, where, as a reward, he was permitted to feast fully on its blood, after which, having received such a portion of meat as supplied his hunger, at the keeper's command, he leaped quietly into the cart, and resigned himself to sleep.* As Zenim who was foremost to witness the event, gazed upon the mangled carcase, a pang like conscience upbraided him for the part he had taken; he could not but condemn the conduct of mankind, in thus pursuing an inoffensive animal; and, as he traced the savage exultation written in the features of the surrounding hunters, he almost started at the idea that such were men.

Buda traced the serious cloud on his brow, and was far from displeased to find that, however enthusiasm had conducted him through the heat of the chase, the heart of Zenim was not so seduced into the love of a practice which was marked by cruelty.

The party having again formed themselves into a body, for the purpose of renewing their sports, Buda reminded his charge that he must now think of returning to Sebla, as doubtless his mother, from whom he had never before remained so long, would become deeply impatient of his return. The youth needed no other admonition, but immediately prepared to measure back the way which conducted to his home.

When they were little more than a league from the cottage, Buda reflecting it would be quite unnecessary to carry any further the remainder of the provisions contained in the straw-wallet, once again spread them forth on the verdant carpet of nature, and fatigued with the heat, and length of way he had traversed, sat wearily down to refresh himself, enjoining Zenim, who also was unusually tired, to follow his example. Already the youth had thrown himself on the grass beneath an awning of branches, and was conversing with the old man on the adventures of the day, as the sound of a horn at no considerable distance assailed their ears.

"Is it possible," exclaimed Buda, "that the antelope has taken this direction of the mountains."

"I'll just turn yonder steep and observe," answered Zenim, starting from the ground.

"It can be of no consequence," said Buda, "let us not delay a moment," but without rising from the ground he continued to eat, while Zenim quickly ascended the upland, and plunging through some thick foliage, attained a partial eminence. The tone of the horn had expired: the space around seemed one wild and solitary labyrinth; not a human being was perceivable save himself. Zenim was about to return, when the sound of horse's feet arrested his attention, and, moving a few paces further, what was his astonishment at beholding a person, (whom he had seen in the chase) of noble and majestic stature, richly habited in green, wearing on his head a superb hunting cap, sitting torpidly upon an Arabian courser, holding in his seemingly powerless hand a horn of gold, and gazing intently on an opposite * chenar-tree. Zenim felt at a loss to account for the stranger's looking so earnestly at the tree before him, but how was his surprise increased, on observing that the eyes of the horse were fixed also in the same direction, while the agitated animal, by pawing the earth with its feet, seemed eager to fly, yet remained, as it were, spell-bound to the spot.

(To be continued.)

* Fact.

* Its trunk is covered with a smooth white bark, and its foliage, which grows in a tuft, at the top, is of a bright green.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

MEETING.

(An extract from an unpublished Manuscript.)

Meeting, after long absence, with those dear to us, is generally supposed to be one of the highest enjoyments, incident to humanity. To me it proved one of the saddest moments of a melancholy life. Revisiting the scenes of our childhood is likewise accounted a great, though a sad pleasure—my return to them was even more bitter than my departure had been. During the long and dreary years which I had passed in India, the thoughts of *home*, had been the food on which my soul had existed. The hope of one day being restored to it—of being again united to the dear ones who dwelt there—had supported me under that martyrdom of the heart, which is caused by long banishment. At length the time arrived for which I had looked with unvarying impatience for five and twenty years. I embarked for England, and my heart expanded with the near accomplishment of long-deferred hope. During the last week of the passage, I felt sickening eagerness for the sight of land. Our course had been rapid till within a few days sail of England, when we met with baffling winds, which increased my anxiety to a painful pitch. I used to pace the deck during the first watch with the officer until he was relieved, and listen with engrossing interest to his stories of the usual circumstances of approaching England—of the chances of wind at the entrance of the channel—of the pilot coming on board—of running up to the downs—of all the minutiæ, in short, with which the close of his different voyages had been varied. This man and his fellows looked happily forward to reaching home: but how different were their feelings from mine! They looked to the recurrence of a periodical pleasure, I felt the condensed intensity of long years of hope.

On the morning that we did make land, I was awaked by my servant with the tidings that we were close in shore. My cabin was on the seaward side of the ship, so as I looked from the port-hole, I saw only the green waves dancing and glittering in the breeze and sunshine of a summer morning; but the waves were green—and I blessed the color, as assuring our nearness to land, and that land my own. I was speedily dressed and on deck. We were running rapidly up the channel with a brisk westerly breeze—and the green hills of the Devonshire coast stretched away a-head and a-stern of us as far as the eye could reach. It so happened that it was the very part of the coast which I had seen last, when I was leaving England, nearly six and twenty years before. My last look of my native country was at one of those very hills in the cold dull light of a November evening. I now saw it again in all the glory of sunlight and of summer, and with the feeling of return, instead of departure, at my heart; and yet with these causes, both physical and inward, for joyous sensation, I question whether my feelings were not less sad on the former occasion than now. It was true I was then quitting my country—my friends—my home—all these charities which entwine themselves with the heart-strings in a manner never to be unravelled, and which caused mine to strain almost to breaking as I left them; but to these pangs, many and bitter as they were, I had that all-powerful antidote—the buoyancy of a youthful spirit—that false vision of early days, which like a claude-lorraine glass, throw a warm tint of richness and of pleasure over every scene, however melancholy and unhopeful its reality may be. Now my years of trial were past, and the moment was come to which I had always looked for repayment for all I underwent. But it found me changed, as all men must be, by the lapse of years—and suffering, as it is hoped all do not suffer under the pain of bitter recollection. My heart was chilled with the retrospect of an unhappy life—and my joy for what was, was lost in my regret for what might have been. I felt, too, what all men must feel who

pass the greater and better part of their life in present pain for the hope of future happiness. I felt that now, when it was at last within my grasp. I had but few declining years to enjoy it.

But this was only the foretaste of the pain my return home was to cause me, I landed at Southampton—and, without going to London, travelled post across the country to my father's. It was in the month of July, and at the close of the day, as my chaise wound slowly up the hill, from the top of which I knew I should see my father's house. For the few last miles, the country had been becomingly familiar to me, and I now recognised every spot which we passed, I saw the wood where I had shot my first pheasant, and the cover where the hounds met on the day I was first out hunting; and I recollected the pride of my young heart at being allowed to mingle in the sports of grown men. But even here there was a change; even the face of the country was not as I left it; how must, I thought, the human faces which I loved, have altered in the same period! In the place of a wild heath, of which the cover I have mentioned formed part, there were ploughed fields, trim hedge-rows, and a line of cottages which bore no mark of recent erection. The cover itself was railed in, and seemed kept as a preserve. All the free nature of the scene was lost; and, in my present mood, I thought it ill exchanged, even for the smiling fertility which occupied its place. When we reached the top of the hill, the well-remembered scene of my childhood burst upon my sight. In all the long and painful years, which had passed since I last looked on it, that spot had remained green and fresh at the bottom of a blighted heart—uneffaced by time, unchanged by sorrow. As it burst at once upon me now, my heart swelled with unutterable feelings—I threw himself back in the carriage, and wept aloud.—Who that hath shed tears upon a like occasion, will deny them to be those of unequalled bitterness?

The chaise proceeded rapidly down the hill, and passed through the village, which straggles to about half a mile from the park gate. We passed many labourers returning from their work, and saw numberless loiterers, of all ages and both sexes, who ran out at the sound of the wheels to see the carriage go by. But not one of these people did I recognise a known face; the young had been born during my absence—and the old were changed beyond remembrance. I was changed myself: for no eye now lighted up with the joy of recognition, or beamed on me to welcome my return. The woman who came out at the porter's lodge to open the gates, looked into my outstretched face as at that of a stranger; and as I passed into my father's gates, I felt that I was an alien among my kindred—a stranger in my home.

It was now that I experienced the full force of the mutation which had taken place in me, and in those to whom I was returning; and I began to have misgivings as to how I might appear to them, and they to me. It is true that I had kept up a constant intercourse with my family by letters—but what are letters at a distance of thirteen thousand miles, and during an absence of a quarter of a century? Can a letter set the writer before you, and shew the silent work of time upon his person? Can a letter, however affectionate, equal those little daily offices of kindness, which sink farther into the heart than ever the greatest acts of friendship—as the continual dropping of water on a stone makes the deepest impression? Can a letter convey the half word, the passing look of tenderness—or be unto us as a watcher in sickness—a consoler in sorrow—a companion in enjoyment—as he who wrote it would have been? Alas! no—when absence exceeds a certain time, and when, added to this, months of distance intervene, letters may indeed,

"Waft a sigh from Indus to the pole,"

but they will but feebly make known the daily life and feelings of correspondents to each other. They are as unsubstantial and imperfect in comparison with actual intercourse as the shadows of physical objects with the forms which cause them.

My fears on this head were but too truly accomplished. When I drove up to the house my sister was waiting on the steps to receive me, and in a moment I was in her arms. When after some time, we drew back to gaze upon each other, there was indeed cause for pain. We could not expect that we should be entirely unchanged; we knew that Time must have done his work—but still we lived in each other's recollection just as we had parted, and the reality was rendered scarcely less sad, from its having been, in a great degree, foreseen.

The same smile, indeed—a smile never to be forgotten—still played in my sister's eye and lip; but the eye was sunken, and the lip grown thin—and the smile itself was sadder and more aged, like the frames and hearts of both of us. The full blooming cheek was grown hollow and pale, and the luxuriant and beautiful hair, for which my sister had been remarkable, was entirely hidden, if indeed it still remained, by the widow's cap, which she had worn ever since her husband's death. This, and the gown of grey—which was likewise I found her constant attire—completed the contrast with the light-hearted, brilliant, bloomy, beautiful girl whom I had left. My own metamorphosis must necessarily have been more conspicuous than her's. My period of absence had been passed under a burning sun, and my figure and countenance bore ample testimony of its corroding influence. Mental suffering had likewise powerfully facilitated the baneful effects of climate, the tall, florid, athletic boy of eighteen, had returned a withered worn out man of forty-five—thin even to leanness—and his whole frame nerveless and relaxed. My cheek had imbibed a yellow cast, the consequence of a long residence in a burning climate, and my grey locks were far outnumbering these which retained their original darkness. My sister and I read in each other's looks the shock we had mutually received, and we walked silently into the house.

It now remained for me to experience a meeting still more acute, although I knew my father had sunk almost into second childhood. I had no expectation of finding his imbecility so complete. He was seated in an easy chair, near the window, which reached the ground, that he might enjoy the mild and grateful warmth of a July sunset. His limbs were wrapped in flannels, and he was supported by pillows on either side. His head shook tremulously—his eye was vacuitly fixed—and his jaw drooped in the extremity of dotage. This miserable wreck, which humanity could scarcely consider without a feeling of degradation, was all that remained of the hale and handsome man, whom I had quitted—it was all which time and sorrow had spared of my father! Our entrance attracted his attention, and he looked with surprize on *the stranger!* "Set a chair for a gentleman," he muttered almost mechanically, "perhaps he would like to take something after his journey." My heart swelled almost to bursting, at this completion of misery, alas! was it for this, I had so long and fondly anticipated my return home? That home which I now found the scene of bitterness and sorrow. My sister saw my distress, and going to my father, endeavoured to make him comprehend who I was. "I am glad to see him," was the only answer which emanated from him. He made it mechanically—evidently totally unconscious of all which passed before him; his eye unmeaning, his words dreamily spoken, and his whole aspect seemed that of the last flickering of the flame of life before it sank out for ever!

My father was shortly removed to his own room, and my sister and I were left to talk over old times together. The room in which we sat was the library, and had ungergone scarcely any change since I had last seen it. My eye could recognise the books in the very places in which I had left them, the heavily bound red-edged folios were ranged along the ground-row, untouched most probably, since my earliest thirst for books had led me to explore them; and in one corner of the highest shelf, I perceived the white-backed copy of Gulliver's travels, which in clambering to reach had nearly caused me to break my neck. Most of the furniture was new, but I recognised in a corner an old china jar, the cracking of which had many years before brought me into woful disgrace—on it was still to be seen the rivet which held it together, placed there at my entreaty by the poor old housekeeper long since deceased. A large old fashioned backgammon-table, also stood in its usual place, which I well recollected having afforded me many an hour's amusement—and the picture which hung over the chimney, the only one in the room, was the portrait of an ancient worthy of our race, arrayed in the angular stiffness, the large ruff—clocked stockings—and be-rosed shoes, of the court dress of James the First's time. These circumstances may appear trifling to the casual reader, to me they seemed of the highest importance, and made an adequate impression on my mind as they appeared to my view, it must be considered that my life is naturally rather a record of feelings than of events.

The long conversation which I had with my sister, tended in no degree to remove the sadness which all these circumstances had caused.

Her subdued and melancholy manner shewed, that the hand of sorrow had been upon her also, that all her feelings were changed and saddened except her affections for me. I made inquiry for all those who were connected in my recollection with that dear home to which I had returned; one answer served for all, "He is dead." Of all the servants of the family—of all the retainers, who are so numerous about a large country-house—who had been my allies in my boyish sports, and who had so fervently implored the Almighty to bless my parting step—not one remained to welcome my return. All the villagers too, who had been connected with "the great house," who paid their court by making their landlord's children share in the merriment of harvest-home, and the joyousness of their Christmas carol; those also, who had been my poor mother's pensioners, and to whom she had made us the dispensers of her bounty, that she might train our young hearts to the exalted pleasure of doing good, all these, as I made enquiry for them, I found had disappeared from the scene; and of course those who had risen up to fill their places could feel no interest for me. My recollections of home had not been confined to the physical scene alone—they had naturally included the images of those who dwelt there—and it now seemed almost a mockery to be restored to the spot itself, and to find that all those who had peopled it in my heart were gone for ever. How bitter were my feelings, as the well known quotation rose in my memory: "I came to the place of my birth, and I said, the friends of my youth where are they?"

When I was shewn to my bed-room, a new scene of painful recollection presented itself. My sister had prepared the same room for me, which I had usually occupied when a boy, the very apartment to which my brother and I had removed, so soon as we were considered too old to be the inhabitants of the nursery. The room now contained only one bed, but every thing else was strikingly the same as formerly. The prints with which my mother had decorated the walls, just before our return from school, the shelves which had held our little library, even one or two mouldering school-books themselves, all combined to call into the most vivid and painful contrast my present and former self. On the wainscoat of dark oak. I found in a well remembered corner, the mishapen initials of my name, which I had cut with great labor, and had admired as a work of infinite skill. On each side the chimney, hung the portraits of my brother and myself, painted with the round cheeks, open neck, and flowing hair of ten years old. Now one was in the grave, and the other, at that moment almost wished to be there. As I gazed on the rosy careless countenance which had once been my likeness, I scarcely could imagine that it represented the same being. I felt as the dead might be supposed to feel, if they could behold their earthly form, so totally did a gulf seem placed between my present nature, and that of a blooming boy on whom I looked.

It was, as I have said, the month of July, and the full moon gave perfect light to the scene which lay beneath the window. I threw it open, and looked out on that well-known, long-lived spot. It was in itself one of great actual beauty, and I dearly loved, and had long regretted it, which now made me consider it eminently so. The tall towering oak, which had so often been the goal of our racings, and given its shadow to our gambols, was outlined on the bright moon-lighted sky behind, in all the majesty of age, and the luxuriant leafiness of summer. Farther on, the moon threw a line of glittering light on the noble sheet of water which had afforded me so much early enjoyment. There I was wont to sit for hours fishing on its bank, and there as my advancing years had made me seek for pleasure in the athletic exercises of youth, I had delighted

"———— to cleave
with pliant arm its glassy wave."

In the distance, I could see among the trees the blue slate of the cottage where the game-keeper lived. Poor Robert had been my great ally in the field, and his dwelling my favorite haunt. He also was dead, but he had survived most of his contemporaries, and in his last illness had expressed deep regret, at not living to see "master George come home again." This and numberless other circumstances connected with my boyish pursuits, rose in my heart, as I gazed on the scene which witnessed them; and as I closed the casement, I felt that there was one more drop of gall added to the cup of bitterness, which the return to my parental roof had so acutely proved. Alas!

said I to myself, and is it thus that my anticipations are fulfilled? Is this the reward of a life's banishment? Was it for this I had braved the dangers of the ocean, the pestilence of climate, and the perils incident to a military life? Of what avail is the fortune I have accumulated, since it will not restore my former happiness? I find my brother and my mother dead, my father in a state worse than death, and my sister, with a chilled heart, and withered frame, which make me sink with the contrast between what she was once, and what she is now. All those whose images are indelibly implanted and connected in my mind with the abode of my youth, are swept away, nothing but the spot itself remains. It is as the skeleton to the human body; the frame-work is still the same, but all which gave it life and beauty is withered and vanished. This, I exclaimed with bitterness, this is the happiness of revisiting the scenes of childhood, these are the joys of meeting!

THE IDRIAN MINER'S WIFE.

Thou know'st that in my desert halls,
The pride of youth and hope is o'er;
That sunk, defaced, my crumbling walls
Repose, or shelter, yield no more.

Yet on this dark and dreary pile,
Thy love its tender wreaths hath hung;
And all it asks is still to smile,
Bloom, fade, and die, where once it clung.

The young countess Blanche Volner, stood alone in the magnificent saloon which had just thronged with lordly company. She had that day taken possession of her immense property; and her high rank and remarkable beauty and talent, had gathered around her the noblest and wealthiest families of Vienna. Not a guest returned home dissatisfied; the dignity and simple grace of the young countess, and the unaffected sweetness of her manners, had charmed even more than her surprising loveliness, and much more than the splendor of her entertainment. But Blanche had far higher claims to the admiration and love of all who knew her; every one talked with rapture of her graces and accomplishments; a few hearts thought chiefly of her unpretending consistency of conduct, her real humble goodness, the fair fruit of genuine piety. Blanche stood alone, and sighed; she partly sighed over her beautiful flowers, which hung in fading garlands round the room; she pressed her hand for a moment over her eyes, for they ached with the glare of the tapers still blazing around her; with a true girlish fancy, she took from the tall candelabra beside her a long drooping branch of white roses, which seemed dazzled like herself, with the brilliant light; but as she touched them, the rose-leaves fell on the ground: she sighed again, but from a very different cause: her heart had not been in the gaiety and splendor of the evening: she could not help reproaching herself for having shared in it at all, while Herman Alberti was exposed to the dangers of a distant war. As the young countess was about to retire to rest, the arrival of a stranger agitated, and in haste, who earnestly requested to see her, was announced. She hesitated at first, but after a few moments consideration, she consented to appear; and returning to the deserted saloon, there waited till the stranger was introduced to her presence. The countess desired her servant to wait in the anti-room, for she observed that the young stranger hesitated to speak. How often did she turn pale! how often did she tremble with agitation during that short interview! The man was the servant of the count Alberti, and he had hurried to inform her that his master had dangerously wounded his commanding officer in a duel, and that he had not since been heard of, though a high reward was offered for his life. He had fought against the express command of the emperor.

Many months passed away, months of sorrow and anxiety to the kind lady Blanche. The young deserter was never heard of, and the festive magnificence that had flashed for a moment in the palace of the countess, entirely disappeared; but she was not giving way to useless grief; she sought out the wretched and forsaken, and she relieved and consoled them. Her money, her time, and her prayers, were devoted to the afflicted; and it was not their gratitude, but their restored happiness which rejoiced her: she loved to watch the clouds of [illegible] rolling away from the care-worn countenance; and she knelt down to bless God that in all her heart-breaking grief, she could still be made the humble means of diffusing happiness. The wounded general was slowly recovering, there seemed some hope that Alberti would be pardoned. Alas! at the very time that the numerous petitions in his favor were beginning to be attended to, he was brought to Vienna with a gang of desperate banditti, among whom he had been taken. He told an improbable tale about his not being connected with the robbers, but nobody believed it, and he spoke of it no more. Blanche did believe him; she entreated to be allowed to see him, but her entreaties only extorted a promise, that on the night before his execution she should be admitted to his cell: he was condemned to be broken on the wheel. The tale which count Herman related, was perfectly true: he had fled unknowingly to the wild haunts of the banditti, amid the mountains of Istria. Among those mountains, which abounded with the dens of the banditti, he was taken by the royal troops. The true captain of the banditti escaped; but hearing that the brave Herman was mistaken for him, and having once been a man of honor himself, he came forward and gave himself up to justice, relating every particular of the count's refusal to join his band. The sentence was changed. Was it a merciful one? The young and gallant count Herman was condemned for life to become a workman in the mines of Idria. Blanche had been long the constant companion of the old countess Alberti. The intelligence of Herman's life having been spared, was brought to them when they were together; they were about to visit Herman, and they now hastened to the prison. The first surprise which made known to the aged countess her son's safety was joyful, but her grief soon returned at the thought of the dreadful sentence which still awaited him; but Blanche seemed restored to happiness, and entered the dark cell, trembling indeed, but with overpowering joy. A venerable priest, who had daily attended the young count, had promised to meet them in the prison, and there Blanche and the countess Alberti found him, conversing with Herman. After the first agitated moments of that affecting interview were over, Blanche rose up, and wiping away her tears, said, "I have a petition to make to yourself, and one that may easily be complied with. What I ask you, must not be refused, unless you will hesitate to promote my happiness. 'Tis a strange request for me to make, but I do not blush to ask it," she said, and a deepening blush spread over her downcast face, and completely belied her assertion. "Dear Herman," she said, "it was not always thus must I remind you of our long plighted affection? I have known the time when you were very eloquent in pleading a cause that you now appear to have forgotten. I see that you *will* not recal that time; but do not think me too bold in seeming to forget my sex's modesty. You know my Herman that I should not once have spoken thus; I should not once have come to you and offered you my hand, as I do now; I should have waited like a bashful maid, to be entreated like all bashful maids, and when at last I yielded to your suit, I should have done so, but at long entreaty. Dear Herman, will you not accept my hand?" Blanche looked up through her blushes, and smiled, as she held out her small white hand. "Blanche," said Herman, while he gently took her proffered hand, and having pressed it to his lips, still held it trembling in his own. "Sweet Blanche, I was prepared for this; I knew that you would speak as you do now; I doubted not but the same timid maid, whose modesty sprung from true and virtuous love, would think it a most joyful duty to prove her faithfulness in such a time as this; and yet I almost wish that you had been less true, less like yourself; for, to refuse the most trifling of your chaste favors, is a grief to me. I will not speak of poverty, although the change would be too hard for you, a young and delicate lady of high rank, whom Providence has nursed in the soft lap of affluence and care, but for a woman, Blanche, a tender, helpless

woman, to be doomed to pine away in a dark horrid cavern, whose very air is poison."—"Herman" said Blanche eagerly, "have not the miners, wives, now living with them?"—"It may be so" he answered, "but remember, those women must be poor, neglected wretches; accustomed to the sorrows and hardships of their life, they may be almost callous to distress."—"And think you then," said Blanche, her whole countenance brightening as she spoke, "think you, that such cold and deadened feeling can produce that fortitude, that patient, heavenly fortitude which the spirit of the gospel gives, and *only* gives? When I thus freely offer to become the partner, the happy partner, of your misery, I think not, dearest, of my woman's weakness, (though I can hardly believe that it would fail.) No; to another arm I look for strength; to those everlasting arms which now support the burden of this whole worlds' sinking woes. My strength is in my God, and he will hear my never-ceasing prayers. I have no fears but that a miner's hut would be a happy home; it must be so to me, for *now* the happiest lot to me, is to remain with you. I should indeed be wretched with my wealth and my titles, utterly wretched without one sweet consoling thought, which conscience will often bring in those dreary mines. Here, then, I am pleading for *my* happiness, not so much for yours, dear Herman, kneel with me, do kneel with me, to ask your mother's blessing; for that is the request I make to her; and then the third petition may soon be guessed; that you, my holy father, will consent to join the hands of count Alberti and myself in marriage." It was not her language; it was the earnest unearthly eloquence of tone and manner, that gave to the words of the lady Blanche an effect which seemed impossible to resist. When she ceased speaking, her hand extended to Herman, and her face as she leaned forward, turned alternately to the aged countess and the friar, her eyes shining with the light of expression, and the pure blood flooding in tides of richer crimson to her cheek and parted lips; upon which a silent and trembling eloquence still hung; they all sat gazing on her in speechless astonishment; one sunbeam had darted through the narrow window of the cell, and the stream of light, as Blanche moved, at last fell upon her extended hand. When Herman saw the pale transparent red, which her slender fingers assumed as the sunbeams shone through them, he thought, with horror, that the blood now so purely giving clearness to her fair skin, and flowing so freely and freshly through her delicate frame, would in the miner's poisonous atmosphere, become thick and stagnant; he thought how soon the lustre of her eyes would be quenched, and the light elastic step of youth, the life which seemed exultant in the slight and graceful form of Blanche would be palsied for ever. Herman was about to speak, but the old priest interrupted him by proposing that nothing should be finally settled till the evening of the fourth ensuing day; then the lady Blanche, he observed, would have had more time to consider the plan she had formed, and till then, the young count would be permitted to remain in Vienna. "I will consent but on this condition," said Blanche, "that my proposal, bold as it is, shall not be then opposed, if, as you say, my resolution be not changed. *You* know, dear Herman, that I cannot change." Blanche went, and with her husband, to the mines. The dismal hut of a workman in the mines of Idria, was but a poor exchange for the magnificent palace of the count Alberti, on the banks of the Danube, which was now confiscated to the crown; though a small estate was given to the venerable and respected countess during her life. But Blanche smiled, with a smile of satisfied happiness, as leaning on her husband's arm, she stopped before the hut which was to be their [illegible] home. Their conductor opened the door, but the count had forgotten to stoop, as he entered the low door-way, and he struck his lofty forehead a violent blow. Blanche uttered a [illegible] the first and only complaint in the [illegible] [illegible] which Blanche [illegible] [illegible] the gloom which had begun to [illegible] husband's spirits; to remove [illegible] [illegible]aded himself to speak, and even to [illegible] cheerfully; and when Blanche parted away his thick hair, to examine the effects of the blow, and had pressed her soft lips repeatedly to his brow, she [illegible] she bent down with an arch [illegible] into her husband's face [illegible] this terrible accident, and my [illegible] have not had a very bad effect, [illegible] brought the smiles to your dear features, my own Herman."

The miner's hut became daily a more happy abode; the eyes of its inhabitants were soon accustomed to the dim light, and all that had seemed so wrapt in darkness when they first entered the mines, gradually dawned into distinctness and light. Blanche began to look with real pleasure on the walls and rude furniture of her two narrow rooms; she had no time to spend in useless sorrow, for she was continually employed in the necessary duties of her situation; she performed with cheerful alacrity the most menial offices—she repaired her husband's clothes, and she was delighted if she could sometimes take down from an old shelf, one of the few books she had brought with her. The days passed on rapidly; and as the young pair knelt down at the close of every evening, their praises and thanksgivings to the Almighty were as fervent as their prayers.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL AND FUGITIVE POETRY.

SONNET.

Supposed by Petrarch upon tender recollections of Laura.

O ! she was beautiful, the wild wood rose,
Symbol of sweetness, bloom'd upon her cheek.
And she was virtuous—ah ! no flower that blows,
Shines half so delicate, so chaste, and meek.
And the mild evening-star of day light's close,
Couch'd in its silvery halo—which doth rise,
Sheds a faint sickly ray, compar'd with those
Pure glossy thrones of loveliness—her eyes.
Death made in her the veriest cruel prize,
Yet was she no coarse being of this sphere
But came a short sojourner from the skies !
To show what glorious forms inhabit there.
O Love! when thy warm vows to such are given
Thou'rt bliss on earth, extracted pure from Heaven.

ON THE CUSTOM OF PLANTING FLOWERS ON THE GRAVES OF DEPARTED FRIENDS.

To 'scape from chill misfortune's gloom
From palsied age, and joyless years,
To sleep, where flow'rets round us bloom
Can such a fate deserve our tears ?

Sure in the tomb, our cares, our woes,
In dark oblivion buried lie,
Why paint that scene of calm repose
In figures painful to the eye ?

The wiser Greeks, with chaste design,
Pourtrayed a nymph in airy flight
Who, hovering o'er the marble shrine,
Reversed a tapers trembling light.

To die—what is in death to fear ?
'Twill decompose my lifeless frame!
A power unseen, still watches near
To light it with a purer flame.

And when anew that flame shall burn,
Perhaps, the dust that lies enshrined,
May rise a woodbine o'er the urn
With verdant tendrils round it twined.

How must the anxious bosom beat
That sighs at death's resistless po...,
A faithful friend again to meet
Fresh blooming in a spotless flower.

It sure would thrill the lover's hear.
When kneeling on his fair one's grave,
To feel the lily's breath impart
The raptured kiss his Myra gave!

The love that in my bosom glows
Will live, when I shall long be dead ;
And happy tinge some budding rose
That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

O thou, who last so long been dear !
When I shall come to smile on thee,
I know that thou wilt linger near,
With pensive soul to sigh for me.

Yes Laura, come ! and with thee bring
To soothe my shade, young flow'rets fair ;
Give them around my grave to spring
And watch them with a lover's care.

Thy gentle hand will sweets bestow,
Transcending Eden's boasted bloom ;
Each flower with brighter tints shall glow,
When love and beauty seek my tomb.

The First Commandment

A Canon

by

Dr. Haydn

Engraved expressly for

La Belle Assemblée

Andante

1st Voice. — 3d Voice.

Thou shalt have none other Gods but me

me but Gods rehto none have shalt Thou

2d Voice. — 2d Voice.

3d Voice. — 1st Voice.

Piano Forte, Harp or Harp Lute.

This Canon should be first sung forwards and backwards, then invert it and do the same, then Da capo forwards and backwards and finish.

If Sung as Canon. Thus:

Andante

2

Thou shalt have none other Gods but me

2 — 3

Thou shalt have none other Gods but me

3 — 1

A Canon for Four Voices.

(expressly composed for La Belle Assemble.)

Moderato — 2d Voice.

Voice

Can you tell, in what new region springs, a

Piano or Harp

3d Voice. — 4th Voice.

flower that bears in scribd the names of Kings.

And when the rose-bud's gentle breath,
With virgin fragrance scents the air,
Imagine me released from death;
And all my soul, still hovering there.

Inhale the dewy sweets at morn,
For they to thee shall transport give;
Thus Edwin's love on odours borne
Still in his Laura's breast shall live.

WINTER SCENES.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

How keen and ruthless is the storm!
Stern Winter in its bitt'rest form!
Long cheerless nights, and murky days!
No sun-beam gladdens Mis'ry's ways!
The frost has stopp'd yon village-mill,
And Labor, ev'ry where, stands still;
Ev'n birds, from leafless groves withdrawn,
Fall, torpid, on the frozen lawn—
No more, in Spring, to greet the morn,
Or build their nests in yonder thorn!

Loud howls the wind along the vale!
Shipwreck and death are in the gale!
Lorn, weary trav'llers, as they go,
Are wilder'd in the trackless snow,
Groping, in fearful dread, between
Deceitful ice, and gulphs unseen;
Lest, after all the dangers past,
The next sad step should be their last!

To town or city if we turn,
What numbers weep, what numbers mourn!
Unshelter'd sons of Toil and Care,
Cold, shiv'ring, comfortless, and bare!
Poor seamen, erst in battle brave,
Half-famish'd, sinking to the grave!
Sad groupes, who never begg'd before,
Imploring aid from door to door!
While helpless Age, too frail to roam,
Is perishing, for want, at home!

Hard fate, when poverty and years
Assail us, in this vale of tears,
Till Death. the dismal scene to close,
In pity, terminates our woes!

O! ye, whom PROVIDENCE hath blest,
With wealth to succour the distrest,
O! lend your help in time of need!
The naked clothe—the hungry feed,
And great, from HEAV'N, shall be your meed!

MY LYRE!

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

What was it lent its influence mild,
When few the eyes that kindly smil'd,
To cheer life's dark, and desert wild,
Or joy inspire?
What was it then my griefs beguil'd?
'Twas thou, my lyre!

When many a sigh my bosom heav'd,
O'er blighted hopes, too well believ'd,
When many a wound my spirit griev'd,
And quench'd its fire:
What was the charm that ne'er deceiv'd?
'Twas thou, my lyre!

When friends grew cold—when love betray'd,
When grief's pale canker-worm decay'd,
This once bright cheek, and inly prey'd,
On nature's fire;
What oft dispell'd the gath'ring shade?
'Twas thou, my lyre!

And when life's little hour is fled,
When number'd with the silent dead,
I slumber in the peaceful bed,
That all desire;
What round my tomb a light will shed?
'Tis thou, my lyre!

Woburn Place, Russell Square.

THE CHIME BELLS AT MERIDEN.

ON HEARING THEM AT MIDNIGHT.

What tuneful sounds are these I hear,
Warbling so soft, so sweet, so clear?
'Tis not the night-bird's dulcet lay,
That carrols in the merry May:
But floating down the lovely glen,
'Tis the sweet bells of Meriden.

Like spell-bound wight in armour'd hall,
I, listening, heard the waterfall;
And while the sleeping winds were still
In yonder wood, on yonder hill
The turret clock struck twelve, and then
Chim'd the sweet bells of Meriden.

Ye who for pleasure, idly roam,
And wish to find an inn a home,
When shuts the live long summer's day,
Hither repair, and welcom'd stay
To hear, in this delightsome glen
The soft, sweet bells of Meriden.

The following Song from the last Number of *The New Monthly Magazine*, is one of the finest efforts of the great Poet to whom we are indebted for it :—

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be the land of the free ;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foots-prints of MAHOMET's
slaves [graves.
May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers'
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own !
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone ;
For we've sworn, by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living, we shall be victorious,
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not ;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not ;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide—waves engulph—fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us ;
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves ;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us,
To the charge—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their
Accursed may his memory blacken, [hair ?
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban and shewn ourselves
worth [earth.
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean ;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's
spring.
Our hearts shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness ;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-
waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,
When the blood of yon Musulman cravens
Shall have crimson'd the beaks of our ravens.

SONG.

From Mr. Ball's popular Farce of the "Hunch-backs." Sung by Miss Jones. The Music by Nicholson.

How happy, happy was my fate,
Where oft in Tasna's vale I sate,
To watch the streamlet play ;
Or twine a wreath of rosy glow,
To deck Borico's manly brow
That on my bosom lay.
Adown the vale
The nightingale
With note so soft and free,
Lillo li la !
Lillo li la !
Was not more bless'd than we :
Adown, &c.

O ! now farewell, for ever flown,
The only joys my heart has known,
How chang'd a lot is mine !
Yet still, fond thought shall bless the hours
When 'neath lov'd Tasna's lonely bow'rs,
Borico I was thine :
Adown the vale, &c.

ON THE *SOUND* OF THE LETTER *H*,

BY A LADY.

'Twas pronounced in *heaven* and muttered in *hell*,
And *echo* caught faintly the sound as it fell,
On the confines of *earth* 'twas permitted to rest,
And the *depth* of the ocean its presence confessed,
'Twill be found in the *sphere* when riven asunder,
'Tis seen in the *light'ning* and heard in the *thunder*,
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest *breath*,
It assisted at his *birth* and attends him in *death*,
It prays with the *hermit*, with *monarchs* is crowned,
It begins every *hope* every *wish* it must bound,
It presides o'er our *happiness*, *honor*, and *health*,
Is the prop of our *house*, and the end of our *wealth*,
In the *heaps* of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in the prodigal *heir*,
In the *whisper* of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the *whirlwind* of passion is drowned,
But yet like a tender and delicate flower,
If you breathe on it softly it dies in an *hour*.



BALL DRESS.

Published March 1st 1823, for La Belle Assemblée No 172

FASHIONS

FOR

MARCH, 1823.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—Ball Dress.

Round dress of amber colored crape, a puckering of gauze of the same color at the border, finished by *rouleaux*, wadded very full of white satin, with full blown white roses, and a few leaves of green foliage: under each rose is an antique ornament of the *rosace* kind, composed of white satin, with a tuft of amber in the interior. The body of this beautiful dress is of satin, and is elegantly diversified by white silk *cordon* and fine blond: the front of the bust is finished by a narrow falling tucker of blond; and the shoulders ornamented by bows of white satin ribbon. The sleeves are white, and are trimmed to correspond with the skirt, except that the flowers are left out, as an unappropriate and troublesome trimming to that part of the dress; they are, therefore, finished by the *rouleaux* in points, with the *rosaces* in the centre of the sleeve, incircling the arm. The hair is arranged *à la Sappho*; and round the lesbian braid at the back part of the head, is placed a wreath of full blown roses and laurel leaves. The ear-rings and necklace are of fine pearls; the ear-pendants superbly set. Shoes of white satin, and white kid gloves.

No. 2.—Evening Dress.

Dress of Urlings Patent Lace over a slip of lilac colored satin. Three French tucks of white satin, falling one over the other are placed at the edge of the border. These are surmounted by a rich festoon trimming of white crape, consisting of full puffings; each festoon headed by an Asiatic diadem, divided by pearls, which gives a most splendid effect to this truly novel and *unique* kind of trimming. The body and sleeves are elegantly simple, the former having only a slight ornament of fine lace round the bust, with a few puffs of lilac satin; the sleeves are very short, not full, and are bound tight round the arm with a broad band of satin. The head-dress is *à la Grecque*; with two beautiful white ostrich feathers, falling over the left side. Two rows of large pearls form the necklace worn with this dress, with a Maltese cross, of topazes. A scarf, or drapery of the same material as the dress, only of a rich pattern and not plain like the robe, is a charming addition to this elegant costume, the effect of which we have shewn in our engraving.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

It is with pleasure we behold, in the most modish and respectable part of the metropolis, the throngs of carriages, which prove the town to be now filled with those belonging to the fashionable world; and though we cannot say that London is yet completely full, we may venture to affirm that where we saw one carriage last month, we may now, at least, reckon twenty.

It is the owners of these splendid vehicles that give a spur to industry, and who patronize the suggestions of taste; from such, and from the various artists they employ, of the first eminence, we are enabled to present our numerous subscribers with the following correct statement; very particularly furnished us by our correspondent, whose continual practice among those who compo the higher classes of

fashionables, enable us to offer to the public an authentic account of the newest invented articles of the female *toilette*.

We have generally made it a rule to describe first the out-door costume, because it is generally what strikes the eye; and we are pleased to see, that, now as the fur trimmings begin to decline, that fine cloth pelisses richly braided, will be much worn for the promenade, they are most admired when of a very dark blue, formerly called Prussian blue. Spencers of various kinds are worn by young ladies; they are of bright colored velvets, and when in cachemire are of light and chaste colors, elegantly braided or diversified with ornaments of satin.

Black velvet bonnets are still in favor, those for the carriage are lined with white satin, tufted with amber, and are ornamented by a plume of amber and black feathers. Another bonnet, suitable either for the carriage or the promenade, is of black velvet, lined with striped flame colored chenille, and crowned by a plume of black curled feathers. A carriage bonnet of black velvet, lined with white, and ornamented with a beautiful plume of white marabouts, we found peculiarly elegant; also a bonnet for morning visits of ceremony of mogul velvet of a pure color, with fancy flowers in satin of the same tinct, and berries of polished steel. A favorite bonnet for morning carriage airings, is of pink *gros de Naples*, beautifully figured in the mogul or Indostan style; the crown is of satin, and the edge is finished with a Vandyck of pink *plûche de soie*.

The materials for morning gowns, and for those worn in half dress, have differed but little since last month. We are happy to find the trimmings at the borders of dresses less heavy, and that the waists and skirts are both becoming shorter, without the former being in any wise disproportionate, or the latter incorrect. Nerine silk is much worn in evening dress, chiefly of pink, as being a good color for candle-light; these dresses are trimmed with folded gauze, in festoons; each festoon confined by a satin strap, or a large button covered with satin; all of the same color as the dress. The bodies of low dresses are all in the Anglo-Greek style, the sleeves short, and fastened across with straps, edged with white, and short ends.

The morning cornettes are of fine blond, with very little ornament. A new home cornette has been invented, not very becoming, except to an oval face, it is formed of white and amber gauze, and is finished next the face by a full *cheveux de frieze* of white and amber, the head-piece is divided from the caul by fan flutings of amber and white, alternately; the caul is of stiffened net. The turbans for the opera, the theatre, and evening dresses, are chiefly in the Turkish style, but not so heavy as those now worn at Paris. Some of these becoming head-dresses are of white satin and oriental crape, and are fancifully ornamented with gold; one of smaller dimensions, but in the true eastern sryle, has a white satin crown, with pink oriental crape beautifully folded in front, and is richly ornamented by pearls; these folds are fastened on the left side, just above the ear, with a Turkish crescent of pearls; and on the right side are tassels of pearls, surmounted by a crescent. With the pink nerine dresses we mentioned above, young ladies wear on their hair a wreath of pearls, and small full blown roses; on each temple are two larger roses, from whence branch out a few ears of corn formed of pearls.

The favorite colors are cherry, pink, amber, and flame color.

We paid our usual visit to Mr. Hill, of the Parisian depôt, in Regent Street, where we inspected various articles of the most rare and tasteful kind; though to be justly appreciated, they ought to be seen, as description must fail in attempting to do them justice; the dresses for balls and evening parties are of the most light and exquisitely wrought texture; the trimmings superb, without being heavy; they consist much of chenille flowers, with satin foliage edged pearls, gold or silver lama; but the patterns wind more in a serpentine way over the border than those of the dresses we last described. The jewellery is all arranged in the oriental style, forming eastern diadems of pearls, and wreaths *à la Cères*, of gold and yellow beads. The fans are of the most delicately carved ivory, appearing in texture, like the finest lace, some of these are exquisitely painted, but are reckoned most elegant when plain white.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

I was greatly in hopes that a severe December and January, (for in Paris I never knew it so cold) would have been followed, as is often the case, with fine spring-like weather in February; but that month, from the commencement to its meridian, caused the early fashions of spring to be yet in embryo, and the pelerine tippet of chinchilla, rounded at the ends, is almost universally adapted over the warm high dress of merino cloth, in the morning promenade. Young people, however, wear spencers; and the pelerine with them is only edged round with chinchilla or grey squirrel: a broad collar of *tulle*, or of embroidered muslin, falls over the satin pelerine, so as to discover only the fur. With these spencers is worn a slouched beaver hat, with a tufted band, and tassel of gold, or a fur cap of marten's skin, with a border of ermine.

Ears of corn, with field poppies, are the most prevailing ornaments on hats: in carriage hats the marabout feathers are separated by ears of corn. White satin carriage hats are lined with cherry colored velvet or flame color, with velvet flowers, to correspond with the color of the lining: some hats are covered with rainbow gauze, or striped crape, and are ornamented with colored curled feathers. Black hats, whether of satin or velvet, are lined with black; some ladies of fashion have, however, linings of striped red satin: black satin hats are often surmounted by a plume of light grey marabouts, or a few ears of gold corn.

For full dress a black velvet gown is very much admired; the *corsage* of which is fastened by six buttons of polished steel; on each side of these buttons, that are down the front of the *corsage*, are two rows of smaller buttons, diamond cut. Black dresses are very much in favor at public spectacles, with colored scarfs and hats. I saw a scarf of very novel invention, a few evenings ago, at a very stylish party; it was composed of little marabout feathers, laid flat on a scarf of wadded sarcenet. Plain barège silks are much worn for evening dresses; many ladies wear this material in white, at balls; but striped gauze, ringed gauze, and *tulle* prevail most; with Iris, or rainbow gauze.

The hair is arranged *à la Ceres*, with ears of corn; sometimes in gold, at others, to imitate nature. The hair in common costume is dressed in very full curls over each temple, and over the forehead; these curls are craped before they are formed into ringlets; as the hats are worn very backward, no other way of arranging the hair would look so well. Dress hats are of crape or satin, covered with striped gauze; of which material is an ornament in bias at the edge of the brim, and of these there are four with blond between each; a large bow of gauze edged with blond, is placed in front. Satin and spotted velvet hats have a wreath of satin foliage round the crown, each leaf edged with blond, and amidst the foliage are mingled small flowers. Ball head-dresses consist of little flame colored feathers formed into a diadem, at the base of which is a branch of currants; the leaves of gold gauze, or green and gold, and the bunches of currants of gold, of a pale color. To describe the turbans, would take up a volume; those most in favor are literally Turkish, with capacious folds. Gold gauze is much used to diversify those turbans that are made of white satin, or wreaths of silver foliage; nothing is more rare than foliage of its own native green. At Garcia's benefit, the ornaments on the turbans consisted of aigrettes, or those small feathers called *esprits*: on one of these turbans I observed two *esprits*, placed horizontally at a certain distance from each other; and with a diagonal tuft between, they formed a Z. The turban cap is a newly invented head-dress; it consists of a caul of white gauze, bordered with a full bouffont, confined by straps at intermediate distances; a bunch of red roses, with their foliage, is placed over the left ear. Hat *toques* of black velvet, with plumes of white ostrich feathers, are in favor with married ladies; and a small dress hat is much worn in half dress, of hermit brown, trimmed with lemon color, pink or blue.

Little *sautoirs* are thrown over the neck, with low dresses; they are of barège silk, and

at each corner is a rose or a daisy, or a pomegranite, embroidered in gold or silver lama; the ground of these *sautoirs* is white, rose color, blue or lilac. During the severe season, ladies kept them on even while they were dancing. The embroidery of gold or silver on these handkerchiefs, rendered our balls quite splendid, in the strictest sense of the word.

I know not whether it is meant as an emblem of prudence, but our most fashionable ladies now add to their many bracelets, one representing a serpent; it is fabricated of black horse hair, and gold thread, or horse hair dyed green. This serpent has its tail in its mouth, thus forming a circle round the arm, as we see in the symbol of eternity; this is by no means applicable to beauty, which fades in so short a time. The head of the reptile is finely enamelled, and the eyes are of rubies or garnets. Clasps of gold fasten the mantles, and are in figures that discover much ingenuity in the jeweller, the following are most admired. One representing two towers, against which dash the waves of the sea; these are united by a chain, similar to that which incloses a fortress; next in favor are two pilgrims' shells, with a chain dividing them; and a third, two large flies, with a chain on each side of the strap in front.

Some of our fashion-mongers, I fancy, have been reading your Spectator, for a new fan exercise has been invented: it is, however, shorter than that described in that excellent work. Here, if a lady holds her fan downwards, almost pointing to the floor, she has some *question to ask a gentleman.* If she direct her fan backwards, towards the shoulder, be it to the right or to the left, the gentleman must try to get behind her chair, without being perceived, as she has something very *particular to say to him.* If the fan is carelessly thrown on a vacant place on the sofa, it is an invitation from the lady to take a seat by her, and proves that she has a desire to *chat a little* with the person she fixes her eyes on.

I have scarce left room to tell you, that the most favorite colors are cherry, rose, elodia blue, ponçeau, and flame color.

THE HIVE.

Wit.—There is no quality of the mind nor of the body that so instantaneously and irresistibly captivates as wit. An elegant writer has observed, that wit may do very well for a mistress, but that he should prefer reason for a wife. He that deserts the latter, and gives himself up entirely to the guidance of the former, will certainly fall into many quagmires, like him who walks by flashes of lightning, rather than by the steady beams of the sun. Wit is one of those few things which has been rewarded more often than it has been defined. A certain bishop said to his chaplain, "What is wit?" the chaplain replied, "the rectory of B***** is vacant, give it to me, and that will be wit." Prove it, said his lordship, and you shall have it. *It would be a good thing well applied,* rejoined the chaplain. The dinner daily prepared for the royal chaplains at St. James's, was reprieved *for a time,* from *suspension,* by an effort of wit. King Charles had appointed a day for dining with his chaplains, and it was understood that this step was adopted as the least *unpalatable* mode of putting an end to the dinner. It was Dr. South's turn to say the grace; and whenever the king honored his chaplains with his presence, the prescribed formula ran thus: "God save the king, and bless the dinner," our witty divine took the liberty of transposing the words, by saying, "God *bless* the king, and *save* the dinner." "*And it shall be saved,*" said the monarch.

Anger.—The ills of anger are numerous; it abridges life, as do all violent perturbations of the soul. But in condemning irascibility, which some unfortunately cannot help, I by no means encourage apathy: he that will not treat meanness with contempt, vice with indignation, haughtiness with disgust, nor use words winged with fire in support of sound principles, and in vindication of the virtuous and oppressed, wants the passions and energies of a man

Arrangement of thoughts.—We should manage our thoughts in composing a poem, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first, select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give lustre to each other; like the feathers in an Indian crown, which is so managed, that every one reflects its color and gloss on the next.

Diffusion of ideas.—The diffusion of ideas may be compared to the banyan tree, which expands its branches, and by expanding, meets the earth; thus oppressed with the weight of their luxuriance, wherever they touch, again strike root, thence in time a forest arises from a single stem.

Dr. Johnson.—A gentleman having used some arguments in favor of drinking, concluded with "You know, Sir, drinking drives away care, and makes one forget what is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink in that case?"—"Yes, Sir," replied Johnson. "*If he sat next to you.*"

The Pipe and Drummer.—The pride of the piper is very high. It is related that a Highland officer having, in obedience to orders, added a drum to his bagpipe, a spirit of jealousy soon afterwards rose between the piper and the drummer, respecting their title to precedence, which inflamed itself into personal animosity. At length the subject of their quarrel was submitted to the officer, who decided in favor of the drum; whereupon the piper indignantly exclaimed, "Odds zounds, Sir, shall a little rascal, that beats upon a sheep's-skin, tak the right-hand o' me, that am a musician?"

Captain Mackenzie.—After the battle which decided the fate of the unfortunate Charles Stuart, parties of his enemies were distributed for the purpose of seizing him in every direction. One day captain Mackenzie, and his little band were discovered and pursued, some of whom fled, and others threw down their arms and implored for mercy; but Mackenzie observed that his pursuers seemed very anxious to take him, he concluded that they mistook him for the prince; he accordingly, to confirm them in their mistake, defended himself with all the fury of desperation; upon which to secure the enormous reward offered for the pretender they shot him, when he exclaimed as he expired, "Villains, you have shot your prince!" thinking by this gallant stratagem to abate the ardor of pursuit after the royal fugitive. His head was immediately severed from his shoulders, and brought into the camp by those who slew him, with great exultation, when they were mortified by being informed, by a soldier, who knew the gallant captain, that it was the head of Mackenzie.

Law.—Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many bad cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

The essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first is the beginning, or *incipiendum;* the second the uncertainty, or *dubitandum;* the third delay, or *puzzliendum;* fourthly, *replication without endum;* and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum.*

Dress.—The first authors of variations in dress in France, were the two beautiful daughters of Catharine de Medicis, Elizabeth, who afterwards became the wife of Philip the 2nd of Spain, and Margaret, who was married in 1572 to Henry the 4th, then king of Navarre, and divorced from him in 1599, after he had ascended the throne of France. Elizabeth's genius for invention was of little use to her in the gloomy court of Spain, she however made amends for this restraint, by continually changing her apparel herself. She never wore any of her dresses a second time, though the most ordinary of them cost no less than 3 or

400 crowns. Queen Margaret seldom wore a mask, which the ladies of the court were accustomed to do. She once walked with her face uncovered in a procession on Palm Sunday, at Olois. Her beautiful hair sparkled with a profusion of pearls and diamonds. Her tall and stately figure was set off by a robe of the richest cloth of gold that had ever been seen in France. Had she not been so tall and strong as she was, she would have sunk beneath the weight of this garment, every yard of which had cost 100 crowns.

A Retort.—Pope was with sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew" said sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."

Lap Dogs.—The attachment of some French ladies to their lap-dogs, says Walpole, amounts in some instance to infatuation. I have heard of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, and his mistress thus expressed her compassion, "*Poor dear creature! I hope it won't make him sick.*"

Henry the Third of France.—His favorite occupations were dressing the queen's hair and his own, and *in starching and plaiting his own ruff and that of his consort.*

Mourning.—Henry the 3rd of France set the first example of mourning in *black*; the kings of France having been previously accustomed to mourn in *violet-colored* clothes. The lovely and unfortunate Ann Boleyn, wore *yellow* mourning for Catharine of Arragon. On the death of Ann Boleyn, Henry put on *white* mourning. The Chinese mourn in *white*

Sir Isaac Newton.—Sir Isaac Newton, though so deep in algebra and fluxions, could not readily make up a common account; and, when he was master of the Mint, used to get somebody to make up his account for him. Sir Isaac a little before he died said: "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to be only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Inheritance by Females.—If Strabo's information be correct, among the Cantabrians, females alone inherited the property of their parents, and brothers received a marriage portion from their sisters. In the island of Metelin, the ancient Lesbos, daughters inherited to the exclusion of their brothers.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

CONTAINING THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, MUSIC, &c.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

As the town fills, it is to be hoped that the Italian Opera, will resume its wonted attraction. The ballet is already well-executed, several new dancers have appeared, and are a fair accession to the light heeled corps; a favorable circumstance to the manager, for every one must be aware that an interesting ballet is a main engine in London for working crowds into the pit.

In "*Tancredi,*" a Madame Borgondio took the principal part, in our opinion without the necessary qualifications for a *prima donna.* This lady is *no longer young*, and her powers do not enable her to reach the higher scale,

nor to finish the finer conceptions with that exquisite skill expected from this school. A Signor Reina also made his *debût;* he is a tenor, not unpleasing, and likely to be an acquisition to the company.

A new opera by Rossini, intitled "*La Donna del Lago*," the subject of which is taken from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," was performed on Tuesday (19th February) at this Theatre. The faults and the beauties of this composer, and the singular intermixture of both which prevails in all his works, have been frequently pointed out; and as we find in the present opera neither more care nor less genius than in those which have preceded it, few new remarks in the way of general criticism can be made on "*La Donna del Lago.*" A cavatina in the 1st act, "*Oh mattutini albori*," is extremely pleasing, with some very bold modulations. A quartett in the first finale, "*Ah celati oh affetto*," is full of pure and rich harmony. In that part of his operas Rossini's genius is always in a state of full exertion. Perhaps one of the finest passages is the supplication of *Roderic Dhu* by *Ellen* to spare *Fitzjames*; a very unnatural incident, not to be found in the poem, but which is expressed by the music in the most powerful and affecting manner. Madame Ronzi di Begnis was the heroine of the piece; and if her figure derogated in a slight degree from the portrait drawn by the poet, her excellent acting and singing removed every other impression. We have heard her in more perfect voice, but never more gifted with the beauties of style and expression. Signor Curioni, as the *Knight of Snowdon*, exhibited much energy; and his voice, which is acquiring greater strength, filled the house more completely than usual; he should be cautious not to task it too far; one imperfect or overstrained note spoils a whole movement. Signor Porto, who was *Douglas*, gave a bass song, in the first act, with considerable spirit, which produced an *encore;* and it is but justice to say, that his style is more dramatic and effective than at first. Signor Reina, the last new tenor, personated *Roderic Dhu;* he has also acquired greater confidence; but, to be really energetic, which seemed to be his aim last night, exceeds his power; the attempt was constantly fatal to his articulation. *Malcolm* was represented by Madame Vestris with success, particularly in the duets with Madame Ronzi di Begnis; the voices contrasted well and harmonized finely with each other. Those poor creatures, Clarini and Di Giovanni, had each a character, which, of course, was sacrificed. They should be pensioned off; no theatre in Europe could tolerate such performers. Of the use made of the story of Scott's poem, which is nearly deprived of all interest, we have perhaps no right to complain; it has shared the fate of all others introduced on this stage; yet there are incidents in it so admirably suited to dramatic effect, that it required no ordinary degree of perversion to omit them. This is the case, however, with the appearance of *Roderic Dhu's* clan, from the glen, during the interview with *Fitzjames*, who hold their meeting in a cave, into which, at a signal, some dozen of stragglers hasten. A story so familiar to an English audience is thus made ridiculous by want of taste, or parsimony. The choruses were very defective. The only new scene was the first in the piece, exhibiting a view of Loch Katrine and the surrounding mountains, but it was an extremely fine one. With all its faults, this has been by far the best performance, and the most attractive opera, of the present season.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The novelties here have been Liston's first appearance, as Tony Lumpkin, and Mrs. West's surpercession of Imogen. The former was received with loud applause, and the latter far excelled her predecessor. Of *Cymbeline*, we ought in justice to say, that a Mr. Younge (we believe) performed an inferior part with a degree of judgment which merits a distinct notice.

Mr. Kean has appeared in Lear, with the tragical conclusion of Shakspeare restored, instead of the mutilated tragi-comedy of our modern times. Of this alteration we would, under any circumstances, cordially approve, but we the more approve of it in the present instance, as it afforded the performer an opportunity of making the most powerful effects which he produced in the whole play. Kean's Lear, though not his best part, has some of his greatest touches, and his theatrical talent is as apparent in it as even in Othello, or Richard

III. We feel that he has not mind to grapple with the whole of this transcendently natural and pathetic character, and that there is a coarse thread running through the entire texture of his representation of it, but there are several such masterly and redeeming passages, it is impossible to see and hear them without admiration of the irregular genius by which they are conceived, and the affecting truth with which they are executed.

Miss Stephens made her first appearance at this theatre, as Lucy Bertram, in *Guy Mannering*. She was received with loud plaudits, which, however, did not seem to warm her into exertion, for she was throughout the piece unusually cold and languid; perhaps she did not feel at home on the new stage, for which she has deserted her old friends, and warm allies through all her succeeding public life. Yet Liston was there to countenance her, and played Dominie Sampson at every point in the rich coloring with which he exaggerates the part, and renders it so ludicrously amusing, while it is so far from a just portraiture, as extravagance is from reality, caricature from likeness, or art from nature. Braham, in Henry Bertram, gave not only the songs belonging to the drama, but sundry introductions, in his own ornate and surpassing style, with which style, *en passant*, no one ever finds fault, unless it be when heard in imitators, who fail, as they all do, to approach the finish of their delightful prototype. Miss Povey acquitted herself charmingly in the airs allotted to Julia. A Mr. Sherwin, from York, made a very successful *debût* as Dandie Dinmont, and promises to be a valuable comic acquisition to these boards. Dirk Hatterick, by Mr. Younge, was a commendable performance.

The opera of Artaxerxes has been represented at this theatre with great strength in the principal characters; Braham and Miss Stephens exerted themselves to the utmost, and drew down enthusiastic applause. The new farce of *Deaf as a Post*, was but poorly received.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

A Mr. Bennett, from the Bath Theatre, entered upon the arduous field of dramatic composition in the capital, by appearing as Richard III. His attempt displayed considerable talent, but in respect to the Richards whom the stage already possesses, there was nothing to encourage his views upon the walk of tragedy which they occupy. In person, Mr. Bennett, is well-formed, and of an athletic cast; his countenance is what may be called ordinary good, not incapable of expression, but as far as we witnessed in this part, not moulded to pourtray the subtle workings of passion.

Nigel, or the Crown Jewels, a play compounded from the novel of Nigel, has been produced at this theatre; it is a shewy, well-acted, and tolerably interesting piece, though in parts rather languid, and generally unimpressive. In forsaking the novel, the author has what is called *adapted* the changes for scenic effect with considerable alterations in character and incident. It was well-received, and the slight opposition, to particular passages on the first night, has been evaded by their omission. As a shew of the manners of elder times, we think Nigel will be very acceptable for a period; but it is hardly calculated to be so very popular as to have what the players call a "great run."

After the *Comedy of Errors*, in which Miss Paton sang for the first time, and with great taste and power, a new farce was produced under the title of *The Duel, or the Two Nephews*. It is one of the pleasantest trifles that have been brought out for many a season. The plot turns on the visit of two nephews to an uncle, in a remote part of the country, one of whom is a sentimental lieutenant, concealing himself after a duel, and the other an amateur in prize-fighting, and other excellent recreations of London. The hero of "the fancy" (Jones) passes himself off as the lieutenant, and makes an Irish bruiser (Connor) personate the surgeon of the vessel; and the old gentleman, who is a finely bred aristocrat, and talks of "his elegant friend, Lord Chesterfield," is astounded at their jargon, which he takes for naval slang, and shocked at the manner in which they speak of a recent fight, which he mistakes for the fatal duel. The humor of this scene is excellently kept up by Farren, Jones, and Connor; but, perhaps, it is less original and racy than the scenes in which a little cockney tailor figures with a bailiff's follower, whom he has brought down to arrest the blustering nephew for his bill, and who commands him at

his pleasure. Keeley's performance of this part is as complete as possible. The farce is full of puns and equivokes, some of which are neither new nor good; but there are among them palpable hits. Where the uncle reads in a slang letter "a hundred rats," and adds sagely, "This must be some political allusion," the house manifested their pleasure by three rounds of applause. The piece was highly relished by the audience, and announced for repetition without a dissentient voice.

SURREY THEATRE.

On Thursday, the 6th of February, a new drama, founded on the last Scotch novel of Peveril of the Peak, bearing the same title, was produced at this theatre, and received throughout with unanimous applause. Miss Edmiston, as the countess of Derby, and Mrs. Pindar, as Finella, were unusually effective: the scenery was beautiful. This drama is written by Mr. Ball, the highly successful author of "the Fortunes of Nigel," which has already been represented upwards of sixty nights.

Mr. Putnam's readings and recitations given at the Argyle Rooms, attracted a numerous assemblage of elegant company. He was most warmly cheered throughout, and the evening's entertainments were announced for repetition amidst very warm peals of applause.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

Opera Comique.—*Les Infideles*, an opera in one act.

In general, the infidelity of lovers causes the wretchedness of its victims, but here it has a contrary effect. Two lovers who break the vow of constant affection, each experience an increase of tenderness. An absence of six months causes a total change, one is deluded by the sister of her to whom he had pledged his faith; the other has met with a young colonel, who has made her forget him to whom she had vowed eternal constancy.

In the mean time, the moment is at hand that is fixed for the marriage of the ex-lovers. What must they do to avoid this fatal *denouement?* The future husband takes it in his head to confess, through means of his servant, that he has been robbed of the sum of 200,000 franks, and therefore he is become almost a ruined man; the faithless lover is in hopes, that, with the idea of his having no fortune, he shall be repulsed; but he is cruelly disappointed, for the misfortune he has experienced only serves to render more sacred, those ties which were formerly made with him, and his sudden and unforeseen ruin is an additional reason for the young widow, who had once plighted to him her faith, to renounce the new affection she entertained for another, and to think only on him to whom she had first given her vows.

However, an incident takes place that imparts hope to all the lovers. A neighbouring notary writes, that a part of the 200,000 franks has been found, and they hope to recover the whole. It is easy to imagine that the new lover of the widow is the notary who wrote the letter; at length, every thing is explained, and the piece finishes by remarking that those who do not love should not marry, and that those who really love, cannot do better than to bestow their hands on each other.

The music of this opera is not scientific, but it is very pleasing. The piece altogether is lively, and not deficient in stage effect.

Second Theatre Français.—*Mathilde*, a tragedy in five acts.

This tragedy is taken from Madame Cottin's romance, and it is no great trouble for a dramatist to follow the story traced out for him by a romance writer. Mathilde, as every one who has read this interesting romance knows, is the daughter of Richard Coeur de Lion, who commands the crusaders at Jerusalem; she is a captive to the soldan of Egypt, and she owes her liberty to the brave Maleck-Adhal, the soldan's brother. He conducts her into the camp of the christians; her father informs her that he has disposed of her hand to Lusignan; but Mathilde feels more than gratitude for her deliverer, and Maleck has also conceived the most ardent passion for Mathilde, but the lovers are bereft of hope. In the mean time two ambassadors from the Ottoman court present themselves before the camp of Richard and sue for peace; and as a ratification they propose the marriage of Maleck with Mathilde.

It may easily be imagined that such proposals will be rejected by the christians, and that the war will only be carried on with fresh vigour. In this warlike ardor, the brave Montmorenci gives orders to the Turkish envoys to carry a challenge to Maleck-Adhal; it is hastily accepted, especially as one of the ambassadors is the soldan's brother in disguise, who had taken this opportunity of seeing his Mathilde, with whom he has contrived to effect a private interview. The two lovers swear eternal constancy, but Maleck is soon discovered and surprised by Lusignan, who has him put in irons. This incident very naturally prevents his fighting against Monmorenci, and forces an old warrior, his companion, to combat in his stead.

However, Montmorenci, though he is for war, is only for honorable warfare; he obtains the liberty of Maleck, who returns to the Turkish camp. A terrible combat takes place. The standards of the cross and the crescent stream in the air, but in the end the cross is triumphant, Maleck is mortally wounded, and expires in the arms of Mathilde, after having been converted to christianity.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.—*Les Bouviers ou la Route de Poissy.*

This theatre is in a state of improvement, the above piece is a very sprightly production, and offers a charming caricature. The principal characters are a dealer in oxen, and a dealer in sheep; they are both very rich, and have been, in consequence, enabled, one of them to give his son, the other his daughter, a most brilliant education. The two young people have met with each other, and are inspired with mutual love, but they both fear to confide their origin to each other; at length, however, all is discovered through a young Irishman, who is captivated by the charms of the young lady; this Irishman has been taken by the lover for the father of his beloved, and she imagines he is the father of her suitor. The end, however, of this lively little piece is the marriage of these two accomplished young persons.

This Vaudeville has much merit, and offers a pleasing picture of nature; the author is a M. Francis.

THEATRE DE LA PORTE ST. MARTIN.

If a melodrama offers enough of murder and assassination, it is sure to succeed. To the *Two Galley Slaves*, lately represented at this theatre with so much success, has followed *Elfrida;* who, though not condemned to the gallies, is well deserving, not only of that punishment, but to die by the executioner: under pretence of a just revenge against a lover and a rival, she gives herself up to the commission of the most horrible perfidies, and the most atrocious attempts.

The public do not greatly admire these beautiful horrors; however, if they have hissed often, they applauded oftener; the authors of this piece are men of unrivalled talents, and it is eminently successful.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

The Confederates. A story. London, 3 vols. 12mo.

AFTER being inundated, almost to satiety, with Scotch novels, wherein days and manners long gone by, are mixed up and garnished with much fiction, we really feel quite refreshed by the perusal of a well written modern novel, that, in excellent language, paints the various shades of the human character such as they really are, and gives us a lively and interesting picture of the present century. Such we may fairly and impartially pronounce is comprised in the volumes before us.

The story of the *Confederates* is striking; and awfully interesting—but why Richard Holtofte, who is the *actual* murderer of Mr. Mac-Eure, should escape conviction, after what has been proved, and be suffered to live to a great age, we are at a loss to conceive; we are not lawyers so as to decide sufficiently on this head, and we suppose, as Holtofte was acquitted before, he was allowed, though the principal actor, to be evidence against his employer; this may be, perhaps, more natural, but it does not aid the cause of morality, to let such a wretch die in his bed; the writer of fiction is invested with much power, and can kill or make live as he pleases. The Count de Norbrun is also, we suppose, one of the confederates, who, we think, might well have been dispensed with; it certainly, gives an

opportunity to a very moral and entertaining author to expose the Rosicrusian system, and the writer of the confederates cannot more heartily despise the wicked pretensions of the sect of *illuminati* than we do.

In order to introduce the story of David Alderstoke, the prime actor among these confederates, the author has given us a most pleasing history of the family of a wealthy country squire, married to a woman of quality. A picture truer to nature could hardly have been sketched; and those who have any knowledge of the world, and the different human beings that compose that world, on their perusal of this amusing work, we are assured, will entirely coincide in our opinion. We fancy that we are introduced immediately to the hero, in the young collegian. No such thing; the hero is one we should never have suspected, much less that he would become the husband of Mary Mac-Eure, whom, from the very first we marked out as the heroine, and a sweet, natural, and prudent character she shews herself, throughout the work. This lovely girl is the niece of the squire, Mr. Cothelston, and the daughter of the unfortunate, murdered Mac-Eure, who has long been separated from his wife, and from failure in business is supposed to be gone over to America; a voyage that his murderers have prevented, who have made themselves masters of his property; badly acquired, certainly, because concealed from his creditors. Mr. Cothelston and Lady Arabella have two daughters, and though the young collegian pays his devoirs almost exclusively to the eldest, he finishes by becoming the husband of her sister Jacqueline; we are sorry, however, that Clara is not provided with a partner for life; for she is no more faulty than other young women of fashion, who, well read, and mentally gifted, are apt to think too well of themselves. But, whatever little disappointment may befal the reader, he will be amply repaid by the gratification he will feel in the perusal of these volumes; which though free of all book making subterfuge, are nevertheless of rather a disheartening thickness, as we take them up, and consider, that the work is only a fiction. We, however, have read every line with the sincerest pleasure, and many passages more than twice over. The pages of this story contain lessons of morality blended with the purest principles of christian benevolence; and while our visible faculties are frequently excited, our serious feelings and reflections are, at other times, most sensibly awakened.

The Heir of Foiz; a Dramatic Sketch, *The False One*, and other Poems. By the Rev. C. Swan, late of Catharine Hall, Cambridge. London, 1 vol. 8vo.

The Heir of Foiz, as we have generally heard him named, was the memorable Gaston; his illegitimate brother plots against his life, has him thrown into prison, where Gaston's wife, Isabel, visits him in the disguise of a monk. Gaspard, the bastard brother, at length causes Gaston to take poison; he is soon after liberated, but it is too late, and Isabel dies with grief.

From the few characters in this sketch, and a dearth of incident, it may be easily discovered that a drama of such a nature would never suit the stage. Most of the speeches are too long; but they are good, and evince much poetical talent. We dislike the character of Lucinda; for she is neither good nor bad, and we scarce know what to make of her; she is jealous of Isabel, she loves Gaston, she admires the person of Gaspard, and in the last scene discovers an admiration of virtue, and evinces sentiments that do not seem in unison with such a character.

The speech of Isabel as she kneels by the corpse of her husband, before her own death, is very beautiful, and will serve to give an idea of the language in this drama.

"ISABEL.

"(*Kneeling across the body.*)

"Who talks of death?
Are we not born to die? to fill a space,
A little space in this dark world, and presently
Seek out a darker grave? Lie there—lie there,
Thou that wert full of loveliness; the brave—
The beautiful—rest in thy narrow home!
There passion stirs not, and the open heart
That trusted to the smile of perfidy,
Is cold—but 'tis at peace! it glows no more—
The quick'ning pulse of rapture's triumph beats not—
But sorrows—sorrows die! Oh! what am I?
A very wretch upon the earth; I turn
Around me and seek comfort,—there is none!

Misery is all mine own—I see—I feel it;
The venomed arrow presses on my heart,
And will not be withdrawn."

The poem intitled "Moonlight," is a very pleasing production; we are sorry our limits will not allow us to offer any extracts from it. "The False One" is taken from an old incident in Holinshed. It is a well told tale altogether; though somewhat heavy and prolix. The volume concludes with a few light poems on various subjects; we should imagine the juvenile effusions of the writer. Among these we much admire that commencing with the following line:

"Oh! lightly press yon verdant sod."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Private life of Maria Antoinette, queen of France. By Madame Campan. Paris, 3 vols.

Mademoiselle Genet, now Madame Campan, whose portrait is prefixed to this work, was only fifteen years of age when she was appointed reader to Mesdames, the aunts of Louis XVI. Marie-Antoinette, then Dauphiness, was often present at the readings that took place at the apartments of madame Victoire. Louis XV. gave mademoiselle Genet a wedding portion of 5000 livres per annum, and she was married to monsieur Campan, son to the secretary of the queen's cabinet.

"I will make known," madame Campan says, "the true character of Marie Antoinette, her constant habits—her maternal love—the employment of her time—her constancy in friendship—and her dignity under misfortune."

During a period of twenty years, since the festival of the dauphin's marriage, till the outrage on the 10th of August, madame Campan never quitted Maria Antoinette. She informs us, that she was repulsed by Petion, on her imploring of him the favour of being imprisoned with the queen in the temple.

When the unfortunate event took place, occasioned by the fire-works, at the time of the marriage, the dauphin and the dauphiness gave up a whole year of their revenue, to relieve the families belonging to those who had suffered by this fatal disaster. This, as well as most other incidents related by madame Campan, has nothing novel in it; for this and many others she dwells upon, have been repeated over and over again by the eulogists of this unhappy queen. She dwells upon this melancholy event in the following manner:—

"Nothing could console Marie Antoinette when she heard of the death of so many innocent victims: she spoke of it to her ladies, weeping bitterly: when one of them, thinking, no doubt, to divert her thoughts from the painful subject, told her that a great number of known pick-pockets had been discovered among the dead bodies, with their pockets filled with watches and jewels. 'Ah!' added the lady who gave her this information, 'they have, however, been severely punished.' 'Oh! no, no, madame,' replied the dauphiness, 'they died by the side of honest people.'"

When Louis XVI. was looking over the papers of his grandfather, he promised the queen to communicate to her whatever he might find relative to the history of the man with the iron mask. "I was," writes madame Campan, "with the queen, when the king having terminated his researches, told her he had found nothing in the private papers that was any way analogous to the existence of the prisoner; that he had spoken of it to monsieur de Maurepas, who, on account of his great age, might have heard something of this anecdote through the ministers of that time; and that M. de Maurepas had assured him, that he was merely a prisoner of a very dangerous character from his spirit of intrigue, and that he was a subject of the duke of Mantua. They drew him to the frontiers, had him put under arrest, and kept him in close confinement, first at Pignerol then at the Bastile. This change from one prison to the other, took place because the governor of the former became governor of the latter. He was well acquainted with all the stratagems of his prisoner, and, therefore, the prisoner followed the jailor. Such is the *true** history of the man with the iron mask: and so was it written and published about twenty years ago. Researches for this history were made in the depot for foreign affairs, and thence the real truth was brought to light, and made

* The famous marshel de Richelieu also asserts as a *truth*, the he was twin brother to Louis XIV. Which are we to believe?

known to the public: but that public, always willing to credit the marvellous, would not allow the authenticity of the above researches. Every one leant on the authority of Voltaire, and the world is yet willing to believe, that the men with the iron mask, was an adulterous, or a twin brother to Louis XIV. He lived many years in prison, wearing always an iron mask over his face. The whimsical circumstance of this mask, perhaps, might simply arise from the custom that is common in Italy to both sexes, that of wearing a mask of velvet when their faces are exposed to the sun. It is very possible that the Italian captive might have been seen on the terrace of his prison with his face covered in that manner. As to the silver plate which this celebrated prisoner threw out of his window, it is well known that this incident took place, but it was to Valzin, in the time of cardinal de Richelieu: and they have added this anecdote to the many fabulous ones invented on account of the Piedmontese prisoner."

Those who are acquainted with the many different works written on the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV., down to the present family of the Bourbons, will find little more than book-making in the above volumes, with the evident motive of pleasing the present reigning family of France: we were ever among the first to reject the cruel calumnies disseminated against the unfortunate Maria Antoinette; nevertheless, we certainly could not regard her as that absolute model of perfection, which her eulogists would endeavour to make us believe Queens are not exempt from the frailties of humanity; but this queen has not *one* fault, if we may credit her adulators.

Madame Campan says, that there is but two good likenesses of the queen Marie Antoinette; and one was taken by Werthmuller, chief painter to the king of Sweden, and sent to Stockholm: the other was taken by madame le Brun, and exhibited at the Museum, some years ago, and a copy was afterwards executed on the tapestry, among the productions of the royal manufactures. Madame de Campan writes as follows, concerning this portrait; and we must say, it is a resemblance never before discovered.

"There reigns in this picture a striking similarity with that of Henrietta of France, the wife of the unfortunate Charles I, painted by Vandyck; like Maria Antoinette, she is represented sitting, surrounded by her children; and this analogy adds to the melancholy interest excited by this beautiful production." . . .

As far as relates to the fate of these unhappy queens, it may; but who can imagine any likeness between the sweetly feminine, *mutine*, and truly *French* countenance of Henrietta, with the aquiline nose, Austrian lip, and dignified countenance of Maria Antoinette?

The following trifling anecdote is among others Madame Campan relates of this ill-fated queen; who, however, we have been credibly informed, wore artificial flowers after she was thirty.

"Before Maria Antoinette had attained the age of twenty-five, she fancied that flowers should no longer form a part of her dress. It may be easily imagined that this idea gained her many praises and compliments, answering to the doubts she had expressed. The queen, as she approached me, seemed to promise herself to be guided by my judgment, as to the time she ought to leave off wearing flowers. 'Weigh this well,' said she, 'and from this day, give me notice, frankly, the moment flowers will be no longer suitable to my age.' 'I shall do no such thing, Madame,' replied I, immediately, 'I have not read Gil Blas for nothing, and I find the command of your majesty too much resembling that which he received from the archbishop of Toledo, that he would warn him when he found that prelate begin to flag in the composition of his homilies.' 'Go along with you,' said the queen, 'you are not so sincere as Gil Blas, but I should be more generous than the archbishop of Toledo.'

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Bonbonniere Musicale.—A set of easy and agreeable Pieces, composed and fingered for the Pianoforte, by J. Moscheles.—Clementi & Co.

The 1st of these *Bijoux* is an *Allegro*; the 2nd, an *Andantino*; the 3rd, an *Allegro sherzo*; the 4th, a *Rondo*; the 5th, an *Allegro Tempo dimarcia*; the 6th, an *Andantino Al'Espanole*; the 7th, an *Allegretto Ala Russe*; and the last, an *Allegro Al'Allemande*. These pieces are very attractive, and cannot fail to please, especially as the pupil will find

no great difficulties in the execution. Mr. Moscheles has displayed great fertility of invention and originality, particularly in the last three pieces, which are truly characteristic.

Haydn's celebrated Symphony, performed at Salomon's Concert, adapted for the Piano-forte with accompaniments for a *Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad libitum)* by S. T. Rimbault. No. 16. Hodsoll.

Mr. Hodsoll's collection of symphonies has met with such success, that we deem it needless to say any thing in commendation. The major part of the pianoforte arrangements, although familiar, are by no means common-place, and will suit most capacities. Mr. Rimbault's greatest *forte* seems to be the rendering easy of difficult passages. We are sorry, that we cannot comment on the accompaniments, which did not come to our hands.

Three Airs, from Haydn's Creation, arranged for the piano forte, with a flute accompaniment, and dedicated to his friend Hamerton. John Williams Esq. by Joseph de Pinna. Clementi and Co.

The arrangement of the first air, "*The marv'lous works*," is very good, and the constructed passages are characteristic of the subject.

The beauty of the second air "*With verdure clad*," seems to have elevated Mr. P—— fancy; this is a pleasing lesson for young performers. The third air "*In native worth*," is likewise well contrived, and we doubt not will bestow no small relief after the early stages of instruction.

Hodsoll's 6th set of Fashionable Caledonian Quadrilles.

These qurdrilles have been selected from the most favorite Scotch ballads, and need no commendation, they are well worth purchasing, the price is only two shillings.

Hodsoll's 32nd number of Favorite Country Dances for the piano forte.

The major part of the country dances are common place; this selection, however, has been well chosen, and may rank among the first we have seen for a long while, the basses are unusually good.

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

In Woburn Place, the lady of Cornwell Baron Wilson, Esq. of a daughter, on the 26th January.

On Tuesday February 11th. in Gower Street, the lady of David Lousad, Esq. of a son.

On Friday 7th February, the wife of John Probyn, Esq. surgeon, Long-lane, Bermondsey, of a son.

On Monday the 10th February, in Chapel Street, Grosvenor Square, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Boulton, of a daughter.

On the 28th January, at Florence, the lady of Dr. Seymour, of a son.

On the 21st January, at Boulogne-sur-mer, the lady of William Harvey, Esq. of a daughter.

On Saturday 8th February, the lady of Thomas B. Williams, of Paddington, Esq. of a son.

On Wednesday the 12th February, at Wallington, Surry, the lady of Thomas F. Reynolds, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Port Louis, Mauritius, on the 2nd October, 1822, by the Rev. E. Jones, George Simson Laurenson, 1st Lieut. Bengal artillery, second son of Colonel Laurenson of Inverighty, Forfarshire, Scotland, to Mary Anne, 4th daughter of Thomas Mather, Esq.

Lately at Paris, at the Mairie of the ninth *arrondissement*, Edward Gould Monk, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Marie Amanda, fourth daughter of Joseph and Françoise Ann Moulon, late of Versailles.

DEATHS.

On Sunday February 9th. Charles Johnston, Esq. aged 31. eldest son of John Johnston, Esq. of Danson, Kent.

On Saturday night, 8th February, Robert Blake, of Essex Street, and of Lymister, Sussex, Esq. M. P. for Arundel.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE;

FOR APRIL 1823.

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4. The Lament of a Poor Primrose Girl, written by Mr. Edward Ball, the Music composed by Miss F. E. Copeland, and engraved expressly for this miscellany.

LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the pressure of other matter, our Music Report is deferred till next month.

E. E. C. is received, as also the communication of our fair correspondent in Scotland, whose advice shall be attended to.—We are always happy to receive the hints of E. I., they invariably command our attention: the article she alludes to would be very acceptable.—Robert and Bertha—Monsieur Theodore Tickle'em in our next.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to postpone forwarding their several contributions beyond the 18th of the month, either to Messrs. WHITTAKERS, Ave Maria Lane, or Mr. SAM's Royal Supscription Library, Pall Mall, otherwise their insertion cannot be depended on, as the Magazine is partially arranged for the press on the above-mentioned date.

We must again repeat our request, that our literary friends, who send the notices of "Works in the Press," would be less tardy. We should have all such intelligence by the 16th or 17th of the preceding month to the publication of our magazine, at the farthest.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West-Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months. Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave Maria Lane, and to W. SAMS, Royal Subscription Library, Pall Mall.

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

APRIL, 1823.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For APRIL, 1823.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Seventy-three.

MISS BENGER.

Miss Benger is descended from a respectable family in the county of Wilts. Her father, who was a naval officer, she lost early in life, and in consequence of this deprivation, her means were diminished for the full gratification of that thirst fòr knowledge, by which, from childhood, she had been distinguished. Yet notwithstanding the cheerless solitude of her first years, her literary ardour was not to be repressed, nor did her talents long remain in obscurity: they were first discovered and cherished by the benevolent sympathy of kindred genius, and Miss Benger has ever since continued to be highly appreciated by the most distinguished of her cotemporaries.

Many of Miss Benger's early works, both in prose and verse, were published anonymously, and still remain so. There are others of her productions, which, though they have failed to become popular, are of acknowledged merit; among these is her "Poem on the Slave Trade," written in 1809, forming, in conjunction with Montgomery and Grahame, a volume commemorating the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Within the last few years, she has been eminently successful in Biography. Her "Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton" are well known, as well as the "Life of Tobin." The "Life of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII.," and her last work, "Memoirs of Mary Stewart," have completely established her reputation in that department.

We subjoin, as specimens of Miss Benger's poetry, a short introductory poem, in the work alluded to on the Slave Trade, and an extract from the poem itself.

Introductory Poem to Miss Benger's Work on the Slave Trade.

—

PROMETHEUS DELIVERED.

'Come, outcast of the human race,
'Prometheus, hail thy destined place!
'This rock protects the dark retreat,
'Unvisited by earthly feet;
'We only shall thy mansion share,
'Who haunt the chambers of despair!
'The Vulture, here, thy loathed mate—
'Rapacious minister of fate!
'Compels life's ruddy stream to part
'With keenest torture from thy heart.
'Yet not to perish art thou doomed,
'Victim unspared, but unconsumed;
'Death shall not sap thy wall of clay,
'That penal being mocks decay;
'Live, conscious inmate of the grave,
'Live, outcast, captive, victim, slave!'
The Furies ceased; the wrathful strain
Prometheus hears, and, pierced with pain,
Rolls far around his hopeless gaze,
This realm of wretchedness surveys;
Then maddening with convulsive breath,
He moans or raves, imploring death.
Thus hours on hours unnumbered past,
And each more lingering than the last;
When lo! before his glazed sight,
Appears a form in dauntless might.
'Tis he! Alcides, lord of fame!
The friend of man, his noblest name!
Swift from his bow the arrow flies,
And prone the bleeding vulture lies.
He smites the rock, he rends the chain,
Prometheus rises man again!
Such, AFRICA, thy suffering state!
Outcast of nations, such thy fate!
The ruthless rock, the den of pain,
Were thine,—O, long deplored in vain,
Whilst Britain's virtue slept! at length
She rose in majesty and strength;
And when thy martyred limbs she viewed,
Thy wounds unhealed and still renewed,
She wept; but soon with graceful pride,
The Vulture, Avarice, she defied,
And wrench'd him from thy reeking side;
In Britain's name, then, called thee forth,
Sad exile, to the social hearth,
From baleful Error's realm of night
To Freedom's air, and Reason's light.

Extract from the Poem on the Slave Trade.

In this our human world, this goodly frame
Of life, directed to immortal aim,
All ages one ungrateful truth attest,
That man is most by brother man opprest.
If distant nations breathe the kindred sigh,
If mis'ry form for all a common tie,
What hand has wrought the universal chain,
But Man's, the great artificer of pain?
From this terrestrial soil some ills arise,
Faint types of those his fatal art supplies.
What though the globe should fail—the floods o'erleap
Their ancient bourn—the swift-wing'd whirlwind sweep
O'er the sweet fields that bask in summer's bloom!—
Should parent earth her living sons entomb,—
The vital gales diffuse a tainted breath—
And change the city to the den of death?
Man from these sources draws the stream along,
Crimes mock calamity, woe springs from wrong;
The passions are his elements; his will
Directs their force, omnipotent in ill!
See War, arch-engine of his ruthless power,
In gathering clouds the hostile legions lower;
These, where they move, fair nature's face deform,
Swift as the lightening, ruder than the storm;
By these, fierce flames the tranquil deep invade,
The springing fiend lies withered in the blade;
From earth to heaven the thunder's shock ascends;
The mountain groans—the aged forest bends;
The Furies issue from their loath'd abode,
And wildly darken desolation's road.
But has the havoc ceased? its wrecks remain,
Victors and vanquish'd, favour'd most the slain.
By Man's conscription, in how brief a space
All woes conspire to curse the human race!
Nature and passion cruel conflict wage,
Here want, there rapine, pestilence and rage—
The tortur'd frame—the anguish unappeas'd—
Ambition's martyr'd will—the soul diseas'd—
These haunt the tents; and last, in lonely state
Remote from all, supremest curse of fate,
Comes hard captivity, stern grief, that bears
No kindly fellowship with human tears.
All human archives in this truth accord,
That feeble man is Ruin's mighty lord;
States rise and fall as ages roll away,
But vice survives, the passions ne'er decay;
New tyrants start, where conquest once has been,
The drama constant, tho' transposed the scene!

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

STRICTURES ON THE POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. 9.—Samuel Rogers, Esq.

——— A laurell'd bard, by fortune rais'd.

"The Pleasures of Memory," the poem on which the fame of Mr. Rogers solely rests, is happy in the choice of its subject, since it is one in which all can feel sympathy and interest. No passion is, perhaps, more universal than the love of looking back, and even undervaluing the present, to adorn the past. As man advances on the tide of time, the receding waters are continually carrying from his grasp something that becomes valuable the moment it is lost, and it may probably be traced to that inconsistency of the mind, as well as the thousand other associations connected with former scenes, that the time gone by is ever viewed with fond regret, and expatiated upon in all the minutiæ of detail. It is happy there is such a reserve: for the pleasures of age—alas! are few—and they who are yet in the spring of existence, will do well to mark a course that will afford pleasure in the dull days of retrospective enjoyment. If virtue misses every other reward, she is at least *sure* of *this:* when calmly sitting down in the decline of life, to retrace the days of youth, and track the devious path we have trod through life, every good we have done, though it has been returned with ingratitude, will come sweet to our recollection; the injuries we have nobly suffered, and generously forgiven, will return to us as pleasures, at least with pride; and in all *honorable* pride there is a portion of pleasure. If our conduct has been marked by integrity—if our social duties have been performed, not only with, what mere duty demanded, but with the superadded charms of tenderness and affection, how heavenly are the feelings with which we look back! Ruminating on some dear being, long laid "to moulder in the dust from whence he sprung," we can exclaim, "He is long since lost to me!—but I have *this* satisfaction—he had no wish I did not gratify, and, if possible, anticipate; I never wounded his ear with a word rudely spoken, or unkindly meant; to mitigate his sorrows, to enhance his joys was the study of my life: I have then no defalcation of duty—no cold or careless inattention, to add corroding self-reproach to the bitterness of our earthly separation."

If we would but allow ourselves sometimes to dwell on the transitory nature of existence, the uncertainty of all human events, and the infinite unhappiness that results to survivors from the neglect and disregard of the dictates of duty, humanity and affection, we should certainly be less selfish, and family disunion would be less frequent. When death appears in the scene, how soon the ball of contention drops, and how vainly we lament having embittered the brief period of our union, by dissention on a subject in all probability not worth it. If much may be said on the *pleasures* of memory, how much more could we not expatiate on its *pains!* The cruel husband—the unkind wife—the negligent parent—the unnatural child—each present an image of despair when we look at them, as they sit alone communing with their own hearts. Memory will echo back words of bitterness, which they once uttered to wound others, but which now, like the recoil of a poisoned arrow, wounds only themselves; they see scenes in which they left the sufferers without solace—they now want the peace which they denied to them; they recal opportunities of con-

ferring benefits, or evincing love, which they voluntarily neglected. Oh! could they recal them! 'tis impossible: opportunity once lost is never regained. In the wildness of remorse they would rend the dark repository of death, and tear forth the tenant of the tomb to witness their contrition. 'Tis too late—the heart they tortured is insensible! The eye from which they wrung so many tears, cannot see theirs—and the hand to which in life they refused the pressure of affection—*is dust!*

Carried away by the subject, we are forgetting this is a review, and not a dissertation, and to take a very good, and somewhat apt quotation from Mr. Rogers:

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the varied avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.

From this "control" we must spring while we have yet power, for it is a subject that holds strongly on us. Mr. Rogers has formed himself in the school of Goldsmith. We allow the sweetness of "The Pleasures of Memory," but we can award little of the praise of genius to its author. To all the higher attributes of the poet he is a stranger, and on a less felicitous subject he had been a less popular writer.

"Human Life," which is a complete failure, is only harping on a string of his old lyre; and he would have done well to examine the instrument, to ascertain whether time had not impaired it, ere he had trusted it to wake another strain. Of his minor poems few are worth preserving, and some futile to absurdity, such as "To a Friend on his Marriage," consisting of *four* lines such as any one could write.

"Dear is my little Native Vale" is a pretty little song, which is too well known for us to transcribe. "The Wish" has the charm of simplicity to recommend it:

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
  A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
  With many a fall shall linger near.
The swallow oft beneath my thatch
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal, a welcome guest.
Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each favorite flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
  In russet gown and apron blue.
The village church among the trees,
  Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peal shall swell the breeze,
  And point with taper spire to heaven.

The Notes to Mr. R.'s poems, especially to "Human Life," are such as we cannot but feel as mere repetitions of what every body knows, for the common course of historical reading must render the generality of mankind familiar with all the information they contain; they are also frequently quite unnecessary to the illustration of the poetry. The following strongly reminds us of Goldsmith:

The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here!
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams.
* * * *
We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey);
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.

The concluding lines of this passage are weak and absurd:

As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may such goodness live,"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Of a work so well known, and so long before the Public, we shall forbear to make further extracts. Its author has had the satisfaction of reaping the field of fame himself. Whether his tomb will be visited with as much deference and admiration as is his temple, now in St. James's-place, is a question. Speaking from our own judgment, which, though we have presumed to erect ourselves into critics, is liable to the fallibility of all human things, we re-

gard Mr. Rogers as one much indebted to the advantages of circumstance and education, without being greatly a creditor to nature. Invention and originality, fire and pathos, are not to be sought in any thing he has produced. Conscientiously speaking, we should say he was a respectable versifier, a man of education, and certainly of amiable feelings; but this is saying little for his title as a *poet*, and is a proof how far situation, and the support of contemporary talent, will carry a writer on the tide of public favor. Of the many luminous instances of genius that have lived in obscurity and neglect, for want of those advantages, we need say nothing; where the despondency consequent on misery has not operated against *all* effort, the productions of those gifted, but ill-fated beings, have sprung to light, with a lustre little dreamed of by the mind that produced them, and given them glory when they were no longer conscious of it. This has been the case of the first names on the records of genius, while the exact reverse, as in the instance of Hayley, has been the fate of those whose ears have drank the honeyed sweets of praise, their writings have with themselves been reverently laid aside, and posterity has thought as much of disturbing the one as of disinhuming the other. It admits of some argument as to which fate is the most desirable: there was a time we should have decided in a moment for future fame;

"Oh! give me but to live in after ages!"

and have looked with heroic contempt on present suffering: but having since that time relinquished some of our romance, much to the advancement of our common-sense, we feel more inclined to lean to the other side of the question, and think a little respectable popularity, while we are alive, worth the loudest blasts from Fame's trumpet after we are dead, inasmuch as a bright hearth is better than a blazoned tombstone.

ALICE BOYCE.

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

With feelings that may be better conceived than described, Alice followed the servant who had summoned her from the parlor. She entered a small neat room, where a little man with a florid complexion was seated at a breakfast table, on which he was moving things about apparently without motive, as if suffering from extreme agitation; "Oh! shut the door, shut the door," cried he, in the querulous voice of old age. The servant shut the door, and retired. Alice timidly advanced. The Captain now rose slowly from his seat, and came towards her, saying, "this is a singular letter you have sent me—a very singular letter!" and taking her hand, he led her towards the window, and began to examine her countenance with an eye of scrutinizing inquiry. The changing color of his cheek soon attested the emotions of his heart, and drawing her to his breast,' he cried, in a tremulous voice, "you are, you must be the child of my unfortunate daughter!" and the old man burst into tears as he spoke. "Oh! sir, do you then acknowledge me?" exclaimed the weeping Alice. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and covered his face for a moment; then leading her to a seat, he took a chair by her, and kissing her, bade her give him the best detail she could of the story she had sketched in her letter. Her tears flowed profusely as she spoke, and his as he listened. He examined the writing—the hair—the ear-rings.—"This is her hand. Oh, I remember it too well!—I have her last letter—all that she left her father when she deserted him." He unlocked a little secretary as he spoke, and took from it a pocket-book, and drawing thence a letter, he presented it to Alice, whose floating eyes hardly permitted her to read as follows:

"My dear, my injured father:

"Lost as I am, the filial affections that have grown round my heart from in-

fancy are not dead: for a while they have been hushed, but only to return with deeper force; and the bleeding heart of your repentant daughter now seeks your pardon, though she shuns your aid. Never, unless with honor, shall she again meet your eye. If then (as I seem to feel it is), this is the last time she shall address you, let the anguish she now suffers propitiate your forgiveness. Let not your curse fall heavy on her head; spurn not the frail one *wholly* from your bosom! let her name sometimes mingle in your prayers, and believe that *that* which will linger latest on her lip, will be for her adored, her deserted father."

"That letter," resumed Captain Boyce, "I received some months after her flight, when my resentment was still in its first bitterness, and I flung it from me, as I imagined I had the writer from my heart. Too late I regretted the omission of prompt pursuit and inquiry. When anger subsided into anxiety, I sought the fugitive in vain; and many and bitter have been the years I have lamented the misguided girl—the poor, forsaken, forgotten creature, who, when spurned by a seducer, had no father to soothe or to receive her. Oh, my child! my child! hear me from thy early grave of sorrow; in thy hour of destitution, why didst thou not seek his hearth, and cheer its desolation?" He wept like an infant, and Alice leaning over him, blended her tears with his. It was long ere they were sufficiently composed to propose any plan as to the future; at length Captain Boyce desired Alice to consider his home as her own, and to write immediately to the Sneyds on the subject. "For the few years yet remaining to me, be my child, my companion; let me lavish upon thee all I denied my unfortunate, unhappy Alice!"—"And all that she would have been, all that she was, will I endeavour to be, my dearest father, my only friend," passionately cried Alice, kissing his aged hand. Her grandfather now requested her to descend to the parlor, and ring for what refreshment she pleased; that for himself he would need some hours of solitude to recover his shattered spirits: again he kissed her, and she withdrew.

Little did she anticipate that she should, on again entering the room, which a few hours held her a stranger, again meet Edmund Armstrong, and be enabled to receive him as the mistress of the mansion. Her countenance evinced the emotion she had undergone: but there was a groundwork of happiness beneath the sweet melancholy that pervaded her air, which he soon perceived. He drew from her a slight but touching outline of her story; and in the warm and ardent manner of his age and nature, he congratulated her on finding a father in the captain, and implored her to receive a lover in Edmund Armstrong. But the new duties to which she happily found herself subjected, forbade her giving Edmund a hope unsactioned by the approbation of her grandfather. All he could obtain was permission to address him on the subject at some future period; but though her tongue refused utterance to the answering passion which kindled in her heart, her tones, her looks sufficiently declared it. It was evident to the delighted eyes of Edmund that she loved him, and he did not know that, warned by the fatal example of her mother, she had mentally determined never to enter into an engagement that had not the open sanction of her venerable protector: full, therefore, of hope and happiness, young Armstrong withdrew, and left her, for the first time in her life, to the performance of the filial duties and attentions.

The charm of novelty was superadded to the pleasures of Alice's new situation; and the captain gratefully acknowledged that he had not been for many years so happy as he found himself in the society of his grandaughter. In the disposition to render her happy, he listened with complacency to the suit of Edmund, and referred him to Alice, who no longer having an excuse to withhold the confessions her heart yearned to make, poured into the grateful ear of her lover the long hoarded tenderness she had cherished for him.

Edmund took an early opportunity of renewing the intimacy of Alice with his sister Emily, for whom he had succeeded in effecting a partial reconciliation, both with her own and her husband's family; and through the same prompt exertion of fraternal love, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wilson were placed in an establishment, not equal perhaps to their birth or their

deserts, but far beyond what they could have effected without that friendly aid. The youthful couple received Alice with every demonstration of delight; and in a few months she judiciously extended her circle of acquaintance, sufficient to form a charming diversity to relieve the sameness of home, without withdrawing her from its duties. Often, on retiring of an evening to her room, would she retrace the brief and eventful period of her life, acknowledge the goodness of Providence, and trust that the mother who had brought her into the world with so much sorrow and suffering, was permitted to contemplate her happiness. One wish only now and then rose to interrupt the tranquil felicity she enjoyed, a wish to know her father, and thence to learn the history of her mother's woes; but though it often steeped her pillow in tears, it was never permitted to cloud her aspect, or depress her cheerfulness, when in the presence of those for whom it was alike her duty and inclination to exert every effort to render herself agree able.

That life which is most happy affords least for the narrator, since, however delightful in the enjoyment, there are few who do not yawn over the unruffled pages of peaceful existence, and ask distress, or at least incident, to give poignancy to the detail: we will, therefore, glance over some few more months of Alice Boyce's life, and hasten to that period which again presented the agitation incident to change. Professional duty called on the reluctant Edmund, who, in the conflict which love and glory created in his heart, found love likely to get the mastery. To leave Alice now, was even more fatal to his peace than formerly; every hour seemed to add some ripened beauty to her person, some additional fascination to her manner; she was not now hid in an obscure corner in the country, with few to see, and fewer still to appreciate her merits: she was in the midst of a polished, though circumscribed circle, in London; the acknowledged grandchild of a man whose profession, independent of every other quality, would always ensure him and his respect and attention: would not, then, he asked himself, there be a great chance of some successful rival supplanting him? Not that he doubted the truth of her he loved, but he had seen with feelings of apprehension how overstrained were her sentiments of filial duty, and how yielding was the gentleness of nature; commands from Captain Boyce, and the appealing ardency of some new and passionate lover, might make her violate her vows, and consign him and herself to eventual wretchedness. Full of these ideas, he determined to urge the captain to permit their union before he quitted England. His grandaughter's youth had hitherto been the only obstacle, and Edmund went prepared with a thousand instances of even younger brides. The captain listened with complacency to the proposal Edmund made, and then, in a manner more consistent with mature deliberation than the impatient spirit of his young auditor, he began his reply: "Mr. Armstrong, you are a very fine young man, and I don't wonder that Alice loves you; and you'll make her a good husband, I dare to say you will. I have no objection to you—none in the world; but I know nothing of any one belonging to you, except that pretty sister of yours; now she seems very kind to Alice, and I like her for that; but you have other relations, haven't you?—A father, or a mother; and when I was a boy it was the custom to consult them on such occasions as the present. I know fashions alter strangely, and perhaps I may be putting you on an obsolete practice: but before you take Alice for better or worse, I must know what you are taking her to. I want her to go into no family as an interloper, to meet sour looks and wry faces. All fair above board: get your father's and mother's consent, and you shall have mine." An intimation more petrifying Edmund could not receive; he had latterly not been on the most friendly terms with his family for several reasons: in the first place, he had made himself very officious in his sister Emily's affairs; secondly, he had suffered Alfred Wilson to make a prize of the wealthy Miss Elton; and lastly, he had refused overtures from the father of Miss Wilmot, who had offered him his daughter with a fortune not inconsiderable. His father, a man of the world, and a true lover of himself and his own enjoyments, pronounced him a fool, and declared he might make his way in the

world as well as he could, for he would neither spend time, money, nor trouble upon him. His mother, whose restless spirit never knew the repose of a moment, nor suffered any one near her to know it either, would often exclaim in the violence of her wrath, "He's an obstinate wretch! had he been guided by *my* advice, he would now have been worth thousands, and united to some woman of rank, whose family might have forwarded his progress in his profession: but no, with his *fine* feelings and fancies, he will throw himself away on some minx without a shilling. All that I tried to instil into his mind of worldly prudence has been fruitless; if this is having a genius, God keep all his brothers and sisters dolts; this is the fruits of his poetry writing and romance reading, of which I was once silly enough to be vain." Thus would she vent her feelings among the few favored with her confidence, or within hearing of her never-ending still-beginning system of complaint and lamentation. Under these circumstances, Edmund knew the fruitlessness of appeal to the parental tribunal. Alice had little fortune, and was besides an object of peculiar aversion to his mother. It was Scylla here, Charybdis there. Pressed at once by the importunity of time, and the difficulties by which he was surrounded, he sat down and wrote a candid statement to his father, reminded him that he had once been a son and a lover, and asked him if, in reconciling the duties of the one and the wishes of the other, he had not endured sufferings which would teach him to pity another. This letter was speedily answered. It briefly commented on the folly of young men, who are mad till they obtain their wishes, and miserable when they do; it advised him not to delay joining the fleet, and seeking in gain and glory that which was worth a thousand wives, who changed their manners as they did their names, and who at best only filled a house with brats and baubles; and he finally concluded that his son should never have to reproach him for giving his consent to a marriage, which had neither rank nor fortune to render it palatable.

All hope of becoming the husband of Alice before his departure now vanished, and he endeavoured to acquiesce in the painful necessity with what grace he could. To take his farewell, reiterate his vows, and adjure her to be perpetually mindful of her own, was all that was now left him, and with a heart of boding melancholy he gave his accustomed tap at her grandfather's door. The usual question, as he walked in, of "Miss Boyce at home?" was answered in the negative. "But the captain is?"—"No, sir, they left town this morning."—"Left town!" repeated the astounded Edmund. "Yes, sir, but there is a letter for you." He hastily followed the servant into the parlor, and snatching the letter from him, he desired him to leave the room. The superscription was in the captain's hand—he tore it open; it ran thus:

"Sir: My years and my feelings are entirely unequal to the contest I see before me, I have therefore thought it best to avoid the storm I could not subdue, and withdraw with my grandaughter till such time as your departure should leave us without fear of molestation. You will probably be surprised at the tenour of this letter, and still more when I inform you that it is my wish that all intercourse, even of the slightest kind, may cease between us. The enclosed letter, addressed to me by your unworthy mother, is the only apology I can offer; if any other satisfaction be expected, I am not so old a man but I will give it you. By whatever means the story of my unfortunate child has become known, of this be assured, she has one friend, who till his grey hairs are laid in the grave, will be at once her protector and defender."

In a state of mind bordering on distraction Edmund read the enclosure; it was all that malice, prejudice, and virulence could dictate. Edmund crushed it in his hand, and raising his eyes, uttered a torrent of imprecations, which alike involved kindred and connexions, past, present, and future, in "one fell swoop." Then starting from his chair, he paced the room; the next moment he furiously rung the bell, and called for pen, ink and paper. "Oh!" he exclaimed, dashing from him the fatal scroll, "the daggers this has planted in the heart of Alice!" Again he read the captain's letter; "by Heaven it points at me—he thinks I have meanly betrayed that angel's confidence, and babbled to the idle

ear of envenomed curiosity the sacred story of her sorrows. I will not wait the dull agency of writing, I will pursue them; they *shall* hear me!" Once more the bell rung like an alarum. The moment the servant appeared, he asked whither the captain was gone; the man replied that he could not inform him. "No equivocation, rascal!" exclaimed the infuriated Edmund, catching him by the collar, "tell me this instant, or I'll shake the life out of you!" The servant, who had before fancied he was mad, was now perfectly convinced of it, and called aloud for help. Immediately a short, fat woman, about four feet high, the cook, and a servant girl were heard scrambling up stairs, and with outcries that would have shamed the war-whoop of a couple of Indian warriors, rushed to the aid of their fellow-servant. This scene brought Edmund to his recollection, and releasing the man, he more calmly interrogated him as to the place of his master's destination: and being repeatedly assured that he was totally ignorant of it, that the captain and Miss Boyce had left town suddenly, without saying a word as to whither they were going, or when they meant to return, he snatched his hat and precipitately left the house, infinitely to the relief and satisfaction of the menial trio.

The next day Edmund quitted England; we will therefore leave him, and pursue the less actively engaged but equally wretched Alicé. To the superficial observer she gave no indication of deep or strong feeling; and her grandfather, in whom age had dimmed the finer perceptions, imagined that absence and change of scene would in a little while restore the calm equanimity of her spirits. But the wound his pride and affections had received might have taught him, that the lacerations of the heart are not so soon forgotten; that it is the shallow stream that bubbles in its course, but that the deep waters in silence wear the channels in which they flow. In vain Brighton presented its gay scenes and gayer visitants; to the sick heart of Alice all was dull and vapid: but with the strict discipline of mind to which she had habituated herself, she even now wore an air of tranquillity, and in her attention to the habits and comforts of the captain, was even more than ever scrupulously observant. With him she walked of an evening, and visited the libraries and other places of public resort of a morning. On one of these occasions, as she sat turning over a new publication, a hand was gently placed upon her shoulder, and turning round, she beheld the smiling beautiful face of Emily. So many thoughts and feelings were associated with that well-known countenance, that Alice had neither power to rise nor speak. The increasing paleness of her cheek, and the faint smile, spoke volumes to the sympathetic heart of her who gazed on her. "My sweet Alice," cried she, drawing a chair beside her, "I have much to say to you; where and when can I see you? and how is it you have never written to me?"—"That I have forborne to do so was from a sense of duty; I was forbid to write: the authority would also perhaps interdict my seeing you; before the mandate arrives that I should tremble to disobey, tell me where and how is Edmund?"—"Well and safe, I trust," replied his sister; "but this is no place for conversation so interesting: if you won't come and see me, I will you; I'll storm the garrison, you may depend on it." If Alice carried her sense of the filial duties too far, Emily perhaps thought too lightly of them; but each disposition was the natural consequence of the early impressions their minds had received on the subject. The smile that played upon the lip of Alice was interrupted by seeing the captain advance towards them, for he had left her a short time before Emily came up. The expression of his countenance boded hostility, but it was not in any heart, and certainly not in his, to resist the charming Mrs. Raymond Wilson, and the conference finally ended by the captain walking home with Alice on one arm, and Emily on the other. "I told you there would be a capitulation," cried the latter aside to Alice; "fear not, I will make him strike colors to Edmund's yet." For a long time Alice had not stepped so lightly as she did to-day; so soon does the buoyant spirit of youth revive, so little does it require to recreate the beam of hope. As soon as left to themselves, the full tide of confidence began its flow. Edmund's departure and wretchedness were hallowed by the tears of both, while the support and solace he had derived from the promises of Emily, to be

mindful of his interest, drew from Alice the warmest expression of gratitude. Next came the painful subject of Mrs. Armstrong's conduct, and the history of her discovery of the melancholy story of Alice. The advertisement of Mrs. Sanders (Lady Herbert's cook) was answered by the Wilmots, who engaged her in that capacity; she, with what she had gained from Alice, and what she had learned from the man who had been the means of Alice discovering her grandfather, was sufficiently well acquainted with her history to give a detailed, and probably an exaggerated account of her sad story, which the industry of Miss Wilmot was not long in extracting, and even more expeditious in circulating. Mrs. Amstrong and Miss Wilmot were in high conference at the time Edmund's letter arrived, the issue of which has been already seen.

This conversation put the last stroke to the irremediable malady of Alice. Unseen but by the nice and discerning eye of affection, her spirits gradually ebbed, and her lovely formed wasted; dear as was Edmund to her heart, and fondly as she cherished his image, she made a secret resolution never to become his wife, even should remorse teach his parents to relent. No, she felt she was stigmatized for ever; the common talk of all, a mark for folly to point its finger, an object at which supercilious pride started in disgust and scorn; even the little courtesy she met, she looked on as sufferance and compassion. These reflections interwove themselves with every subject, every scene, every recollection, and she felt the bitter penalty of her father's guilt and her mother's frailty.

Owing probably to her extreme youth, and the consolation she derived from religion, her decline was not rapid; and assuming as it did in her its most beautiful appearance, giving additional delicacy and brilliancy to her complexion, adding lustre to the native radiance of her eyes, it deceived for a long time all who beheld her, and her health was believed to be as perfect as her beauty. Her spirits had always been calm, her voice always soft, any variation or depression was consequently the less marked, and if it was, it only served to endear her more to those around. Emily was her first and dearest friend; but another intimacy arose which closely rivalled it, and that was with Miss Elton, who the first night she beheld her had repelled rather than attracted; but the elevated carriage and majestic stile of beauty, which excited awe in a general assembly, were blended with so many conciliating graces in the private circle, that it only served to leave deep and permanent impression of all that was captivating and delightful. With Alice she was perfectly bewitched, and regretted that their acquaintance had not commenced sooner: but this prepossession of Miss Elton's, great as it was, was infinitely exceeded by that of her invalid sister, to whom Alice became so dear, to whose happiness she became so necessary, that Captain Boyce, who could not bear a long separation, was often with his grandaughter a resident for weeks together at the mansion of Rear-Admiral Elton.

At length those happy political changes took place which promised peace to suffering Europe. The fame of Edmund Armstrong preceded his arrival. The letters of Alice and Emily, though the former were as passionless as the latter, had served to soothe the pangs of absence; every hint of the impossibility of their union, he construed to her timid and retiring nature; and he announced the period of his arrival in a herald-letter couched in the most impassioned language. Alice was with Emily at the time it came; she then disclosed to her friend her final intentions, and enjoined her to use every effort to convince her brother that they were irrevocable, since she found how fruitless was the task of doing so herself; she then bade Emily for a time farewell, and to prevent her spirits sinking under the effort she had enjoined herself, she flew to Miss Elton and her sister. Here all that elegant conversation could do to revive, or sympathy to soothe, was essayed, and not in vain; perhaps the consciousness that the termination of the struggle was approaching, and that she would soon exchange this scene of turmoil for a state of beatitude, shed that celestial tranquillity around her, which made her look "like an angel that had wandered from her sphere." The beautiful friends were seated together, when the sound of a carriage driv-

ing up to the door, induced Miss Elton to go to the window—"it is my father!" she exclaimed, and flew from the room: her sister, whom indisposition confined to the sofa, cried with a melancholy smile, "I cannot fly to him, he must come to me!" In a few minutes the drawing-room door was thrown open by the joyous Miss Elton, and one of the finest men Alice had ever beheld followed her light steps. He rapidly advanced up the apartment: but as if a sudden pang had seized him he stopped short, exclaiming, "great God!" "Are you ill, papa?" cried Miss Elton, while her sister rang the bell near which she was seated. "Send them away, send them away!" he repeated as the servants entered the room. "Who is that?" he continued, pointing to Alice, and still standing like a statue where he had first stopped. "Miss Boyce, dear papa—dear Alice Boyce!"—"The same! the same! the grave has rendered back its dead!" and with a countenance of ashy paleness he sunk upon the floor. The servants were again summoned, and aided Miss Elton and Alice in restoring him. He breathed with difficulty, and the first words he uttered were "Alice Boyce!" when opening his eyes, they rested on the locket that hung on the bosom of Alice, who stood beside him chafing his temples. "That pledge too!" he murmured; then raising himself, he waved the servants from the room, and catching the hand of the trembling Alice, he gazed intently in her face—then with an effort to speak firmly he cried, "You are the child of Alice Boyce?" "She was your unhappy mother!"—"And I," cried he, rising and catching her in his arms, "your still more unhappy father—oh! forgive me, Alice! forgive me, heaven! I tremble to ask—but tell me—does—is it possible your mother lives?"—"She gave me birth and died!" replied Alice, weeping on his bosom. "Oh! villain! villain!" he exclaimed, and resigned his newly discovered daughter to the arms of Miss Elton, "where shalt thou hide thy head!" The intense emotion of a scene like this is better conceived than described: the fragile constitution of Alice was shaken beyond its strength, and the next morning she was unable to rise; her father was at her bedside continually through the day. The first medical advice was called in, but the mysterious doctors shook their heads. Edmund, who had flown to claim her as his own, in spite of every worldly view or tie, was not permitted to see her; in an interview with the admiral, he learned this addition to her eventful story, and carried a letter from him to Captain Boyce, to which the only answer returned was, "tell him, I will never see the betrayer of my child, and that I demand her unhappy offspring the moment she is sufficiently restored to return to my roof." Happily for Alice, she was not destined to survive to be the subject of contention: she partially revived, and indulged Edmund with an interview, though contrary to the advice of her physicians, who urged the necessity of the utmost quiet and the absence of emotion; but, alas! Alice could see no one without emotion, since every individual around her formed a link of a chain on which all her thoughts and feelings hung.

For a whole month her strength daily and hourly declined, during which period Edmund had gradually established himself as her constant attendant and supporter. As she felt the final moment advancing, she earnestly intreated to see her grandfather, and that which no other power could, her dying wish effected; he passed the threshold of his daughter's seducer, to take a last farewell of the remaining victim.

The next day she was sufficiently well to rise and sit on a couch; her countenance was more than usually radiant, and she was even gay; her father beheld her with melancholy delight; Edmund was supporting her, and Miss Elton, whose harp had been moved into her room, was touching the string with a delicacy suited to the nerves of her, she played to. "Thanks, dear Georgiana," she cried, as the strain closed, "thank you all, you are too good to me." In a few minutes after she asked the hour, and repeated the inquiry several times in the course of half an hour. "Where is my father?" on his having left the room for a few minutes: "he will not forsake me at the last!" He re-entered as she spoke, and bent over her with voiceless tenderness. "Oh! all will soon be over!" she cried very faintly, and turning her eyes on Edmund, she gazed

as long as she had power, then dropped her head upon his bosom, and expired.

Thus perished one formed to be the ornament, and delight of society, the victim of her parent's turpitude and the world's cruelty. It matters not now to revert to the history of her mother, who was "more sinned against than sinning;" but this, out of the many thousand warning examples which occur in life, might be held forth as one, to prove that when we once quit the right path, how little can we calculate the mischief we create! the sad heritage of shame and sorrow descends from us to our ill-fated but innocent offspring, and perhaps ceases not there. Neither can we forbear animadverting ere we entirely close the page on the cruelty of those hearts that "can bruise the broken reed," and add to the poignancy of an inevitable destiny, the bitterness of wilful and deliberate insult. It is a pity the world forms so few distinctions, between degradation arising from circumstances over which we have no control, and that which we incur from actual and voluntary error. To visit guilt with punishment and neglect, is the natural feeling consequent on beholding crime, though it might frequently be blended with less severity and a greater wish to reclaim than to condemn; but to slight or shun those who from fortuitous circumstances innocently and unfortunately bear the stigma of hereditary error, is a species of prescriptive injustice, which the practice of the world cannot sanctify, nor common sense, to say nothing of common feeling, sanction nor excuse.

THE WILD ARAB; OR THE CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

On inclining more forward, Zenim's amazement gave place to an emotion of horror, as he beheld, twisting its scaly coils round and round the bole of a chenar tree, a serpent of an immense length and size, whose head, drooping from the foliage, and then raised again, like that of a swan upon the water, was projected towards the horse and its rider, who appeared mutually charmed, or fascinated by the serpent's influence, an influence which seemed wholly to issue from the glaring, emerald-colored eyes of the formidable monster. A cold perspiration suddenly rose on the brow of Zenim; at first he was hurrying back, in order to claim the assistance of Buda. In an instant the impulse subsided. He thought the dying groans of the stranger already smote his ear; the very crush of his bones, yielding to the vast pressure of the destroyer, seemed dreadfully accusing his feeble hearted hesitation. A new thought blazed across his mind, and lit it to a noble end, like lightning, which, at dead midnight, directs the half-appalled adventurer to the rescue of some forlorn wretch, who but for the timely exertion of his friendly hand, is doomed to sink inevitably into the bottomless abyss of woe and death. Zenim's resolution was immediately fixed, and, creeping softly along the underwood, he approached so near, as to be capable of hearing the deep sighs of the horseman issue tumultuously from his despairing breast, and the foam of the saliva rattling in the serpent's throat. Desperation rather than courage seemed to add Herculean strength to the nerves of the youth, and, darting suddenly from his shadowy concealment, he hurled his javelin with such an effective aim at the monster, that he pierced it completely through. In an instant the horse flew like lightning from the valley, while the serpent with one dreadful writhe snapped asunder the chenar tree, and fell among boughs and splinters bleeding to the earth. Zenim having retired to some distance, stood contemplating the quick throbs of his victim, where it lay in sightless agonies still struggling with the javelin, and lashing the earth so forcibly as to rend up the very roots of the ground foliage. He had not, however, remained long ere the sound of a human voice as-

ailed him; and, turning his head, he beheld the dignified stranger whose life he had been the happy means of preserving, leading his horse by the rein, and approaching majestically towards him, with every demonstration of gratitude written in his features. "Young man," said the stranger, returning Zenim's bow with a courtly air, "by this unlooked-for magnanimity you have saved that, for which thousands even in to-day's orisons shall bless your name; tell, then, if such a thing be possible, how can I requite the obligation. If wealth or power could yield enough, both are at my command and at yours; name but your desires, I am bound to fulfil them, be they what they may; ask boldly, any thing in mortal gift, and doubt not to receive according to the request. Zenim blushed deeply as the unknown accosted him; the idea of being in the presence of a stranger now, for the first time, obtruded itself upon his mind: "Sir," said he, with great modesty, "in rendering you this service, whatever be your rank or power, I did for you no more than I would have done for the meanest of my fellow creatures. The reward exists in my own satisfaction. I am amply repaid in seeing you thus completely rescued." The stranger was filled with admiration at these words, and pressing on Zenim's finger a ring of infinite value, as a testimony of his gratitude, he earnestly sought a disclosure of his name and residence. Zenim started at the inquiry; the solemn injunction of his mother to avoid all conversation with any other person than Buda occurred forcibly to his mind, and trembling at the thought of adding to the unhappiness of his parent by a single act of disobedience, "Sir," said he, again addressing the stranger, "it is not for me to make known either my name or habitation; solitude is equally the lot of myself and parent; our delight is not the city, but the wilderness; and as I, who only exist in seeing my mother happy, or at least as far as heaven permits, should be wretched to oppose either her commands or desires, you cannot more greatly oblige me than by forbearing to inquire after the person to whom you seem to consider yourself so abundantly indebted: promise me this, and I will not fail to remember you in my daily prayers. Affected by the serious manner in which he was importuned, the stranger reluctantly complied with a request so apparently singular, by promising to make no further inquiries respecting the name or condition of his gallant preserver. "Perhaps," said he, anxiously, "we shall meet again."—"Perhaps so," answered Zenim, in a tone that implied not a most distant hope of such a circumstance. "I swear by the most high prophet," exclaimed the stranger, gently detaining the youth as he was about to turn away, "I swear by the Father of Heaven, whatever you demand of me, at any time, by the token of that ring, you shall receive: remember the name of ——" "Hold!" interrupted Zenim, "open not to ambition a heart content with the lot of the humble, by the disclosure of a name which I ought not to learn; let me only recollect you as a fellow creature,—as a man—it is enough. Already have I violated a sacred promise by holding with you a conversation beyond the limits of necessity. Take back this ring: its value may serve to render others happy, while with me, in these deserts, its worth and beauty cannot but be lost."—"Singular being!" answered the stranger, refusing to receive the proffered gem, "retain that ring, if not for my sake, as a memento that you have been permitted to achieve, in your own rude mountains, with your single arm, an action that, blazoned forth to the Eastern world, would become the envy of millions." "Are men so jealous of good," thought Zenim, as he replaced the stranger's present on his finger; "yes, said he, for your sake I will venture to accept this jewel; for your sake I promise to wear and esteem it; but see, the horsemen by whom I recently saw you surrounded are coming this way, doubtless in quest of their chief; farewell! may you be happy." With these words, darting suddenly up the steep, he abruptly disappeared, leaving the astonished wanderer to rejoin the companions of his sports, and returning to the seclusion in which he had left Buda, discovered him worne out by fatigue and heat, sleeping soundly on the grass, little dreaming of the adventure which had befallen his charge. For a short space Zenim sat down on a broken rock, and ruminated within himself whether or not he should communicate his adventure

to the old slave, or whether, to spare the apprehensions of his mother, he should bury the matter, at least for the present, in his own breast. While he was still deep in reflection, Buda awoke; one beam of his venerated countenance decided Zenim's resolution, and in a few words he related the adventure. Buda, who seemed willing to imagine his senses still asleep, gazed a few moments at his companion, and then, rubbing his eyes to assure himself that no other than Zenim actually sat beside him. "Marvellous!" exclaimed he, "but where is the wonderful serpent and the chenar tree you speak of?"—"Nay," replied Zenim, rising, "you seem to forget the injunctions of my mother: the horsemen, doubtless, still linger in the valley; they may even approach this solitude."—"We must instantly depart then," said Buda, drawing his cap more over his eyes, and snatching up his wallet with a considerable degree of emotion; "I would not for the world they approached the habitation of my mistress."—"Fear no inquiry on my account," continued Zenim, as he rapidly followed the steps of his conductor down the mountain, "the place of my abode remains a secret; the stranger has sworn not to seek it, and he will not break his vow." Buda returned no answer, but, by his unusual speed, appeared dreadfully apprehensive of pursuit. The day was nearly at a close ere the cottage of Dœnira presented itself; she received them with new emotions of joy, and, with new transports of tenderness, once more fondly pressed the beating heart of Zenim against her own. Providence, in rendering her unfortunate, had left her more sensible of those blessings which remained. "Ah, my son!" cried she, as the youth placed himself by her side, and affectionately reclined his head on her maternal bosom, "this short absence has convinced me that only in your presence I can taste the sweets of peace; a separation from my child would—" And she paused, as if to stifle the thought that was rising to her lips.—"Dear mother!" exclaimed Zenim, enthusiastically filial, "we will never part; this valley and this habitation constitute an earthly paradise to me, with you and Buda." Dœnira drew her hand slowly across her eyes, in order to conceal the tears they contained; sad reflections of the past, and forebodings of the future rushed upon her soul, and rising in evident distress, the better to conceal the disorder which agitated her frame, she busied herself in placing before both Zenim and Buda a repast of dried fruit, rice, and camel's milk. Zenim was first to relate the story of the serpent. Dœnira hearkened with delight to the modest accents in which that story was couched. She gloried in the enterprize of her son, in the benevolence and bravery he had displayed, though her heart sickened at the bare idea of the peril to which he had exposed himself. Zenim now, for the first time, drew from his vest the ring which he had previously concealed there, and presented it to Dœnira; but what was his amazement to behold her, as she gazed franticly upon the inscription it contained, sink, with a scream of joy, involuntarily upon her knees, and exclaiming at the same time, "merciful Prophet! for this I thank thee; my son has nobly revenged himself for his father's injuries by saving the life of the tyrant."—"Mother!"—"Madam!" exclaimed Zenim and Buda in a breath, each starting from his seat, and assisting Dœnira to rise. Pale and trembling, she gazed kindly on each; her eye was lit in joyful woe. "I see, Buda," sighed she, you stand astonished at my sudden weakness; the secret, which we have hitherto guarded with so much caution, Heaven seems resolved to disclose; behold this ring,—it can belong to no one save the ungrateful Morack: his motto and his cipher are upon it." Buda took the ring, with some degree of incredulity expressed in his countenance, which suddenly vanished as he read the inscription *Alla acbar*.* Zenim, who had been eagerly perusing the features of the slave, was now convinced that his mother's concern owed itself to a just cause, and, sinking at her feet, "Unfold to me," exclaimed he, imploringly, "the mystery which hangs over my existence—the secret for which my heart has long thirsted; what am I? Who is the father of Zenim, the child of the wilderness? If he be criminal, these uplifted hands shall never cease to supplicate for his pardon;—if he be a wronged man, these hands

* God is most mighty.

shall equally pursue his enemies." Dœnira cast a look of terror at her son, as his last words assailed her ear. " Boy ! boy !" shuddered she, " is it for thee to extricate from the bowels of the deep earth a victim, doomed by a vow to Alla, never, never more to behold the light of day, that blessed light which nourishes all creatures, and deprived of which, as of the smile of heaven, all creatures languish? Is it for thee to change the decrees of an implacable power, or to wring from a heart of adamant the sympathizing throbs of mercy ?" " *Alla acbar !*" cried Zenim : " God is most mighty ! in his hand are the hearts and the dispositions of mankind; it is his to freeze the blood with remorse, or to melt it with compassion ; he knows best how to punish and to pardon ; with his aid the weak are mighty, and without it the strongest are but as the serpent which I have this day seen weltering at my feet ; at the feet of one, whose strength to His, was as the dew dropping at sunrise from the low tulips of Astracan, to the roaring and gigantic torrent that hurls its sheeted foam over the stupendous summits of these mountain solitudes. If, mother, dear mother, as you have said, this Morack be indeed the enemy of my father, perhaps from his persecution you have sought this place as a refuge ? You imagined not how possible it was for an unseen hand to direct Morack into the desert to prostrate him before your son. Oh, mother ! mother ! it is decreed that I should now learn the full extent of my misfortunes; from your lips only can I acquire the information, and this event comes like a winged messenger from on high, to declare the hour wherein the secret of your sorrows should be fully unfolded to that bosom, which nature has fashioned best to receive and to share affliction with so tender a parent.

" Not now, not now," sobbed Dœnira, retiring a few steps, while Zenim continued to follow her on his knees; " leave me, I entreat—I command you leave me."

Subdued by the solemn manner of his mother, Zenim remained for an instant almost motionless. Dœnira gazed franticly upon him, and then, her bosom swelling with the most poignant grief, hurried to her own apartment. " Oh, Buda !" exclaimed the youth, as the old man hung sorrowfully and affectionately over him, " am I then undeserving the confidence I seek, or is the mind of Zenim too abject to support a development of this fatal mystery? What victim is it doomed by Alla to perish in the dark deep earth? what insupportable and unbending power inflicts wretchedness on the noble-minded Dœnira, and drives her forth into the wilderness, to seek shelter with the untamed antelope and the wild gazelle ?"

Buda took Zenim kindly by the hand. " Have yet a little patience," said he, mildly and imploringly: " you seem to forget the pangs this unlooked-for event may awake in the breast of your mother; her sufferings may be doubled by apprehensions of which you are ignorant, and by recollections which the sight of that ring may have conjured up. Doubt not, Zenim, all that is right your mother will not withhold from you."

Zenim felt keenly the effect of this mild and benevolent rebuke : " Dear Buda," answered he, bathed in tears, " I have been too unmindful of my mother's indulgence; I ought to have known that her wisdom would best dictate when to apprize me of my father's destiny. I will not again hastily nor rashly intrude upon those cares which, at least by me, should be considered sacred."

Buda pressed Zenim's hand, and endeavoured to turn his thoughts into a new channel. In the course of half an hour Dœnira re-appeared; her looks were serene, but deep sighs involuntarily stole from her lips, which in vain she endeavoured to conceal. Zenim could not but witness her inquietude, which with true filial philosophy he studied to divert, by recurring as little as possible to the incidents of the day, and by assuming a cheerfulness foreign to his heart.

At night, Zenim for some hours vainly courted repose; his thoughts and conjectures almost bewildered the strength of his imagination: at length, sleep heavily stole over his eyelids, and he dreamt of the valley of roses so lately visited. He thought that he sat on a bank, whose flower-fringed margin dipped innumerable blossoms into a fountain of clear water. He thought too that he hearkened to the drowsy murmur of a thousand streams, and to the notes of

innumerable nightingales issuing from a forest of pomegranates, while constantly before his eyes the golden butterflies of the east spread their radiant wings, and the elfin humming birds wafted by the flutter of their tiny pinions celestial fragrance from the rich odoured and sorrowful nyctanthis. He seemed to bend over the water, in order to pluck a red lotus,* whose blushing hues tempted his hand, as the form of a beautiful virgin, attired in loose white drapery, and bearing on her arm an ewer of gold, after the manner of the Roman vestals, knelt suddenly before him, and dipping the vessel into the water, offered him some to drink, which he was about to do as the bursting of an imaginary talpot-tree † awoke him from his visionary attempt, and perceiving that it was already day-break, he quitted his pallet; but finding that Buda, who generally rose early to milk the camels, was not yet awake, in order not to disturb him he wandered alone into the garden. The pleasing impression of his dream, the refreshing coolness of the morning, and the fragrance of surrounding blossoms, spangled with pure due, induced him to extend his walk into the valley. Insensibly the occurrences of the preceding day stole upon his mind, and buried in meditation, he wandered a considerable way from the cottage ere he was roused to a sense of his situation by the bubbling of a small channel of water, which proceeded from the basin which, doubtless, yet contained his discarded rose. The dawn was still young; it was scarcely a quarter of a league from the spot, and he determined to visit it, not without a hope of reaching home before Dœnira should have left her chamber. For this purpose he doubled the speed of his footsteps; already the Bramin's fountain was in view, pouring its silver-sheeted flood across fragments of lofty rocks, then contracting it to a deeper course, till it sunk into the reservoir beneath, over which luxuriant palm-trees, flinging their green locks, seemed fantastically listening to the melancholy and disturbed sweep of the water. It was a spot over which nature had thrown her most romantic beauties, in order both to entrance the mind of the beholder, and to soothe it by the peace-infusing quietude of its solitary shades.

While Zenim paused on an elevation at some little distance from the captivating scene before him, to admire it with increasing admiration and wonder, he was somewhat surprised at the sound of a human voice, and looking towards the valley beheld the form of a young girl whose features and complexion differed materially from those of the females he had hitherto seen in the valley. She was youthful, fair, and uncommonly beautiful; her attire consisted merely of a pelisse and trowsers of white muslin, bound round the waist with a gold-colored scarf, the embroidered ends of which hung down to the ground; her brown hair, confined at the back part of the head by a bunch of crimson and blue flowers, streamed in luxuriant tresses over her shoulders, and gave an air of innocence and loveliness to her person, which it is easier to conceive than describe. She was seated at the entrance of a natural grotto, and by the form of a Turkish lute which lay upon her lap, Zenim was willing to suppose she had sought that place to indulge in emotions congenial to those which constantly gave extacy to his own bosom. He was almost ready to believe the idea, that a creature, surpassing even Dœnira in external perfection, must be nothing less than the guardian genius of the fountain. He had never, except in his last night's dream, imagined any thing in nature half so exquisitely beautiful. Zenim's heart throbbed violently; he felt afraid to breathe, lest he should put to flight the angelic being before him. He was desirous of drawing still nearer, and for that purpose was parting the branches of the palm-tree which sheltered him from notice, when the sound of a second voice rivetted both his feet and his attention, and looking stedfastly through the leaves, he beheld the figure of a venerable and majestic old man reclining on his staff, and speaking to the young lady, whom he addressed by the name of Ascanthe, and presently after Zenim was transported almost beyond himself, as she warbled in tones of seraphic and heart-touching melody the following ballad, and at the same time continued to accompany herself with the instrument which she carried.

* A water flower.

† When this tree blossoms, it is said to make an explosion like the report of a cannon.

ALI'S DAUGHTER.

The red gold sun is down the west,
The blue moon crowns the water—
All in yon tow'r seem gone to rest,
Save Ali's lovely daughter.

And wherefore sits that pensive maid
At her lattice so lone and drear?
Is it she loves the midnight shade,
Or the sea-bird's cry to hear?

Nor midnight gloom, nor sea-bird's cry
Delight proud Ali's daughter.
But see 'neath yonder bastion high,
Who stems the tell-tale water!

Yon pilot form that thwarts the wave,
And points to distant shores,
Is a young noble Christian slave,
That Zady's heart adores.

" Climb up, climb up, my love!" she sighs,
" Thrice welcome to my bow'r;—
" More joy there lives in thy dark eyes
" Than in all my father's pow'r."

And now he sinks at Zady's feet,
Her smile is lit in tears—
And now their lips in transport meet—
Alas!—that sound!—she hears.

" Hence, hence my love, at once to flight—
" My father's step I know:
" Vain hope—we cannot hence to-night,
" Nor o'er yon ocean row."

He goes—she trembling waves her hand,
As 'neath the moonlight pale,
Distracting sight, a hostile band
Her lover's life assail.

" Zady," he cries, " for you I die!"
She hears his voice expire!
Distraction kindles in her eye,
Her brain is wrapt in fire.

" He's dead!" she screams, with frantic shriek,
" His corse floats o'er the wave—
" Dear love, thy cold, cold arms I'll seek,
" And share thy wat'ry grave."

* * * * * * *

Here the voice of the songstress ceased, and a deep pause ensued, which was only broken by long-drawn sobs from the breast of the old man, as Ascanthe, throwing aside her lute, seemed, by gentle caresses, endeavouring to mitigate some great anguish, which the melancholy tendency of her song had evidently roused within him. Zenim, filled with pity, and fearing some unusual accident might have occurred through this extraordinary agitation, and instigated by a natural impulse of feeling, stood abruptly at the entrance of the cavern. His unexpected appearance excited some degree of surprise in the strangers, as, immediately sensible of the intrusion, Zenim stammered out an artless apology, while the old man, dashing away a tear, took Ascanthe hastily by the hand, and prepared to withdraw.

" Pardon! sir," exclaimed Zenim, summoning all his resolution, " this unlooked-for interruption; since my presence offends, 'tis in my place, aud not in yours, to withdraw."

" Youth!" answered the old man mildly, and in the tone of one that has long been familiar with sorrow, " the seclusion of this fountain belongs not to us, nor will we stay to usurp it: true 'tis occasionally our resort, for its stillness fits well with the disposition of meditation and grief."

" I cannot but deplore that I should have become the unfortunate cause of molesting your quietude," observed Zenim, with great modesty; " if I paused to hearken to your strain of sorrow, it was because my heart sympathized with its gloom, not because I wished to trespass on the misfortunes of another. I merely came hither in quest of some roses which I wished to pluck for my mother."

" Are you then familiar with this wilderness?" inquired the old man.

" By no means," replied Zenim; " accident led me yesterday to this spot, when I discovered the flowers I have mentioned: I determined to return and gather some of them, as we have none: but, as I perceive I might infringe on the rights of another, I am content to forego my intention."

" The roses you have seen are not mine but my Ascanthe's," said the old man smiling, " and she is too good to deny them to a stranger." At these words Ascanthe's eyes encountered those of Zenim, and her cheek became suffused with blushes which might well have vied with the celestial hue of her favorite blossoms; there was a degree of delightful embarrassment and hesitation in the encounter, and each seemed at a loss what to utter till the old man interposed.

(To be continued.)

SUITE DES LETTRES ADRESSÉES PAR LE COMTE DE LAGARDE A SON AMI JULIUS ——, PENDANT UN VOYAGE EN RUSSIE, TURQUIE, VALACHIE, HONGRIE, &c.

(*Continued from our last.*)

Si j'admirai ce mot d'un homme de génie,
" Plus j'ai vu l'étranger plus j'aimai ma patrie ;"
De même je dirai, par le malheur muri,
Plus j'ai vu les humains et plus je t'ai chéri.

Dorycsky.

La route est couverte de pélerins qui se rendent à Kiow. Ils paraissent tellement satisfaits de leur résolution que rien au monde ne les en détournerait. Il faut donc une consolation de cette espèce à tous les peuples, le Turc va à la Mecque ; le Persan au tombeau d'Ali; l'Italien à Lorette; l'Espagnol à Compostelle, et tous les catholiques au S. Sepulcre.

J'ai traversé hier les terres d'un prince Galitzin mort de la veille. Tous les vassaux en faisaient l'éloge, et les malheureux semblaient inconsolable de sa perte. Exempt de préjugés, il avait trouvé le bonheur en élevant une de ses esclaves au rang de son épouse, et depuis lors, retiré de la cour, il oubliait dans l'étude des lettres et les soins de l'agriculture, les premières années d'une vie orageuse, dont l'expérience ne sera sans doute pas perdue pour ses enfans.

Il est difficile, je pense, de voyager en Europe à meilleur marché que maintenant en Russie; par le change actuel je calcul que chaque cheval ne revient pas à dix francs chaque cent lieues. Combien me reprocherais-je donc de ne pas parcourir un pays intéressant sous tant de rapports, lorsque pour si peu d'or, on peut se transporter du Pôle à l'Adriatique, et de la grande muraille à la Baltique. Il est vrai que dans ses trajets immenses on ne trouve d'auberges nulle part: et que semblables aux limaçons, il faut absolument traîner sa maison avec soi ; mais au moyen d'un vaste Britchka dans lequel tous nos gens, nos lits, nos provisions et toute une batterie de cuisine; précédé d'une bonne calèche attelée de six chevaux, le voyageur nomade trouve encore de l'économie, et je dirai même du charme à cette nouvelle vie d'indépendance et d'observation.

Nicolascka, — Mai.

Je suis maintenant dans la famille de *Serge*, où j'ai été reçu avec cette bienveillance hospitalière, noble trait du caractère Russe. Cette terre coupée par deux rivières, ce château placé dans une situation pittoresque, m'ont rappelé nos projets de retraite et ces rêves de bonheur et d'avenir que naguères encore nous aimions à créer en voguant doucement sur la Néva, quand, pour la première fois, je te menai de Pétersbourg à ma campagne. Tant d'espérances flatteuses ne seront-elles donc que des songes?

Cette famille m'offre l'occasion de te parler de l'éducation. Plus sages que nous, les Russes pensent que, par suite de la civilisation, ils doivent se mettre de bonne heure en rapport avec les autres peuples pour leurs intérêts politiques ou commerciaux, et dès le bas âge on leur fait apprendre la plupart des langues vivantes de l'Europe. Il y a en Russie trop peu d'établissemens publics pour l'instruction de la jeunesse. Les enfans, pour la plupart, sont confiés aux soins de précepteurs Français ou Suisses qui s'imposent la tâche estimable de remplacer un père. Ils ne quittent leurs élèves qu'à leur entrée dans le monde ; alors ils n'y apportent pas cet air gauche et contraint dont nous ne nous défaisons, en sortant du collège, qu'en tombant souvent dans l'excès opposé. A l'instant où le jeune Russe doit embrasser une carrière, son éducation l'a mit à même de choisir avec avantage. Il joint à des connoissances profondes, des talens agréables, et mieux

juger du jeu des ressorts qui font mouvoir ce qui l'entoure. Instruits, doux, aimables, propres à tout, ils ne s'en peuvent prendre qu'à eux-mêmes, si, se corrompant par la suite, ils ne parcourent pas dignement la carrière qui leur est ouverte.

L'éducation des demoiselles est également très-soignée. Elles possédent plusieurs langues qu'elles écrivent correctement. On leur donne tous les talens agréables qui parfument si doucement la vie; sans que tant de grâces ajoutées à leurs charmes, nuisent en rien aux vertus domestiques, dont on leur inculque constamment les principes.

C'était hier la St. Nicolas, patron de l'empire; j'ai chomé ce saint dans un village dépendant de cette propriété. Je me suis beaucoup diverti à cette fête-champêtre; rien n'est voluptueux comme la danse Russe, figurée par des gens du monde. Représente-toi une pantomime exprimant les désirs de l'homme; et la réserve d'une jeune fille qui combat contre ses sens; elle fuit, elle appèle pour fuir encore.

C'est la seule danse où le jeu de physionomie supplée au mouvement. Au son d'une guitare à trois cordes nommé *Balalaika*, un jeune garçon et une très-jolie *Dieftchina*, m'ont donné le tableau des amours du premier âge. Cette danse exécutée sous de fort beaux arbres, et animée par les acclamations et les battemens de mains des assistans, réalisait les tableaux du Cigne de Mantoue et ceux de Gessner.

Si la danse Russe peut se comparer aux danses de quelques pays comme au *Fandango*, à la *Romaïka*, et à la *Tarentelle*, le chant national a un caractère à lui; c'est toujours quelque complainte amoureuse dont l'expression est tout-à-fait touchante; mais, ce qui te paraîtra, sans doute, plus particulier, c'est que des gens qui n'ont aucune notion de musique, chantent en harmonie avec précision et justesse.

Dans mes lettres de Pétersbourg, je t'ai parlé de la musique des cors, en t'avouant que je l'avais trouvée au dessous de sa réputation. J'ai entendu à Vienne chez le Duc Albert de Saxe Teschen, une machine fort ingénieuse, qu'un seul homme met en mouvement et qui fait résonner quatre-vingts instrumens différens: ici au contraire, cinquante hommes sont condamnés toute la vie à ne donner qu'un son; et, attendent en comptant les mesures, l'instant de souffler dans leur tube de cuivre. Tu conviendras qu'il faut une obéissance bien passive pour borner là la sphère de ses facultés et devenir à la lettre, des automates organisés. Outre qu'il ne faut pas, ce me semble, un grand effort de génie pour obtenir de cinquante personnes ce qu'une seule peut faire sans peine; surtout en songeant que cette dispendieuse musique est d'un effet nul dès qu'un *ut dièze* ou un *la Bémol* est malade. Il faut cependant avouer que le soir sur l'eau, elle est d'un effet admirable; je l'ai souvent entendue sur la Néva, en regrettant néanmoins, que dans un pays si peu peuplé, on ne sache pas faire une plus sage économie des hommes.

Mzench, — Mai.

Nous avons couché cette nuit à Mzench, petite ville charmante du gouvernement d'Orel. L'Occa la traverse et rend sa position avantageuse sous le rapport du commerce. La coëffure des dames y est très bizarre; elle a précisément la figure d'un cerf-volant renversé et dont la pointe menace le ciel. Cette espèce de bonnet a près de deux pieds. Je t'en envoie le dessin pour que tu puisses juger à quel point elle est extraordinaire.

La route est belle et large comme tous les grands chemins en Russie, qui, d'après l'ordonnance, doivent être de quarante sagènes, ce qui fait 80 pieds.

Voici une fort triste rencontre, ce sont des criminels qui vont en Sibérie: ils sont pésamment chargés de fers, et cependant c'est ainsi qu'ils doivent faire peut-être 2,000 lieues; pourquoi faut-il que leur supplice soit si prolongé? Leur narine arrachée, et cette marque sur le front m'annoncent que ce sont des assassins. Sous le règne précédent des convois pareils, plus nombreux et beaucoup plus fréquents entraînoient à deux cents lieues de la cour, des êtres innocens que la calomnie avait noircis; et qui, condamnés sans être entendus allaient expier pendant de longues années quelques instans d'une existence brillante. Combien de ces êtres infortunés que l'excès de leurs souffrances et de leurs malheurs anéantissait avant d'avoir atteint le terme de leur exil! Ainsi donc, la ter-

reur existait au nord comme à l'Occident; et peut-être, notre anarchie sanguinaire avait elle, un caractère moins douloureux que cette longue agonie à laquelle condamnait un despotisme aveugle. ·

Heureusement de tels excès sont loin de se renouveler maintenant. La douce et attentive bonté du gouvernement a sèché toutes les larmes, cicatrisé toutes les plaies du règne précédent; et les actions de graces rendues d'un bout de l'empire à l'autre attestent le bonheur des peuples qu'Alexandre gouverne.

Je viens de faire demander le genre de délits de ces criminels, ce sont des incendiaires, ils ne méritent aucune pitié.

Orel, — Mai.

Je suis arrivé hier soir à Orel, chef-lieu du gouvernement de ce nom. Je n'yai rien vu de remarquable. La ville est d'une construction peu régulière, et n'offre pas un coup-d'œil intéressant. Pendant que Serge remettait quelques lettres dont sa famille l'avait chargé, j'ai usé du privilège que croient avoir tous les hommes de marcher droit devant eux; et je me suis bientôt aperçu aux croix de bois qui m'entouraient que ma promenade m'avait conduit vers le Cimetière. J'ai été m'asseoir sur une des tombes, pour me livrer à cette mélancolie que Montaigne appelle une *volupté sérieuse;* là je n'ai point dit: "l'absence qui sépare ceux qui vivent, de ceux qui ne vivent plus, est trop courte pour mériter une longue plainte." Je me demandais au contraire; pourquoi, sans nécessité, deux êtres dont les cœurs se sont entendus peuvent se résoudre à vivre loin l'un de l'autre, et s'écrivent quand ils pourraient si bien se parler? Cependant, le tems presse; déjà, tous les deux ont atteint la moitié de leur carière, et peuvent mourir éloigné de leur patrie; c'est en vain, alors, que le plus à plaindre irait demander à des étrangers la tombe de son ami, pour y répandre des fleurs et des larmes! Quelle idée affligeante! et combien il est douloureux d'être séparé et de ne pouvoir, fixer l'instant ou l'on se reverra! Ainsi je pensais à toi, là, où finissent toutes les pensées, quand j'ai été distrait de mes réflexions par l'arrivée d'un convoi funèbre. Je l'ai suivi jusqu'à la tombe. Dans un cercueil ouvert un enfant reposait du dernier sommeil; sa tête étoit couronnée de fleurs, et la palme d'un autre avenir s'échappait de ses mains jointes. Sa jeune mère faisait retentir l'air de ses cris. Comme sa douleur étoit poignante! Née dans une des dernières classes de la société son enfant étoit son seul bien; mille plaisirs divers ne venaient pas attiédir sa tendresse. Image de son premier amour, son enfant lui promettait un appui pour le dernier âge, et cependant cette espérance cherie s'évanouissait sous la terre dont on allait la couvrir; elle s'approche, presse pour la dernière fois les lèvres décolorées de cette douce partie d'elle-même. Ah! le cœur d'une *mère* ne peut pas ranimer la mort! si ce miracle eut été possible, le ciel eût exaucé le vœu de celle-ci. Tous les parens vinrent ensuite lui donner le baiser de paix; le père ferma lui-même le cercueil, et dès qu'on eût éloigné l'infortunée mère, on descendit l'enfant dans sa dernière demeure. Le Pope* dit des prières, jetta un peu de terre dans la fosse, chacun en fit autant et bientôt l'enfant disparût sous le voile de l'éternité. Et moi aussi, j'ai couvert d'un peu de terre la tombe de cet être, pur encore; et qui ne connaîtra pas la difficulté de vivre. Voyageur qui passe ici bas dans une vallée de larmes tu te reposeras au tombeau. Pour me distraire de mes lugubres pensées je me suis mis en rentrant à t'écrire: car, c'est toujours à l'amitié qu'il en faut revenir quand l'âme est enivrée de joie ou navrée de tristesse. Près d'elle on se réjouit avec modération ou se plaint avec mesure. Je me félicite néanmoins d'avoir vu cette scène douloureuse, c'est dans les plaisirs et les chagrins du peuple qu'il faut étudier une nation, ses émotions sont vives et toujours vraies; les gens d'un rang élevé, placés sur un théâtre plus apparent, feignent par air, ou par habitude, et ces mimes de tous les pays se ressemblent.

Il y a dans cette ville un marché aux maisons comme à Moscou. On vient y acheter sur la place une quantité de poutres et d'autres pièces de bois nécessaires à la construction d'un bâtiment. Toutes ces parties éparses, sont numérotées selon qu'elles doivent être posées. Dès que le marché est conclu, l'acheteur désigne au marchand

* Ministre du rite Grec.

l'emplacement qu'il a choisi; quatre jours après, ce dernier la rend habitable. C'est à l'aide de ce procédé que Potemkin créait des villages entiers sur les routes que parcourait l'Impératrice Catherine II., étonnée et charmée de la population de ses nouvelles provinces.

Je suis entré ce matin chez un marchand de fourrures qui possède peut-être un des plus considérables entre-pôts de la Russie. Parmi les peleteries précieuses qu'il doit expédier ces jours-ci pour Constantinople, il ma montré une peau de renard noir du Kamschatka du prix de quinze cent roubles d'argent (environ £150 sterling), c'était sans doute d'une semblable fourrure qu'était une pélisse donnée par Catherine II. à Gustave III. Je l'ai vue dans le trésor royal de Stockholm, on l'estimait 30,000 roubles d'argent (près de 4 milles livres sterling).

Raginow, — Mai.

Je ne suis encore qu'à 500 verstes de Moscou; car nous voyageons à très petites journées, sans projets, sans but déterminée. Je jouis pas à pas des beautés de la nature; et mettant mon bonheur dans mes pensées et mes souvenirs, ils sont plus à moi au milieu des champs que parmi les hommes pour lesquels je ne serais qu'un objet de curiosité ou indifférence. Au centre de la forêt d'où je t'écris je m'entretiens librement avec toi, et c'est une position souvent enviée dans le siècle où nous vivons.

Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vo misurando con passi tardi e lenti
E gli occhi io porto per fuggire intanti
Dove vestiggi uman l'arena stampi.*

Tout est riant maintenant autour de moi, tout existe ou demande à naitre. Charmante nature, que tes prestiges sont séduisans! Le printems a réellement une grande magie en Russie au commencement du mois de juin; les arbres semblent n'avoir besoin que d'un aurore pour se revêtir de toute leur parure. Cette végétation instantanée est d'un effet ravissant, on pourrait dire sans exagération que les feuilles se développent au regard.

Un ami que je viens de quitter, homme de beaucoup de talent et d'esprit. Le Marquis de la Maisonfort,* connu dans le monde littéraire par ses productions agréables, et dans le monde politique par ses ouvrages profonds, appélait Moscou le Botany Bay de l'Europe. Le mot est sévère, mais sous bien des rapports il est juste, on se formerait difficilement une idée du mélange d'étrangers réunis dans cette ville; c'est de la plus part d'entre eux que Rivarol eut dit: *ils font tache dans la boue.* Poussés par le sort ou par une destinée dont eux seuls ont rendu les chances défavorables, ils osent étaler sans crainte l'impudence sous laquelle ils masquent leur turpitude, et ce qu'il y a de plus affligeant, c'est que de pareils individus se donnent pour instituteurs et parviennent quelquesfois à se faire agréer à ce corps, qui compte ici tant de membres estimables ne serait-il pas à désirer que l'on, soumit tous ceux qui se présentent pour diriger l'éducation à l'examen d'une académie préposée à cet effet; et que le candidat fut spécialement tenu de donner des garans de sa moralité. L'expérience de tous les siècles a prouvé que si les lumières ne sont pas réunies à un fond de vertu, les connaissances sont plus nuisibles qu'utiles. On ne saurait donc apporter trop de soins dans le choix des hommes qu'un tel but amène dans ce pays, et qui doivent être avant tout, citoyens vertueux, bons pères, bons fils et sujets fidéls, pour diriger l'éducation d'élèves que leur naissance appele un jour a posséder les premières charges de l'état. Il y a une si prodigieuse différence entre l'art de former l'esprit et celui de former le cœur, que s'il est important de bien penser et de bien dire, il l'est encore davantage de bien faire, et quelle tâche plus imposante, que celle de guider à la vertu par l'entrainement de l'exemple, des êtres dont les connaissances et la moralité influéront sur la destinée des peuples.

L'interieur de presque toutes les maisons sur la route est tapissé de conceptions bizarres et effrayantes gravées sur bois par des paysans, qui sont bien au dessous de l'enfance de cet art: il serait à souhaiter qu'on utilisât ce talent *trop*

* Seul et pensif je parcours à pas lents les déserts les plus sauvages, et mes regards inquièts cherchent à démêler sur le sable les traces des hommes, pour les fuir!

* Le Roi de France a récompensé son constant dévouement à sa cause en le nommant son ministre à Florence.

naturel en donnant à ceux qui s'en occupent quelques idées du dessein.

Dimitriowka, — Mai.

Je viens de l'église Russe, j'y ai prié le Dieu de tous les peuples qu'il veuille bientôt nous réunir.

Les cérémonies du rite Grec, sont très imposantes, le chant en est simple mais harmonieux. Je me rappele avoir entendu dans l'église de l'hôpital Galitzin à Moscou le *hospodin po miloie* aussi bien éxécuté que ne l'eussent fait les premiers chanteurs de l'Italie. Les terres du gouvernement que je traverse maintenant, sont parfaitement bien cultivées, mais la presque totalité du grain qu'elles produisent, se distille en eau-de-vie.* Un particulier afferme du gouvernement le droit exclusif de faire débiter celle de tout l'empire par ses préposés, et si par aventure les paysans étaient huit jours sobres, ce serait un homme ruiné.

Il y a en Russie une grande quantité de costumes différens et cependant dans ces 52 gouvernemens les habits des hommes ne différent pas trop essentiellement, mais en revanche ceux des femmes changent à presque toutes les portes, et il y en a dont la bizarrerie ne peut-être rendue que par le pinceau.

* On évalue à 500,000,000 de livres pesant, le blé qui s'emploie à la distilation en Russie.

THE ROOKERY.

A TRUE TALE.

O! for a cup of mantling ale,
 That glee as well as wisdom mellows;
O! for a toast, or jocund tale;
 Sing old Rose and burn the bellows.

"The thunder rattles to-night as if *owld* Belzebub *wuz* at his last prayers!" said mine host of the Anchor, filling a bumper, and presenting it to one of his guests, having previously emptied the first cup himself "to trade and to better times."

"Let it rattle Joe," cried Natty Lister, a farmer of the village, holding the glass of sparkling ale to the candle: "'tis a brave sign for the chicken that's a coming; the boy will make a noise i' the world, depend on't."

"Or he 'ont be dad's nown child," continued Geordie Pule, a little fat man with red ferret eyes, who sat in the chimney corner, and leisurely took his pipe from his mouth to make this sapient remark, which was followed by a huge puff of constrained smoke. "Well, well, I only wish he may live to become as good a soul—what say you, Joey, eh?"

"Amen! amen! master," answered the obsequious landlord, draining the beaker to its very dregs, with no little policy, and then tugging up his loose plush trowsers with one hand, as, with a cavalier air, he held on high the replenished glass with the other: "here's to young master, male or female," said he, "an' long life an' prosperity to us *all*."

"Give us your hands!" exclaimed Natty, not a little flattered on the one side, and exhilirated by nappy ale on the other; "such friends are not to be met with every day," and he was in the act of a cordial and mutual gripe, as Mrs. Moggins, the landlady, brushed gratingly into the yellow sanded parlor, with all the importance of a special messenger, and announced that madam Lister was indeed confined of a *son!* and that the storm seemed blowing over.

"Bravo!" cried Johnny; "bravo!" cried Joey, as Natty with an air of half-drunken importance and joy rose suddenly from his seat, and rewarded the frowsy messenger with a hearty buss, which she, adjusting the blue pinner of her apron, seemed much better to relish than did her farce-

contented husband, who, at a wink from his wife, slyly sneaking to the score-board, rubbed out two and threepence in the reckoning, and conscientiously chalked up five shillings.

But, in order that our readers may become better acquainted with the dramatis personæ, it is necessary they should be apprized that Mr. Lister, with all the feeling of a true born English husband of the ancient school, had adjourned prudently to console himself at the Anchor over a cup of Mr. Moggins' home-brewed, while his prolific rib was making that natural addition to his family circle, which Mrs. Moggins had so recently and judiciously announced; and, as the deity who presides over social souls would have it, he had been fortunate enough to stumble on a very old friend and croney, in Geordie Pule, who was never behind hand in recommending *spiritual* consolation, and never foremost in breaking up a jovial sitting.

The domestic trial of Mrs. Lister being now come to a sort of conclusion, as we may say, Natty—and we have seen enough to judge of the acuteness of his feelings—professed himself quite unburthened of that anxiety which had hitherto oppressed his nerves, and leaving his affectionate mate to the more skilful care of nurse and gossip, he bravely resolved to crown the joyous occasion with a roaring frolic at the Anchor, and commenced the operation by immediately ordering in a stout bowl of punch, while Joey was dispatched for another *dear friend*, to share this evening of enviable felicity, in the shape of the village schoolmaster.

Scarcely had the gratefully-reeking beverage presented itself, borne on the rosy fingers of Mrs. Moggins, who, like a true bacchante, full of propitious smiles, was simperingly filling a variety of small glasses, with a ladle of wood, which in brownness might well have coped with the sylvan, sunburnt hue of her own complexion, ere the door flew open, and Mr. Peter Cracknown made his appearance, followed by the landlord, like a hungry cur, which at the scent of good viands is content to slink into the room at the commonest heel.

"Welcome, my honest boy!" exclaimed Natty, stretching out one hand to Cracknown, while the other held the regal pipe, as Peter stumped (for he had a wooden leg), not at all abashed, towards the happy farmer, and cordially returned his salute; nor was Johnny overlooked, nor indeed was he a man easy to remain long unperceived, and in a few seconds the utmost flow of congenial sentiment prevailed; every glass increased the resolution of *living and dying together*, as it is termed. Mrs. Moggins, notwithstanding her *excessive* reluctance and retiring modesty, was prevailed upon to take three or four glasses, alternately to the health of Mrs. and Mr. Lister, and to the young master; while Joey, who had none of the qualms which *publicly* troubled his blushing rib, watched his opportunity, and took now and then a *sup* between whiles.

There is nothing opens the breast of man so effectually as good liquor; beneath its benignant influence we love and are in turn beloved; we suddenly feel our hearts overflowing with the milk of human kindness, while the sunny smiles of disinterested regard and prosperity seem to brighten every thought and every prospect which presents itself; all sorts of animosities die within us, and we gradually forget the very name of enemy, or remember it only to feel the strongest disdain, or to offer the stoutest and most valiant defiance; our cares vanish around us, our natural independence increases, and we enjoy a temporary delight, which, but for the *after goading, the waking thought*, might be considered one of the greatest blessings in existence.

By this time our heroes were becoming good company. Johnny was deciding with the schoolmaster whether turf dug near the surface of the earth would not burn better than turf dug two feet lower, when Natty ventured to hope each would tip a little bit of a ditty before parting, although that was a thing not yet to be thought of, and in a voice like every thing but a voice, he began himself by way of example:—

Hard by her own cottage, and humble and low,
There was an *ould* woman sat spinning of tow,
When two lawyers came riding that way:
Says one to the other—
"The old witch I'll bother,
'Twill be good sport to hear what she'll say."
Derry down.

"Good mother," quoth he, "you but labor in vain,
'Tis you sow the seed and 'tis we reap the gain."

"Grammercy!" she cried, "for you know—
Dear son I deplore,
Your deeds are so sore,
For you see I am twisting o' *tow*.
Derry Down.

The conclusion of this ancient ditty, which doubtless was the mother of the celebrated story of the peasant sowing hemp, elicited, as it had often done before, *unanimous approbation*. although the croaks of a raven might have been deemed sweeter music. Natty having so far carried his point, insisted on Johnny's giving a specimen in equal style, and, after humming and hawing, with a great deal of "too bad, 'tis indeed," and so on, in tones only equal to Pan's, he warb—*bellowed* forth,

There are twa pigs within the peas,
Go pound them—go pound them;
They are John Cook's,
I know by their looks,
Go pound them—
I dare not for my life,
For if I do I ne'er no more shall kiss his wife.

This elegant morçeau, followed by "the Vicar and Moses" from Mr. Cracknown, and "When I liv'd at *sarvice* in Rosemary lane" from the pea-hen melody of the hostess, not to omit "Poll Olifer's Elopement" from Joey, concluded the musical digression, and a new subject almost started itself, for it would have required the fortitude of even worse judges and better philosophers, to sit patiently through an increase of such harmony.

At a late, or rather at an early hour, Mrs. Moggins observed that the good fellowship of her guests began to burst forth into riotous squalls, and that her own delectable mate had fallen into a tranquil nap, prudently drew aside the sage green damask window-curtains, in invitation to the rosy light of morning, which now streamed in through the half-way-up shutters.

By a sort of mutual impulse, the three animate carousers arose to forestal the design of the delicate hand of their hostess in opening the window; but Natty and Geordie, whose treacherous legs deceived their gallantry, and by a sudden reel, as it were, threw them back to their seats, resigned that supreme felicity to Mr. Cracknown, whose other leg being of wood, served materially to establish the uprightness, or perpendicular motion of his body altogether.

Sensibly did our three heroes gaze upon the blue light of heaven, as it now put to shame the mean, twinkling candle, which, as if drunk with the rest for the last half-hour, being rather too slender for its iron socket, had fallen into a sort of recumbent position, and over the edge of the table, to make use of a beautiful figure of speech, shed its tallow tears on the snuff-brown skirts of the all-unconscious Geordie. The loud cawing of the dingy tenants of his own rookery-trees was the first cause that excited in Natty Lister a desire to find his way home, for it reminded him that it was near the hour at which his labourers went forth to their daily toil.

Each having taken a glass of peppermint by way of a finale from Mrs. Moggins' own cordial bottle, which always stood in a sort of sanctum sanctorum, or rather high blue cupboard behind the door, our friends arm in arm began to lose sight of the Anchor, 'tis true much more than half-seas over, and to feel that the object which serves to steady the equilibrium of others, had produced quite a contrary effect upon themselves.

By this time the domestics of the Rookery, an old-fashioned farm-house, had begun their daily occupations. But in order that my readers may better mingle the scene with the subject as he proceeds, we shall fully describe both the exterior and interior of this ancient edifice. It had been built time out of mind, when oak, if not gold, was more plentiful, and consisted of four gables rather than angles, each resting or terminating on one immense chimney, which stood in the centre of the building, after the manner of the feudal donjon. It was fabricated, not of stone, but of massy piles of oak, which were planted in other transverse pieces of unusual bulk, serving as foundations for the support of the whole structure. The ceilings, too, were entirely composed of unplaned rafters; but these in most of the apartments were now covered with lime-plaster, as were all the out and inside of the formerly *wooden* walls: modern doors, too, had recently been made, to usurp the place of the old ones, and only in a single instance was there a pannel of Gothic workmanship remaining;

which, perhaps, being of oak, bossed, and studded all over with iron knobs, having resisted the united and sacrilegious efforts of fire and hatchet, was permitted to hang, as a protection to the adjoining turf lodge. The windows were small but many; some of them wore a very ancient appearance, being a sort of leaden lattice-work, interspersed, and that sparingly, with diamond-shaped panes, whose thickness, while it defied danger, equally obstructed light and sight. The interior of the edifice kept pace with its external appearance: the lower apartments were large and gloomy from the smallness of the casements, except where Mr. Lister's ingenuity had, as in the instance of the doors, supplied modern ones. From the entrance room you went up at least four stone steps into the cookery or kitchen, in which the servants took their meals, and for which purpose a large white dresser, surmounted by a variety of pewter dishes and plates, the pride of many a Maritornes, whose chief merit consisted in the brightness of their polish. A large easy chair on each side of the immense open fire-place bespoke the regal seats of Mr. and Mrs. Lister, seldom usurped, except by a favorite tabby, or the old house-dog; while forms of various lengths were arranged about the dresser for the reception of humbler individuals. A halbert of remarkable antiquity, which, on repairing some part of the building, had been discovered by the workmen, lay over the dark brown mantle-piece, still browner in rust, in spite of every exertion to render it bright. There were strange stories told of that halbert: some said it belonged to a knight who was murdered under the roof in olden times, and that his spirit had been seen, more than once, riding a grey horse up and down the long laundry garret; but we cannot take upon ourselves to authorize this as a fact. The parlor of the Rookery was lined with wainscoat, inlaid with paintings on wood from the scenes of the estate, and the fire-place surrounded with Dutch tiles, pourtraying the most useful passages of scripture history; while, in order to afford every solid accommodation, a matter in which our forefathers seem to have been well grounded, a small door opened immediately into a pantry admirably constructed as a repository for choice viands. The hall (for I conjecture our sensitive romance readers would probably not be inclined to pardon the omission of such a necessary appendage to a description of this kind) was not a hall of chivalry; not a single banner torn from the dying grasp of some proud pagan, not a helmet, not a shield was there; no—it was merely a rude square-built room, with one immense window, comparatively speaking, at its extremity, nearly shaded by vine leaves, which admitted only a sombre light to fall on the variety of full-length portraits that almost covered the white walls. But permit me, gentle reader, to observe, that those said portraits were not representatives of the ancient Tasberns, who first inherited the place, but of Mrs. Lister's relatives, consisting of maiden aunts, old persons, and so forth, painted by "one Hains of Norwich." Among those precious relics particularly worth notice was the likeness of Madam Lister's *first* husband, "such a man!" and, as she too often reminded poor Natty, "something like a man!" and Mr. Lister felt the weight of that argument in the good acres which her husband the *first* had bequeathed his widow, to the no small satisfaction of himself, as husband the *second*. But we were describing the apartments. From the hall a heavy staircase led to what was called the *best* room, which had been formerly hung with magnificent tapestry, but as Mrs. Lister had no *considerable* taste for even modern needle-work, it is not to be supposed she felt much pleasure in preserving that of other times, which was too apt to call forth tales of feminine industry; besides, she was no particular admirer of stags and sheperdesses, and, above all, she had an intolerable aversion to the "bushels of spiders" harbored behind such kind of hangings, and the old tapestry, together with the yellow damask in her own apartment, was condemned to be pulled down: the one to be given to a poor woman, who fashioned it into bed curtains, and the other to form carpets for the kitchen hearth and the accommodation of Mr. Lister's greyhounds.

Several acres of luxuriant fruit trees surrounded this venerable mansion, bounded at the extremity by a river, near the borders of which stood a little grove of venerable

poplars, whose wide spreading branches afforded an ample and impregnable retreat to an immense number of rooks, from which circumstance the estate derived its title of the Rookery.

But to return to Mr. Lister, whose companions having verified the old proverb "when the blind lead the blind," he was left fully at liberty to pursue his own way down a lane of hawthorn and honeysuckles, which, although the month was March, had begun to put forth their early buds, and the Rookery appeared in view, when, just as Natty was on the point of feeling his way over a sort of broken style, he observed the figure of a woman under the overhanging bushes, as if in the habit of stealing the dry wood. Though certainly far from sober, a sense of injury rose to Natty's mind, and, in no very delicate tones, he bawled out to know what the devil the old girl was about there?

The figure rose suddenly up at his voice, and Lister saw that it was Wardock Kennilson, a sort of Meg Merrilies of the village; indeed she had been driven from pillar to post, whipped for thieving, branded for thieving, and imprisoned for thieving; but so soon as the smart of her sufferings ceased, no sooner had her liberty returned, than she, in despite of what she thought right to call persecution, returned to her old practices; till at length the farmers, wearied out by her obstinacy, were content merely to pay back her depredations with threats and curses, being better disposed to *wish* her ill than *to do* her ill, which generally terminated in their becoming greater losers, for, including parish expenses, it had been remarked that the persecuting individual was sure to have a horse lamed, or a cow die upon the occasion. Under these circumstances, Wardock Kennilson was considered by many of the lower class as an awful woman, and even those in better circumstances little cared to offend her; in fact, Wardock Kennilson, though far from being possessed of any supernatural influence, was a dangerous enemy, and her revengeful propensity had procured for her that sort of respect, which Indians are supposed to entertain for a demon.

Lister was by no means a man to put any faith in Wardock's agency, but he looked to consequences, and felt suddenly somewhat sobered, as the tall sun-burnt figure which he had so strongly addressed stood almost majestically before him. There was a look of reproachful melancholy in her dark, but flashing eyes, as she bent them fully upon his: her dress fashioned of brown stuff, falling in tatters from a cloak of what had once been scarlet, hung profusely about her spare form; while her black and grey hair, escaping from a handkerchief of yellow cotton, streaming profusely over her almost bare neck, which the rent folds of her cloak vainly endeavoured to conceal, gave her a fierce and witchlike appearance.

"What is it you have been after there, Wardock?" said Lister in rather a subdued tone.

"What have *I* been after? Master Lister," responded the old woman in hoarse accents, "what have *you* been after all night long at the alehouse? would it not be better to give away more in charity, than to spend money as you do at yonder house?" and she stood on the step of the stile, pointing with her long finger to the chimney of the Anchor, which was still discernible. "Would not it be better, I say, to prevent poor creatures like myself from picking and stealing, than to mangle, and burn, and prison them for what starvation drives them to?"

"Have a care how you speak to me," exclaimed Lister, coloring with indignation.

"Look to yourself!" said she sternfully filling her terrible eyes with malicious fire and turning haughtily away.

"What is it you mean?" inquired he, calling after her, "do you think to alarm me by your threats?"

Wardock turned abruptly about. "I'll tell you what," answered she, "you are all of you a cruel persecuting set—you can see *us* perish for want, and grudge us the bare privilege of a dry stick to boil our kettles with, while you squander away pounds in your own drunkenness: but look to yourself, I say, there will be no need of firing for all of us *one* day."

Lister felt his blood thrill as she uttered this sentence, which he entirely misconstrued, for, recollecting that he had a number of corn stacks abroad, he imagined that Wardock insinuated in her own way

their destruction, perhaps by fire, and endeavouring to laugh off his agitation, "Why, Wardock," continued he, "you seem mightily offended! if others pursue you with rigour, am I to blame? Have I or mine refused to grant you relief? What is it you glance at?"

"Nothing!" replied the hag, in a somewhat milder tone, "nothing;—go home to your wife, 'tis a shame to be from your own house all sich a night as this."

"If you come presently, Wardock," exclaimed he, "I shall be in the cookery, and will draw you a stoup of the christening ale; you shall not say I'm a niggard in such matters;" but she was out of hearing, with a bundle of sticks on her head, as if by way of asserting her fearless indifference, and Lister continued his way in silence.

On arriving at the door of his own dwelling, the first thing that excited Lister's attention was the shrill voice of the dairymaid Jenny, a little short girl, who while she sat under the cow was bawling a long story to one of the ploughmen, as he sifted the chaff at the stable door, about her master's two dogs, which had been howling almost ever since day-break under madam's window; they had been driven away three times by Jenny's own hand, and, in spite of its weight, had as constantly returned, renewing their howls with the cries of the infant; and Jenny was firmly of opinion that nothing less than either the death of her mistress or the baby was forewarned by this horrible omen. Besides, it had been *such* a night! the thunder had soured two pans of flit milk, and the old tabby cat had knocked down all the salt in the dairy! O! Jenny was quite sure such things meant *something*, for she recollected, when her poor old blind grandmother died, the cat— Lister heard no further ere he turned into the house and threw himself into his arm chair. Nan's omen *did*, somehow, perplex him, although, as we proceed, we shall discover that such omens are not always the organs through which inveterate fate declares its black intentions.

Lister was far from being a superstitious man, but he had acute feelings, which sometimes made him seem what he was not, and to act in opposition to his more deliberate opinion. The peculiar appearance and behaviour of Wardock Kennilson that morning had left a deep impression on his mind, and mellowed it for the reception of the howling dog story, which, to say the least of it, assuredly was a remarkable circumstance. Lister had heard many of the most experienced farmers express a belief in wicked influence; he forgot the narrow prejudices from which such belief arose, and resolved, in case Wardock did not call in the course of the day, to visit her cottage, for Wardock had a settled habitation as well as a *name* in the village; but, although she never mingled with that wandering tribe called gypsies, she still led a wild, unsettled life, differing from the domestic habits of her neighbours. The exterior and interior appearance of her wretched hovel were alike miserable; her garden, too, uncultivated, harboured only the briar and the thistle, which, spreading luxuriantly and unmolested over the low, broken casement of her hut, not merely prevented inquiry, but imparted a sullen gloom to the interior wretchedness and loneliness of the place. To this den of poverty Lister, with his head sinking upon his chest, was meditating an adjournment, as Jenny, entering the kitchen, was so amazed by his unlooked-for appearance, that, with a loud squall of surprise, terminating in a "Laud sir! whu ever thought o' seeing o' you here?" the damsel nearly let fall the frothy vessel which she carried in her hand.

Starting from his reverie, "Is the fool mad?" exclaimed Lister, rather pettishly.

"Mad, sir! laud, no, onny astound like. Whoever dreamt o' your being i' the house. Ah! if you had been here last night," and Jenny looked mysteriously at the dogs, which, as if conscious of her "ambiguous givings out," their lank tails slunk between their legs, stood sneaking with piteous looks behind Lister's chair: "if you had bin here last night—but I say not a word; trouble begins always early enough of a morning—losses and crosses are never behind hand;" and as she spoke the third dog entered the cookery, and stood lapping the new milk out of the pail, without her perceiving it. Such an odd circumstance, ill according with Jenny's words, raised a smile on Lister's face, which she construing into ridicule, thought, no doubt, her master was deriding her ignorance, and, turning away with a sort of a huff, went

muttering towards the dairy. "Ah! 'tis well for *some* people that they are born wi' silver spoons i' their mouths—I could, but I on't now—let him find it out, if he can—he'll *never be the wiser for my instructions!*" and in her last observation, we suspect poor Jenny expressed more truth than her indignation intended.

Let us here enter more minutely into the particulars of the Lister family. Mr. Lister was the son of a physician, who not having realized such an independence by *his* profession as entitled him to bask in every sort of profusion, suddenly became so disgusted with that profession, and professions altogether, that he determined to bring up his only son to *trade;* accordingly the boy was, at an early age, placed apprentice with an eminent shopkeeper in a provincial town. While almost a child, young Lister felt in himself an inclination to please and be pleased, but at the age of fifteen he wanted not the penetration to discover, that even his relations were ashamed of his calling; and one or two of them thought proper to style him "*the little grocer,*" which seemed such a degradation, that he soon began to look upon himself as the unfortunate victim of his foolish father's caprice. A thousand times a day did he curse the shop, and had just made up his mind to abscond, as he received a letter containing the melancholy intelligence of his father's death. This news for a time entirely disconcerted Natty's plans, especially as the doctor had died very much involved; and the disconsolate youth, in finding himself alone and unprotected in the world, began to turn his thoughts more fully upon his prospects, and to consider that, when professions are not to be had, it may be as well to stand behind a counter, he wisely resolved to *fag* out the remnant of his time, for the sake of a propriety which he could not very well avoid.

Young Lister, who wanted not for feeling, was much affected at the death of his father, and his grief was materially heightened by the manner in which his end had been effected. The old gentleman, who generally travelled on horseback, having been out to visit a patient, staid late at a well known inn by the road side, carousing with two or three old acquaintances, who met him by accident on the way. The night came on dark before he was aware of its approach; at length, on hearing the clock strike eleven, full of wine, he suddenly called for his horse, and resisting the intreaties of the landlord to take a bed, persevered in his fatal resolution of immediately returning home.

His friends shook him heartily by the hand at the door, and the host held up the candle streaming in the night air, in order to shew him light out of the court; but, striking his spurs into his horse's sides, he furiously gallopped under the archway, while sparks of fire, occasioned by the iron shoes of the spirited animal, marked for a few moments the course he took. But scarcely had the landlord and his guests returned to the kitchen fire (for Mr. Lister was one of those medical professors who eighty years ago were not ashamed to share the convivialty of an inn settee, in the company of *honest-hearted souls*) ere the cry of distress was heard; and a country fellow coming in, informed them that the unhappy doctor, in riding over a lofty bridge crossing the stream of a neighbouring watermill, had mistaken the way, and both himself and horse been precipitated into the roaring flood.

Footsteps and voices, even while each was lamenting the accident, were heard; and presently after poor Lister, pale, wet, and bleeding, was brought into the house on the broken door of an old coal-shed. The horse had perished on the spot; in the rider there were still signs of life, and surgical assistance was instantly sent for: but it came too late, for the victim bled to death ere he could be undressed.

Young Lister was the only male issue remaining of his family; he inherited the name, and the name alone. There lived indeed an old aunt, Miss Goodberry Lister, who was considered to be immensely rich; but as she was not on terms with the doctor, from his being too fond of quizzing her virginity, and as she did not even go into mourning for him, Natty saw no prospect of ever being much the better for his family connexions, and his seemed indeed rather a desolate future. One circumstance, however, rendered him a little consolation, even in this state of despondency. At the back of his master's house there

was a high wall, which terminated the garden of an old parson; this parson happened to bring up a niece, a pretty-looking lass, with fine black eyes, which having met those of young Lister at church, when both of them ought to have been attending the service, pierced by their radiance so deeply into his inexperienced heart, that he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep for thinking of the parson's niece, and his greatest felicity was to catch a glance of her over the garden wall, as she sat at her knitting beneath the pear trees.

O Love! all-subduing deity! under the influence of thy mighty magic the deepest griefs are forgotten, and in the seductive witchery of thy gambols the cares and obstacles of life give way. In truth, the fascinating powers of Miss Lucy Standish worked such a revolution in young Lister's mind, that he not only forgot his recent misfortune, but instead of longer considering his present situation as replete with slavery and disgrace, he thought it the most desirable one in the universe, and himself the happiest of all happy lovers.

Many were the times that Natty passed to and fro opposite the windows of parson Grogram's habitation, with the hope of seeing Lucy at one of the windows, and of making her sensible, by his devoted looks, of how truly he was her admirer. Lucy, however, was quite unconscious of the attachment of "*the little grocer*," till an accident occurred, which declared to her at once the adoring state of our hero's affections. Having climed up the wall one morning, for the purpose of feasting his eyes and grieving his heart, he unluckily, or rather luckily, leaned too far, and tumbled head-foremost into the garden. In this pretty predicament he would have at once taken to his heels: but there was no retreat to be made, except by the way he came, or directly through the house; and, even had it been otherwise, Natty found escape impossible, for he had so sprained one of his ancles in the fall, as to be totally incapable of moving from the spot.

Mr. Grogram, who was reading in a small balcony opposite the scene of action, saw Natty sprawling on the ground; and without inquiring into the cause of his ailment, with true christian fortitude inquired why he came there at all. Lister said that one of his master's children had thrown *his*, Lister's, hat over the fence, and in looking to see whereabouts it had fallen, his foot slipped, and he also had tumbled into the garden.

"But the hat," said Mr. Grogram, looking about, "where is the hat?"

Lister blushed, for he then recollected he had had no hat on his head that morning, and he thought the best way to evade further inquiry was to shriek as if with pain. At the sound of such lamentations out came Mrs. Deborah, Mr. Grogram's antiquated mother, followed—O, ecstacy! by the divine black-eyed Lucy.

"See here," said the parson, rather feelingly, "this poor boy, in climbing to look after his hat, which his master's children threw over the wall, has fallen down and hurt himself."

"Hurt himself!" cried the old lady, "I believe its all a falsehood, for I saw both the children go out, dressed, in a coach an hour ago."

Natty recollected that the children were indeed gone out; "it was above an hour ago, madam," said he, sheepishly, "but I was too busy to look over the wall before."

"And what is become of the hat, boy, is it run away?"

"O—h!" shrieked Natty, pretending to endure the most excruciating agony.

"Dear me, dear me," said the humane parson, "what's to be done?" and Lister beheld with emotions of transport, that his apparent suffering had filled with tears the beautiful eyes of Miss Standish.

"What's to be done?" continued Mrs. Deborah, "just step round for the grocer, child, and I'll bring out a little of my golden elixir, that he may take it home and bathe the lad's ancle."

Mr. Grogram hastened to apprize the honest grocer, Natty's master, of the mishap which had befallen his apprentice, and Mrs. Deborah to uncork her never-failing balsam, while Lucy, in an abstracted attitude, stood piteously gazing on the recumbent Natty.

Lister found this was a moment never likely to be recovered if once lost; he had read in Shakespeare something about a tide in the affairs of men, and he resolved to take it at the ebb.

"Miss Standish!" said he, in rather a tremulous tone of voice, and raising himself on his arm.

Lucy started; "did you speak to me?" asked she, coloring she knew not why.

"It was to look upon your beauty that I ascended yonder wall—it was for your sake, divine Miss Lucy, that —"

"Lucy! do you know any thing of my lotion case?" inquired the old lady's voice, as she burst again into the garden, and Lister threw himself into his former position.

In the next instant the grocer, who half suspected Natty's manœuvre, followed Mr. Grogram to the place where his apprentice lay, and was not a little surprised to find that he was really and truly incapable of walking without assistance. As Natty slowly proceeded along the avenue, supported by Mr. Grogram's servant and the grocer, he observed that Lucy passed through a sort of lattice-work into the house, and that her eyes were, tenderly, he thought, directed towards himself; at that moment Mrs. Deborah, holding forth her bottle of golden elixir, cried out, "the hat—but you have not found the hat."

"O——h!" groaned Natty, "for heaven's sake don't stay now," and his attendants hurried him away as fast as possible. For a month after that time, during which he was actually incapable of removing from place to place, Lister indulged himself in reveries on the incomparable charms of his adored Lucy; and being informed that she herself, at the request of Mrs. Deborah, had brought a second bottle of the delectable embrocation, he did nothing but bathe and rub his ancle from morning till night, under an idea that a third would the sooner be necessary, as if he never intended to walk again.

(To be continued.)

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Understanding that you are a kindly-hearted gentleman, and one who never turns a deaf ear to the distresses of the fair sex, I am induced to state to you a case of no common recurrence; and though I am just the very reverse of a blue-stocking, and never knew a thing about literature in my life, still I am inclined to hope, since I hear you are such a kind *old gentleman*, that you will give my letter a place in your magazine. I am one of those single gentlewomen denominated old maids: and notwithstanding the odium cast upon this class in society, I was the happiest creature in the world—till last year, when I became distracted out of my seven senses, as the saying is, by *my next-door neighbours.* You must know, dear Mr. Editor, that these neighbours of mine are a widow and her three daughters; the widow is at her wit's end, to get her daughters *off*, and they, poor things, do not seem one whit less anxious about the matter than their mamma. Well, my dear Mr. Editor, Miss Julia, the eldest, has set her heart upon a musical colonel, who is a constant attendant at the widow's evening parties; and since the lassie commenced setting *her cap* at him, as the people say, she has done nothing but squall Italian—bravuras I think they call them—from morning to night; and though I used to be quite delighted to hear her singing "My Native Land I bade Adieu," "Lovely Peace with Plenty Crowned," and other pretty songs of the sort, I really have no pleasure at all in hearing the outlandish tunes, with no tune in them to my ear, that Miss Julia is always singing now.—Then Maria, at a ball one night, danced with *a dandy* (is that what they call the creature, my good Mr. Editor?), and this dandy told her that he had such a fine aviary, and how he had quite a passion for birds; so what has Miss done, but stuck her mamma's rooms full of canary-birds, and her balcony full of parrots; and so, Sir, between Miss Julia's bravuras, and Miss Maria's parrots, I can hardly hear the sound of my own voice. But, good Mr. Editor, none of all these plagues are half so bad, as the plague that Miss Anne is to me, for she is trying *to*

catch an English fox-hunting squire, and she keeps as many dogs about her as might fill the squire's kennel;—now I have no dislike to dogs in their own place, Mr. Editor; but, when I see Miss Anne kissing and caressing brute beasts, for all the world as if they were Christians, and throwing her pretty arms about the ugly animals, I am really half sick; and, what is worse than all this, my poor cat is in daily risk of being worried to death by Miss Anne's pets. Then the carriages that are for ever rolling backwards and forwards in the street —for my *next-door neighbours* are either visited or visiting incessantly; and not a moment ago, I declare to you, Mr. Editor, there was a knock at my door of one minute and three-quarters long: and when Davy, my man, Mr. Editor, went to see who my uncourteous visitor might be, there stood a poor creature, with his face half hid in his shirt collar, and hair growing on his upper lip, asking for Miss Julia.—Maybe, Mr. Editor, the creature was a dandy? When Davy told him he had mistaken the door, off he went, Davy says, grinning just like a monkey! These mistakes, however, occur so frequently, that I am quite sure they are willing mistakes: for often when some one knocks at my door *by mistake*, I see some of *my next-door neighbours* putting their pretty faces out at the window, and laughing to see the old-maid hoaxed. But, Mr. Editor, the misery I have yet to mention, is the worst to bear of all. Unfortunately, at church these young ladies are my next-door neighbours still, and the tittering and talking that is constantly carried on in their pew, and the quizzing looks so often thrown at the old-maid, not only prevents my paying attention to the service, but makes me often leave the church in a very uncharitable frame of mind; for I cannot always obey the divine command, and "bless them that despitefully use me." Now, dear, good Mr. Editor, in your next Magazine, if you would just tell Miss Julia that the colonel said, only two nights ago, that she is quite out of her element when she sings Italian, and that "she is in the *wrong box* when she expected to *nab him*,"—that Miss Maria will never win the dandy with her canary-birds and parrots, and that the squire says Miss Anne's pretty hands would look far better making a pudding, than caressing her canine favorites;—this advice would surely do the poor pretty things good, coming from a learned man like you. And now, Mr. Editor—dear Sir, forgive me for intruding so long upon your precious time —and pray, say a word for me to my *next-door-neighbours*.—Your friend and servant,

BRIDGET MATCHLESS.

March 24, 1823.

ORIGINAL AND FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE ASCENDING SPIRIT.

Lines written immediately after hearing of the death of J. P. Kemble, Esq.

BY EDWARD BALL.*

I feel thine icy grasp, transfixing Death,
Seize my full heart, and stop my panting breath;
Yes, and I feel that last, ecstatic swell,
Which thought may paint, but language never tell!

Still let me gaze, ere yet mine aching sight
Be wrapt in shades of everlasting night:—
A thousand rays of mortal glory beam,
Which fade before me like a golden dream,
Temper'd in ardor as the setting sun
To weary souls when mid-day toil is done.
Come, tranquil rest! I hear thee, holy strain,
Close, close mine eyes, I must not gaze again:

Perhaps ere now the critic's haste hath wrought
The tomb of genius, ere its early thought
Could shed one ray of that Shakespearian glow
Which flash'd from *Kemble's* eye, and beam'd
on Siddon's brow.

* Mr. Ball was perhaps the last person who paid a public tribute to the unrivalled talents of J. Kemble Esq. during his life time, in an address spoken at the Surrey Theatre, so late as the 24th, by Mrs. Pindar :—

Forms that commingled with my love and will,
Forms, earthly all, and I am earthly still,
Look sadly on, while in their pale despair
I read a woe that would not linger there,
Could they with me this awful transport share.
O! weep not so, ye weigh about my soul,
Which else, elastic, to yon starry pole
Had wing'd its downy course——
That throb—'tis past
Earth vanishes! and have I look'd my last?
This vapor fold—this cloud of shadowy snow!
Who am I? where am I? *what* am I now?
Yon silvery moon, that late its pitying light
Flung o'er my couch, and cheer'd my pensive night,
Seems, while I rise, expanding and unfurl'd,
A boundless, an immeasurable world!
Yon starry arch, in myriad wonders deck'd,
The vast design of Heav'n's High Architect,
Confounds my dazzled sense! Spirits that bear
This feeble being through unmeasur'd air,—
Ye mighty ones! whose rosy pinions shed
Seraphic odours round my trembling head,
Tell me, O! tell me, whence those sounds I hear,
That ring sweet changes to my ravish'd ear,—
Now dying soft, now murmuring to a swell,
Like dropping streams, and every drop a bell
Of tuneful gold! To Eden's banks alone
Such harmony—*such* melody is known.
Yon massive gates, whose height o'ertops my view—
Yon flaming sword—yon dome of orient blue!
Yes, '*tis* the mansion of the Blessed One!
Pardon Supreme, the ills these hands have done.
He will not, *dares* not pray to enter here,
Whose last, sole hope is, penitence and fear.
Most merciful! soul-thrilling joy! that voice!
The bolts fly back, and— * *
* * * *
Neught that I *am*, here, on this chrystal floor,
Here let me kneel for ever and adore:—
Eternal God! Great Source of life and light!
How *finite* we! thyself, how *infinite!*
March 12, 1823.

BALLAD STANZAS.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Though many the scenes that thro' life may look smiling,
Tho' many the joys that around me I see;
None, none, ever look'd half so fair and beguiling,
As when youth's gay morning first dawn'd upon me!
One dream of enchantment
Around me then sprung;
And I sigh'd with delight
When life's morning was young.

There's a freshness around us in life's early spring,
That the years which come after can never impart;
There's a feeling of bliss, that for ever takes wing
When the first bloom of morning has quitted the heart.
Through the world as we wander
Its roses among,
Still we sigh for the time
When life's morning was young!

'Tis *then* love looks faithful, and friendship seems true,
Then Hope wears a smile (though 'tis oft to betray);
But the warm sunny side of the world is in view,
And life shines before us, one long summer's day.
Then careless we wander
Each blessing among;
For no sorrow can wound,
When life's morning is young!

Then the strains of the poet, the minstel, the lover,
Are dear to the bosom, and sweet to the ear;
Around youth's wild path, bright illusions still hover,
And joy springs before us, and pleasure is near.
Then music speaks gladness,
Love breathes from each tongue;
Ev'ry face wears a smile
When life's morning is young!

There are riches and honors for those who may choose them,
That only the cold age of reason can bring;
But it never can give the light joy of the bosom,
When love and when life were alike in their spring.
There's a fullness of rapture
Youth's wild hopes among,
That the heart *only* feels
When life's morning is young!

STANZAS,

Written by the Cradle of my Infant Daughter,

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Sweet Florence! when I gaze on those blue eyes,
And that soft cheek of infant gentleness,
All a fond parent's anxious cares arise,
And hopes and fears, which none but mothers' hearts can guess!

The Lament of a Poor Primrose Girl.

A Ballad.

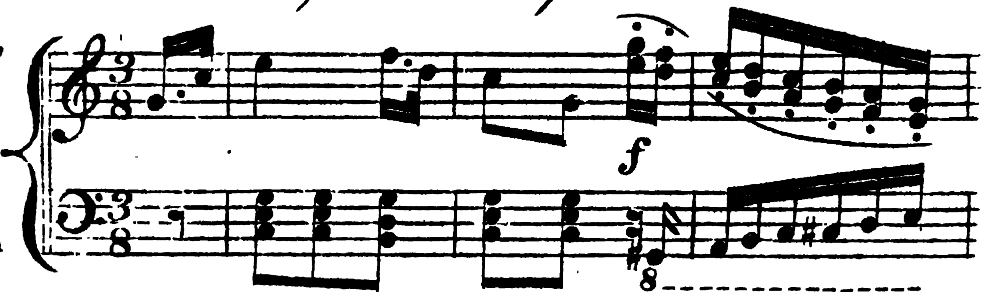
the Words Written by

Mr. E. Ball.

the music composed

by

Miss F. E. Copeland.

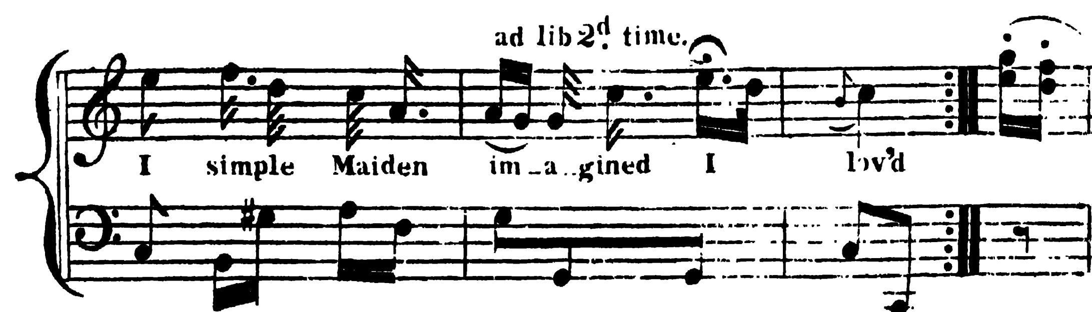














2

He loves me no longer—adieu! then for ever!
Adieu fickle swain! all my passion is o'er
What death had not ended, love slighted can sever
The fondness that won me, deludes me no more

Yet down by that Stile where so oft he has met me
Where first; when he woo'd me, joy beamed in his eye
Ah! might I but know he would come to regret me
Tho' early heart broken, how bless'd could I die—

As thus I bend me o'er that placid face,
And hang enraptur'd on that cherub smile,
Fond, busy thought thy future hours would trace,—
And fancy plies her loom, and weaves her web awhile!

Thy future life! (that fearful chequer'd maze)
In dreaming thought leads me through many a scene;
With prophet-glance, I look to distant days,
And paint what *thou* may'st be from all that *I* have been!

The gay, light-hearted school girl first I see,
With cloudless brow, and soul devoid of art;—
All, all my earlier years revived in thee,
And many a joy long past comes rushing o'er my heart!

The maiden next, in blushing beauty drest;
Whose graceful form, and heart-subduing eyes,
And glowing cheek—and pure, unsullied breast,
Half fearful, yet half fond—prompts many a lover's sighs!

Here my heart trembles for thee, my sweet child!
And anxious muses on those dangerous hours.
When love, beguiling love! with wing so wild,
First strews life's thorny path with his enchanted flow'rs!

Blest season! when the young heart learns to glow
With hopes that love, and love alone can feel!
Though oft the "god of the unerring bow"
Inflicts those fatal wounds that time can never heal!

The white-rob'd bride, I now behold thee stand
Within the sacred fane where vows are given,
And plighted oaths are sworn; where heart and hand,
Though joined by earthly ties, are registered in Heaven!

The smiling mother next I see thee move,
With looks of tenderness and steps of grace;
Around thee many a golden link of love,
And many a laughing eye, and pleasure-beaming face!

But all these dreams may fade,—death's with'ring hand,
That crops the flower, may blight thy opening bloom;
And pale disease, with all its ghastly band
Of ills, may sweep thee hence to an untimely tomb!

Now sinks the vision from hope's dreaming eye,
And all the web delusive fancy wove,
At once dissolves before thy feeble cry,
And little upraised hands, that ask a mother's love!

Whate'er thy lot may be,—whether the way
Of life with flowers be strown, or thorns o'er-run,—
Amid its storms or sunshine, may'st thou say,
To HIM who rules o'er all, "thy will, not mine, be done!"

THE LAMENT OF A POOR PRIMROSE GIRL.

A BALLAD.

The Words written by Mrs. Edward Ball, the Music composed by Miss F. E. Copeland.

(Engraved expressly for this Miscellany.)

Where the oak hangs its green by the stile in yon vale,
Young William alone sought my bosom to move;
With sighs he unfolded his heart-melting tale,
And I, simple maiden, imagined I lov'd.

He loves me no longer—adieu! then, for ever!
Adieu, fickle swain, all my passion is o'er;
What death had not ended, love slighted can sever,—
The fondness that won me, deludes me no more.

Yet down by that stile, where so oft he has met me,
Where first, when he woo'd me, joy beam'd in his eye,—
Ah! might I but know he would come to regret me,
Though early heart-broken, how bless'd could I die!

FASHIONS

FOR

APRIL, 1823.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—Spring Promenade Costume.

A round dress of fine cambric or India muslin, trimmed round the border with three Vandyke flounces, set or plain, of muslin richly embroidered, and each point edged with narrow lace of Urling's manufacture. A mantle of pale Ceylon ruby, or of bright rose color, is worn over this dress, with Capuchin hood and standing-up collar above: the mantle is lined throughout with figured sarcenet or gossamer satin of a lighter shade, or else with white; but that also is figured, and generally the figures on the white ground correspond in color with that of the mantle, which is edged all round with a fold of satin, of a moderate breadth, cut in bias. The bonnet is of a shape, entirely novel; with a mandarin double crown, pointed at the top. The bonnet is of the same color as the mantle; and the divisions of the mandarin crown are edged with a delicate silk fringe, or with white blond. On the left side is placed a very large full-blown rose. A small cornette of fine lace is worn underneath the bonnet, which, according to the fashion of the present day, is placed very backward. Half boots of corded *gros de Naples* and lemon-colored kid gloves complete this elegantly simple and highly distinguished costume.

No. 2.—Evening Full Dress.

A dress of pink or celestial blue satin, trimmed round with a coquillage border of the same material, edged with fine blond; and each shell headed with a rich ornament of white silk, wrought in a trefoil form; the border enclosed in *rouleaux* of pink satin. Corsage of satin, with stripes formed of white *rouleaux*. The sleeves formed of falling ornaments, crosswise, and edged with blond: very short. Falling tucker of lace, of a Vandyke pattern. A superb necklace, forming a *rouleau* of fine pearls, closely twisted, with pearl ear-rings. The necklace is certainly more costly than beautiful, for the intrinsic value of the pearls is lost by their being so closely wound over each other. A gold chain, of exquisite workmanship, however, gives a relief to the heavy appearance of the necklace: from the chain depends an eye-glass. The hair is arranged *à la Milanaise*, with a Grecian *bandeau* tiara of satin, enriched with pearls; though some ladies ornament this tiara with sapphire or turquoise stones, and twine a few pearls lightly through the hair.

The slippers are of white satin, and are made more long-quartered than formerly so as to discover the beauty of the instep; they are ornamented with tassels of pearls instead of rosettes.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

According to the old adage, we are led to believe that when March comes in, with lion-like demeanour, it will make its exit with the gentleness of a lamb; and the proverb, like many other good old sayings, has certainly some claim to our credit; but we must not dwell on any thing *old*, when we are about to describe the various novelties in fashion which have taken place since last month; a few mild days of March, and now April, just discovering the uncertain graces of her varying coun-

SPRING PROMENADE COSTUME

Published April 1st. 1823, for La Belle Assemblée No. 173.



SPRING PROMENADE COSTUME

Publish'd April 1st. 1823 for La Belle Assemblée Nº 17



EVENING FULL DRESS

Pub'd April 1st 18[illegible] for La Belle Assemblée No 1[illegible]

tenance, give us fair promise of the joyous spring; and our pedestrian belles are beginning to lay aside their fur tippets for the superb dark shawl of rich double levantine, with a splendid border of various coloured flowers, consisting of fox-gloves, roses, and auriculas: a mere *sautoir* also is frequently seen tied round the throat, as the only additional covering over a pelisse, especially if that pelisse is velvet; which material, however, is much on the decline, and is at present but partially worn, as is the fur tippet on chilly days over a high dress of poplin or bombazin; scarf shawls worn with this dress are very long.

The bonnets are of a moderate size, and becoming shape; the Mary Stuart style is very prevalent, and hats bent in that manner over the forehead, and placed very much on one side, are very becoming to a youthful and agreeable countenance. The fine brown beaver equestrian hat, with a dark blue Cachemire pelisse, is yet much in favour. The bonnets are chiefly of figured *gros de Naples*, lined with white or pink satin, and are more admired when ornamented with feathers than with flowers. A close white satin village bonnet has been much admired for carriage airiness; it is ornamented in front with a superb plume of white Marabout feathers, inclining towards the crown, which is very low; at the base of the feathers is placed a small bouquet of mignionet. Several ladies have endeavoured, but without effect, to bring again into favour that most becoming of all bonnets the real cottage shape, of fine straw or leghorn; the village bonnet, however, both for walking and the carriage, seems to be preferred. Bonnets of a clear mazarine red, of *gros de Naples*, have been seen in several carriages; both the blossom and the colour are truly appropriate to this season of the year.

Gowns for evening dress are made in the wrapping style, and are confined at the waist by a girdle of gold, tied before with long ends, finished by tassels. Another evening dress we saw on a young lady, a few nights ago, pleased us much by its chaste simplicity; it was of white gossamer gauze over white satin; the gauze frock trimmed with a broad border, consisting of innumerable rows of narrow satin ribbon, of a bright geranium colour, and the hem terminated by a very fine broad lace: the bust was trimmed *à la Circassienne*, diversified with small rows of geranium coloured satin ribbon, and the sleeves short and full; the hair was arranged partly *à la Madonna*, but a few curls strayed over the temples, and relieved the straigl. monotony of the Madonna braid. A superb shawl of real Cachemire, entirely white, with exquisitely wrought acorn tassels at each corner, was thrown over this elegant dress on quitting the party. The sole ornament on the head was an antique regal diadem comb, of fine pearls, placed very backward.

Black silk yet continues to be much worn in half dress, and indeed it has been long prevalent during the season of Lent. The black dresses are generally of *gros de Naples*, and are trimmed at the border with a broad layer of satin, on which is a kind of cockle-shell trimming of black lace. *Gros de Naples* is a favourite material for dresses at this time of the year. High dresses of this silk, of chaste spring colours, with a lace frill at the throat, are much admired for *home costume;* they are trimmed at the border with two rows of a thick, well wadded *rouleau*, ornamented with single large leaves of satin. The bust is trimmed *en chevrons;* the *mancherons* surmounting the long sleeves full, and in the half melon style: lace narrow wrist ruffles are invariably worn with long sleeves. The waists are of a moderate and proportionate length; but the skirts are getting longer than we could wish. Dresses of celestial blue satin, with white blond flounces, are a becoming and elegant evening costume for ladies of a fair complexion. Cyprus crape is a favourite article for full dress, and hangs on the female form most gracefully; it is generally trimmed with French tucks, in bias, of *gros de Naples*. The *corsages* of most dresses fasten behind; yet the fashion or make differs little in the back from the front.

Cornettes are still in favour for the morning or the retired solitude of home, when in half dress; they are of fine lace, and are ornamented with a profusion of ribbon, which at present is more in favour than flowers. Greek and Malabar turbans of figured gauze are the favourite head-dresses of married ladies of middle age; a few pearls, or, if in mourning, a bandeau of jet

or bugles, with a plume of feathers, render these truly becoming turbans fit for any evening dress party. The wreaths of flowers worn by young ladies are made of crape. The satin toque, called the student's cap, is made square at the summit of the crown, like the Westminster cap: an aigrette of jewels is placed in front; but sometimes this aigrette is put just above the left ear, and a gold band, finished by a row of net *bouillon*, encircles the part next the face. The pactolus, or golden sands gauze, is yet much in favor for turbans, entwined with folds of colored gauze: white crape turbans also, ornamented with myrtle in flower, and a bird of paradise plume, are among the newest head-dresses.

The jewellery most worn consists of ear-rings and necklaces of rubies, set round with pearls, and elegantly wrought gold ornaments. Roman pearl bracelets worked in squares, with rings of Mina nova, chrysolite, and brilliants.

The most esteemed colors are bright geranium, spring bud green, canary yellow, sapphire blue, and Etruscan brown.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUME.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Our Spring promises rather a milder temperature and advancement than what the late rigorous season might have taught us to expect: it is therefore no unusual sight to see our Parisian dames promenading the Tuilleries, and other public walks, habited only in a high dress of *gros d'hiver*, with a *barége* scarf carelessly thrown over it, and that more for ornament than use; though, certainly, pelisses have not yet totally disappeared, for we still see one or two stragglers in black velvet, but the more fashionable in light colored silks; and the pelisse is generally rendered in appearance yet lighter by trimmings of blond.

Bonnets are made of *gros de Naples* of a light green, and are ornamented by branches of Parisian lilac. A bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, of rather a close shape, surmounted by a plume of white feathers and a branch of coral, and a Scotch cap of black velvet with a gold band and tassel, and one full long plume, dependant from the right side, are the only novelties in the cap and bonnet style that I have to describe this month.

The gowns that are made low, have a *bouffont* drapery over the bust, generally made of silk netting, and of the same color as the dress; the satin sash, also, that has very short ends, is of the same color. Some have only belts to confine the waist, with a rosette, just under which is a clasp; but the belt is fastened by a pin; the clasp is a mere ornament. A dress of white satin, with three rows of a kind of basket-work trimming, formed of white gauze, and the chequers of gold, and in the midst of each square a rose of *ponçeau* gauze, is much admired for evening dress; the hair ornamented with gold bands, and fastened up by a diamond comb, surmounted by a red plume of cocks' feathers, which fall over the right ear. The dresses for evening parties are generally of white satin, and are often trimmed with rose-colored crape. The Sultana tunique is a beautiful new dress, very much like the three-quarters *Polonaise* and curricle dress of

"The days when we were young."

Ball dresses are trimmed with three rows of satin in bias *rouleaux*; they are in festoons, and at every point is a flower: this is always the way in which striped crape, flock gauze, clodia crape, rainbow gauze, plain *barége* silk, or *tulle* dresses are trimmed. At the bottom of dresses are also sometimes placed *rosaces* or flowers formed of pearls, intermingled with small plumes of feathers; this latter way of trimming dresses is, at present, confined to ladies of distinction. When ball dresses are made of figured *barége* silk, they are then trimmed with several rows of cockle-shells, in flame-colored gauze, divided by puffings in serpentine, which puffings are confined by

clasps of gold. The favorite way of trimming the bodies of dresses, is by that most becoming appendage a *bouffons* drapery across the bust; it shews its contour to advantage, and gives a fulness where nature has been less prodigal: it is therefore particularly well adapted to the Parisian ladies, who are most of them wanting in that plumpness which distinguishes your countrywomen. But the feet of French women are beautifully small, and of these they take care to make a full display in dancing, for the ball dresses are made very short indeed.

At the first performance of *Leicester*, the head-dresses of the ladies were as follow: a toque hat of blue striped gauze, tied under the chin, and surrounded by a wreath, formed half of marabouts and half of ears of gold corn; in the centre was a sheaf of the same materials. A Russian toque of green velvet, surmounted with two black spiral feathers; beneath these was a hussar's band, the tassels of which hung over the shoulder. A broad-brimmed hat of flame color, lined with white satin, and adorned with two large flat feathers, placed over each ear, and crossed over each other in front. A great with tulips, sweet peas, and other flowers: one of these caps was tied under the chin with points of cashmire, trimmed with blond. A dress hat was also seen of gold-colored, watered gauze; the brim of it was fluted, and it was finished by a wreath round the crown, formed of little tufts of yellow feathers. Turbans are much worn by married ladies at dramatic representations, concerts, evening dress parties, and, in short, at every place where people of distinction are assembled. Some of these head-dresses are formed of gauze only; others are surmounted by feathers, but the newest are ornamented with flowers. At Lafont's concert were seen several toque turbans of black velvet, enormously large, placed very much on one side, and no feathers. A hat, too, of purple velvet, ornamented about the brim with tassels of gold, and having eight ears of gold corn in front, overshadowed by marabouts of the colors of tortoiseshell. A white satin hat, with a drooping feather, was much admired; as was another white satin hat surmounted by three feathers of flame color: the middle one spread out like a fan, and the two others inclining to either side. On a toque of lilac velvet I also remarked a bouquet of lilac curled feathers, forming a pyramid. The first time the *Chevalier D'Eon* was acted, a very pretty woman in one of the first boxes had on a black hat, ornamented with three superb white feathers. Clotilda caps of *tulle* and satin, covered almost with auriculas, are still very prevalent. Some young persons for the ball-room have their hair elegantly arranged, and simply ornamented with a diadem of leaves formed of satin, highly varnished, and stiffened with gum; the diadem is formed of two half wreaths meeting in front, and forming a point over the forehead: the color of the leaves is always determined by that of the dress, or of its ornaments; sometimes these leaves are smooth round the edges, at others jagged, according to fancy. Red wreaths are generally made of feathers, and are very becoming to a brown complexion. Ladies who are fair are very partial to a wreath of oak, the leaves of silver, and the acorns gold; or a wreath of fern mixed with leaves and bunches of ivy: these wreaths are in gold or silver. At the ball given by the Russian ambassador, a lady appeared with her head adorned with silver gauze ornamented with flowers; every flower was fastened by two pieces of rich bullion; and the whole head-dress formed two diadems, placed at a certain distance from each other. Another lady had on a wreath of blue flowers mixed with silver acorns. This wreath was placed very much on one side; and on that which was elevated, was fixed a sheaf of twenty ears of corn, all of diamonds, that seemed springing out of a full tuft of curls. A third head-dress was a wreath composed of fifteen ears of corn, all diamonds, and a diamond comb. A fourth was a toque of *ponçeau* gauze and gold; the hair divided in three braids, terminating by a full bow of hair, upheld by a diamond comb. A fifth presented a mass of diamonds, so that but little of the hair in curls could be distinguished. At the grand European ball, one lady had a garland of flame-colored feathers, with bunches of currants in gold, placed between two divisions of hair, arranged in light bows or tufts. Another

head-dress was very singular; the flowers all drooping from the head, like a weeping willow. At the first time of performing *L'Homme aux Scruples*, the most fashionable héad-dress in the boxes was a diadem of flowers, consisting of two wreaths, one placed low on the forehead, the other on the summit of the head: toques also, of Ipsiboé yellow satin, with black feathers, mixed with white marabouts; basque toques wider at the top of the crown than at the lower part embroidered over with pearls, ornamented with feathers, and placed very much on one side. Turbans are also much admired of striped gauze, with four gold bands, which, as they meet together in front, form a cross. Black toques have sometimes a crescent of diamonds placed in front; others have ears of corn, grouped, on one side. At the ball given by the minister for foreign affairs, the ladies' head-dresses were chiefly *à la Grecque*, flat on the summit of her head, and brought out behind, in the Sappho style. Some were ornamented with a fillet of gold, with diamond ears of corn; others were adorned with pearls and flowers.

Necklaces are clasped by two hands united; these hands sustain a knot wrought in gold, to which is suspended a cross of gold, diamonds, cornelian, or some other gem.

A gift at parting consists of a ring, called a *Farewell*. It is of polished steel or bronze; and represents a scaly serpent with its tail in its mouth. This is a well known symbol of eternal constancy.

Before I conclude, I must tell you a little anecdote of Madame D***, with whom you became acquainted during her recent visit to England. She appeared at a ball *bourgeois* about three weeks ago, in a dress that was elegantly simple; her shoes were white satin, her dress of gauze, with a black velvet body; but her hair was encircled with a bandeau of diamonds as large as cherry stones: you know her love of expense: the front of her *corsage* also glittered with diamonds: and the bottom of her waist was encircled with two rows of these costly materials, thickly set, of the same irradiating brilliancy.

The most prevalent colors are lavender grey, carmelite, ipsiboe yellow, mignionet green, and rose color.

THE HIVE.

Origin of Newspapers.—Newspapers owe their birth to Italy, and under the government of Venice. The first publication of this sort was called a *Gazetta*, as Menage conjectures, from the name of a little coin for which it was primitively sold. This etymology, however, has been forcibly opposed, and another substituted in its stead, from which we gather, that in the language known to have been the Italian of past days, the Latin word *gaza* would colloquially lengthen, in the diminutive, to *gazetta*, and, as applied to a newspaper, signify a little treasury of intelligence.

The first newspaper published in England, was entitled the "English Mercury," and dated July 28, 1588, a copy of which is remaining in the British Museum.

In 1622, a private newspaper, called the "Weekly Courant," was printed in London.

In 1639, a newspaper was printed by Robert Barker, at Newcastle.

The "Gazette" was first published at Oxford, August 22, 1642.

The first daily paper after the Revolution, was called the "Orange Intelligence;" and from thence to 1692 there were twenty-six similar publications.

Largest Bells in the World.—It should seem that the largest bell in the world is that at Moscow, which is said to be 19 feet high, 70 in circumference, and 2 feet in thickness, to weigh 336,000 pounds, and to require 100 men to raise it! The great bell of Saint Paul's is a mere hand-bell to

it, the latter weighing only 9,408 pounds; and even "Great Tom" of Lincoln, in comparison with the Russian, must hide his diminished head, for his weight is only 9,894 pounds.

Trick upon William the Third.—King William had a Frenchman who took care of his Majesty's pointers, and whose place it was to load and deliver the fowling-pieces to the King. One day, however, it chanced that Monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him into the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman as the King, he gave his Majesty the gun charged only with powder. The King having fired without effect, the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and extolling the King's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen his Majesty miss his aim before in his life.

Earl of Rochester.—Rochester had a great dislike to the Earl of Lauderdale, who for a considerable time possessed much influence over the King, and a principal share in the management of affairs.

Lauderdale came one day to Court in Rochester's week of waiting, and desired admittance to his Majesty, but was refused, being told by Rochester he was very ill. Lauderdale came constantly every day during Rochester's week, and as regularly received the same answer, at which being surprised, he asked Rochester what was the nature of his Majesty's illness, who told him the king had got a sore nose. Lauderdale came to court when another lord was in waiting, and was immediately introduced to the presence chamber. The King expressed his amazement at not seeing him for so many days, and on being informed of the impediment, called for Rochester, and demanded his reasons for saying he had got a sore nose. Rochester replied, "May it please your Majesty: had I been led so long by the nose as you have been by Lauderdale, I am sure mine would have been very sore; so I conceived it at least my duty to deny all access to the immediate cause of your majesty's disorder."

Tom Killigrew.—Mr. Thomas Killigrew was a man of great wit, and frequently diverted Charles II. by his drollery. He was generally at court, and had often access to the king when admission was denied to the first peers of the realm. Charles, who hated business as much as he loved pleasure, would often disappoint the council by withdrawing his royal presence when they were met, by which their business was delayed, and many of the members greatly offended at the disrespect which was shewn them. It happened one day, when the council had sat some time in expectation of his Majesty, that the Earl of Lauderdale, who was a violent man, quitted the room in a passion, and accidentally met Killigrew, to whom he expressed himself somewhat irreverently of the king. Killigrew bid his grace be calm, for he would lay a wager of one hundred pounds, that he would make his Majesty come to the council-chamber in less than half an hour. Lauderdale being a little heated and under the influence of surprise, took him at his word. Killigrew went immediately to the King, and without ceremony told him what had happened, adding "I know your majesty hates Lauderdale, though the necessity of your affairs obliges you to behave civilly to him; now if you would get rid of a man you dislike, come to the council, for Lauderdale is so immoderately avaricious, that, rather than pay the hundred pounds, he will hang himself, and never plague you more." The King was pleased with the humour and archness of the observation, and answered, "Then, Killigrew, I'll positively go." Which he accordingly did.

On another occasion, Killigrew used the following expedient to admonish his royal master of his extreme negligence in public affairs. He dressed himself in a pilgrim's habit, went into the king's chamber, and told him that he hated himself and the world, that he was resolved to leave it, and was therefore just about taking a journey to the lower regions. The King asked him what was his business there. To which Killigrew replied, "To speak to his infernal majesty, and induce him to send up Oliver Cromwell to take care of the English government, as his successor is too constantly employed in other business."

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

CONTAINING

THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, MUSIC, &c.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

The ballet has been robbed of one of its brightest ornaments, by the elopement of the sylph-like Mercandotti with a gentleman of the name of Ball Hughes. The newspapers teem with *facetiæ* on this subject. They compare the lady to *Atalante*, lost by stopping for the "Golden Ball."

"Like Atalante, the fair dancer fell,
"Because she loved the Golden Ball too well."

They joke at a dancer's being so fond of a ball, and sport a dozen other jokes. We are sorry that so flagrant a copy of Parisian manners should have taken place. In *Alfred*, Ronzi Vestris has succeeded her whom a periodical writer in a late critique phophetical called "the impassioned Mercandotti;" and De Varennes has succeeded the former. These performers have both reaped great applause by their exertions. The grand ballet of *Alfred*, by M. Aumer, notwithstanding the defection of the lady above alluded to, has been produced with great splendour and complete success. It has attracted crowded houses, and will no doubt tend much to restore the affairs of this theatre. We deem it unnecessary to enter into a detail of its incidents: perhaps our national feelings may be hostile to a view of the great monarch represented as a dancer.

The scenery is superb, and the decorations and *tout-ensemble* extremely magnificent.

COVENT GARDEN.

The principal novelty at Covent-Garden Theatre during the month has been the production of *Julian*, a tragedy, by Miss Mary Russell Mitford, which was performed for the first time on Saturday the 15th, and since frequently repeated to good houses, with flattering tokens of approbation. The plot of this tragedy, (three editions of which have already been published) is by no means complicated in its construction, yet the interest is kept alive by a rapid succession of incidents, from the commencement of the story to the final catastrophe. The language, as our extracts will shew, depends more on its fidelity to nature, than to lofty diction or poetic imagery; yet it is by no means deficient in force or character, and abounds with passages of fine pathos and genuine simplicity.

The scene is laid in Sicily, where *Alfonso*, the young king, (Miss Foote) is left during his minority, under the guardianship of his uncle the *Duke of Melfi* (Mr. Bennett), who is also Regent of the Kingdom, and who resolves, by the murder of his nephew, to pave his way to the throne. This he attempts in a retired pass among the mountains, but is defeated by the timely interposition of his own son *Julian* (Macready), who dyes his sword in the blood of the assassin, and rescues his royal cousin, without being aware at the moment that he had encountered his much-loved parent. This gives the author a fine opportunity for producing a powerful display of agonized feeling; and at this interesting moment the tragedy commences, *Julian* being discovered stretched on a couch, where he had lain in a kind of delirious trance for seven days and nights, from which, by the attentions of his wife, the *Princess Annabel* (Miss Lacy), and the youthful king whom he had saved, disguised as a page, he recovers, and learns with infinite joy that the wound he gave his father is not mortal. Here the first act closes, the interest of which is powerfully kept up throughout, by the fine paroxysms of passion displayed by Macready. The *Duke of Melfi*, still bent on possessing the throne, now circulates a report of *Alfonso's* death, and endeavours to make his son a participator in his criminal intentions; but the devoted loyalty of *Julian* to the rightful sovereign overcomes all other considerations, and (having failed to divert his father from his unjust purpose by every argument that filial regard can suggest) at the moment the *Duke* is about to place the crown on his own head, in the pre-

sence of the Sicilian nobles, *Julian* leads in *Alfonso*. At the head of the nobility opposed to *Melfi* is the *Count D'Alba* (Abbot), whose hate springs, not merely from ambition, but from the *Princess Annabel*, whom he loves, having preferred *Julian* to himself. When *Melfi*, therefore, comes to seize the crown, he is bearded by *D'Alba*, and the other nobles, and *Julian* is called upon to give evidence against his father. This he steadily refuses to do, and *D'Alba* gladly seizes the opportunity of charging him with being an accomplice in the crime, by which they are both pronounced traitors, doomed to immediate exile, and thrust forth from the gates of the city. *Melfi*, whose mental agony causes his wounds to bleed afresh, is now seen, in utter wretchedness, dying in the arms of *Julian*, whom he blesses, and the despair of the latter over his father's corpse is terribly affecting. From this state of torture he is suddenly roused by the entrance of a servant, who announces to him the betrayal of *Annabel* by the *Count D'Alba*, and he at length discovers, by a jewelled rosary that his faithful wife had hung from the casement of a window in the tower where she is confined, whither to direct his steps: he scales the window and enters, and while they are determining to die together, as the only means by which she can escape dishonour, some of *Melfi's* ruffians enter, and *Annabel*, in her endeavours to save her husband, is stabbed to the heart, and instantly expires at his feet. *Julian* kills the leader, and the others fly: he then throws his mantle over the dead body of his wife, and concealing himself in a cloak, assumes the character of one of the ruffians. *D'Alba* enters, and after one or two questions, abruptly answered, *Julian* throws of his disguise, and calls upon him to recognize in death the victim of his atrocity. *Alfonso* now enters, accompanied by his guards, and orders the Count, who is horror-struck by the consummation of his villany, to be taken into custody; while in a few moments *Julian*, whose frame sinks under this accumulation of sorrow, falls lifeless by the side of his beloved princess, and thus completes the catastrophe.

In the first act, the dialogue between *Julian* and *Annabel* (a specimen of which we subjoin), when the former is recovering from his delirium, and discloses to the latter the supposed tragical fate of his father, is finely wrought, and intensely interesting:—

Jul. Within the rifled rocks
Of high Albano, rotting in a glen,
Dark, dark at very noon, a father lies
Murdered by his own son.
Ann. And thou didst see
The deed? An awful sight to one so good!
Yet—
Jul. Birds obscene, and wolf, and ravening fox,
Ere this—only the dark hairs on the ground
And the brown crusted blood! And she can ask,
Why am I mad!
Ann. Oh, a thrice awful sight
To one so duteous! holy priests shall lave
With blessed water that foul spot, and thou,
Pious and pitying, thou shalt—
Jul. Hear at once,
Innocent torturer, that, drop by drop,
Pour'st molten lead into my wound, that glen—
Hang not upon me!—In that darksome glen
My father lies. I am a murderer,
A parricide, accurst of God and man;
Let go my hand! purest and whitest saint,
Let go!

In the second act, where *Julian* endeavours to show his father their right of allegiance to *Alfonso*, the diction is eloquent, and the conflict between ambitious feeling and duteous obedience is effectively displayed in the following colloquy:—

Jul. Bethink thee, father,
Soldier or statesman, thine is the first name
Of Sicily,—the General, Regent, Prince,
Th' unmatch'd in power, the unapproach'd in fame;
What could that little word *a King* do more
For thee?
Melfi. That little word! why *that* is fame,
And power and glory! that shall fill the world,
Lend a whole age its name, and float along
The stream of time, with such a buoyancy,
As shall endure when palaces and tombs
Are swept away like dust. That little word!
Beshrew thy womanish heart that cannot feel
Its spell!
(Guns and shouts are heard without.)
Hark! Hark! the guns! I feel it now!
I am proclaimed. Before I entered here
'Twas known throughout the city that I lived,
And the boy-king was dead.
(Guns, bells, and shouts again.)
Dost hear the bells, the shouts? Oh, 'tis a proud
And glorious feeling thus at once to live
Within a thousand bounding hearts, to hear
The strong out-gushing of that present fame,
For whose uncertain dire futurity
Men toil, and slay, and die. Without a crime—
I thank thee still for that—Without a crime—
For he'll be happier—I am a king
(Shouts again.)
Dost thou not hear "long live the king Ruggiero?"

Julian still endeavours to discourage his father's usurpation: but the Duke's ambition is not to be reasoned into subjection; and when he declares he will make Julian "the heir of a fair crown," the latter replies,

Not all the powers
Of all the earth can force upon my brow

That heritage of guilt. Cannot I die?
But that were happiness. I'd rather drag
A weary life beneath the silent rule
Of the stern Trappist, digging my own grave,
Myself a living corse, cut off from the sweet
And natural kindness that man shews to man;
I'd rather hang, a hermit, on the steep
Of horrid Etna, between snow and fire;
Rather than sit a crown'd and honour'd prince,
Guarded by children, tributaries, friends,
On an usurper's throne!"

We regret that our limits preclude us from quoting at greater length: but it will be seen, by the foregoing extracts, that if the language be objected to, as not reaching the pomp and circumstance of tragic diction, it adheres faithfully to nature, and is infinitely more pleasing than that inflated style of writing so prevalent in many modern tragedies, or those ponderous masses of blank verse which the writers of the last century were wont to put into the mouths of their heroes. The action of the drama never flags; the incidents are striking, and the situations and groupings are arranged with good scenic effect. Macready appeared to feel as if his theatric fame depended upon the issue of the tragedy; which appears not to have been lost upon the fair author, who dedicates her work to him in terms of grateful eulogy. We are not disposed to find fault with her for this, though we cannot help thinking that the dedicatee ought to be equally obliged to her for having drawn a character so admirably suited to the display of his talents. But why she should extend the compliment to those other performers, who barely did what was "set down" for them, we are at a loss to guess; unless, indeed, in the exuberance of her gratitude, she thought herself indebted to the whole of the *corps dramatique*.

A man whose death the majority of our readers will feel as if it were the loss of a personal friend, such are the ties which link the ornaments of the stage to the public. John Philip Kemble, formerly of this theatre, departed this life at Lausanne in Switzerland, on the 25th of February. His illness was of short duration, and the close of his days was passed in the calm enjoyment of flowers and sunshine. With the break of day he was in his favorite garden, and a fine climate and contented mind led him tranquilly and gradually to the

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history."

The biography of this distinguished and lamented individual has been so often before the Public, that a repetition of it could hardly furnish one novelty; our summary shall in consequence be brief. He was the son of Mr. Roger Kemble, and born in 1757, at Prescot in Lancashire. Being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, his first studies were pursued at Sedgely Park, Staffordshire; from whence he went to the college of Douay, with a view of finishing his education for the church. But the stage had stronger attractions; and on his return to England, he appeared at the theatres of Liverpool, York, and Edinburgh; and afterwards, during two seasons, at Dublin. His debut in London took place 30th September 1783, when he performed Hamlet at Drury Lane. His success was great; but it was not till the retreat of Mr. Smith, in 1788, that he succeeded to the highest walk in the drama. His theatrical career, from that period to his own retirement was not marked with many changes, except from character to character, from Drury Lane to Covent Garden, from actor to manager, from manager to proprietor. In all these relations he dignified the profession to which he belonged, and refined and improved the stage. To him we are indebted for Shakespeare, as we now witness his immortal plays represented; and to him we owe generally the correctness and elevation which renders the modern drama, in all its relations, private as well as public, a noble contrast to the drama of elder times. Mr. Kemble was a gentleman and a scholar, as well as a performer of the noblest order. He adapted and wrote many pieces,* and also once came forth as a poet, but with no

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* *Belisarius*, a tragedy acted at Hull in 1778 never printed; *Female Officer*, a farce, at York 1779, never printed; *O! its Impossible*, altered from the Comedy of Errors, in 1780; *The Pannel*, a farce; *'Tis well 'tis no Worse*; *The Farm House*, a comedy; *Lodoiska*, a romance; *Celadon and Florimel*, a comedy; *Fugitive Pieces* 1780.

éclat. In social life he was highly esteemed, and has borne to the grave with him a character far surpassing any thing which he ever personated. It is hoped that the Public's esteem towards this truly amiable and great man will be evinced by the erection of a monument to his memory.

DRURY LANE.

No novelties have been represented at this house since our last critique. Operas, alternately with Oratorios, have been the uniform bills of fare for several weeks. The miscellaneous selections of music from Handel, &c. have been admirable, and have generally drawn overflowing houses. Amongst other pieces adopted, there has been Dr. Crotch's grand Sacred Oratorio of *Palestine.* This learned and able composition was produced eight or ten years ago, and was generally considered to be one of the most elaborate and skilful works of the English school of music: and still does it merit that character, though we are compelled to say that it is too long and too complicated (if not, towards the close, too feeble) for a popular auditory. Many of the parts are delightful, and the whole is in a high style of art; but, after all, the English are essentially not a musical nation, and we observed that time began to hang heavy on many hands, before this fine Oratorio could be brought to a close; however, the piece was greatly applauded by a very crowded house.

The performance of the *Siege of Belgrade*, a few evenings since, made a slight change here. Braham was the attraction as the *Seraskier*, and Miss Stephens the *Lilla.* The only other novelties result from the system of management introduced this season, and may be gathered from the bills, *videlicet:* Mr. Kean has gone to the provinces, having finished the second part of his first engagement. Mr. Liston also departs, having finished the first part of his second engagement. Mr. Young is about to return, to commence the third and last part of his engagement, and so forth.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

GYMNASE DRAMATIQUE.—*Trilby,* ou *Le Lutin d'Amour.*

One of the most pleasing works of Mr. Charles Nodier, one of those in which we recognize all the charms of his talents and fancy, applied to that mythology of superstition, so teeming with emotions and novel combinations, has furnished the subject of the last piece produced at the Gymnase, under the same title as the tale. As the authors had a perfect model before them, they had but little to do; and this time they have left their imaginations at rest: they have only ornamented with some pretty songs the most interesting scenes of the original work. There is in Mr. Nodier's fantastical character of *Trilby,* a charm and a mystical attraction, which are not to be found in the vulgar character of the hero of the piece. One thing produced a great effect: it was when this fellow came, towards the end, and said, with a pitiful countenance, that "*his* eloquence had ruined him." The allusion was instantly felt, and the public laughed at the discomfited orator.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.

Among the works of Saint-Foix, the ingenious author of the *Essays on Paris,* there is a comedy in three acts, intitled *l'Ile Sauvage,* which was acted on the *Theatre François* in 1745. It is this piece (but reduced to one act) that has just been reproduced at the Vaudeville, under the title of *Les Deux Ingénues,* or *l'Ile des Noirs.* But in this case it is but fair to confess, that those who undertook to curtail it, or, as these Vaudeville patchers say, to revive it, have done it with great taste. If they borrowed their first idea, they have encompassed it with a variety of charming details and songs, which are their own. Their dialogue must be admired, although it is sometimes in the style of *Marévaux.*

THEATRE ROYAL DE L'OPERA COMIQUE.—*Jenny la Bouquetierre,* an Opera in two Acts.

This opera has been treated with great severity at the first representation: the public hissed many bad puns and indecorous jokes; but they are omitted now, and there remains only a sentimental and serious romance, which on the second night had a better success. There is among the characters one *Lourmont,* who having been at first a clerk, has become a rich banker

in the Chaussée d'Antin. More than once this personage has excited hilarity; and there was a burst of applause when this dull financier, wishing to make a speech to his daughter, who is going to marry, stutters, and cannot finish his first sentence. The music supported the words; it is the composition of Messrs. Frederick Kreube and Pradher. Still it is doubtful whether a long life awaits *Jenny;* she may, like roses, wither in one morning.

ACADEMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE.—*Cendrillon,* a pantomimic Ballet in three Acts, by M. Albert.

This same ballet was performed last year at the *King's Theatre,* and Mercandotti acted the part of *Cinderella.* The Fairy who protected her then has not, as it appears, forsaken her this year: she has again carried her away to the *ball* in a splendid equipage.

When good old Perrault placed his modest *Cendrillon* in the corner of the fireplace, with an humble bellows in her hands, he did not foresee the brilliant destinies which awaited her one day; he did not expect all the transformations, or rather transfigurations, which she was to undergo. Messrs. Etienne, Desangiers, and Rossini have got hold of her in turn, to produce her at the *Opéra-Comique,* the *Variétés,* and the *Théâtre Italien;* and whenever she has appeared, whether under the features of Mlle. St. Aubin, of Mlle. Cinti, or M. Brunet, she has always drawn great crowds, and obtained successes, of various kinds, it is true, but equally certain. It remained for her to shew herself on the magnificent stage of the Opera: and it was indeed surprising that no attempt had been yet made to naturalize her there, for this was her real element. Albert thought of it; the idea was excellent, and success has proved it unquestionably. The subject offered two great advantages: first, it is popular, and therefore intelligible to all; this is a great thing, because there are ballets which one has seen for these two or three years, without being quite sure to understand them thoroughly. The second advantage of the subject is, that the fairy art being a material and component part of it, the managers of the opera were able to put in motion all their machinery, to exert the power of their pullies, and to display all the luxury of their glories. They have shewn themselves, it must be allowed, rather sparing of their prodigous resources in that way, and we should like to see in the new ballet some more of what they call *surprises.*

But if the author of *Cendrillon* has not had recourse to all the means which the stores of the opera offered him, as to the *matériel,* he has neglected nothing as to the *personnel,* for he has made a general conscription of the whole dancing militia; he has kept all moving, from the highest talent down to the humblest usefulness; indeed the spacious stage of the Opera had never yet offered a more brilliant and more varied show, and La Bruyère himself, that great slanderer of the Opera, would certainly have been obliged to applaud, and even to be entertained. How could any one, in fact, not applaud that superb carriage, upon which so much gold shines *en bosse,* and which is drawn by beautiful white horses, coming out of the chimney; those rich dresses, covered with gold, silver, and diamonds; that crowd of young nymphs, gracefully grouped; in fine, that multitude of subjects of the first order, who all contribute to the success: for Mesdames Fanny Bias, Anatole, Montessu, Hullin, Brouard, Lacroix, Baron, Aumer, Idalise performed wonders; they rivalled in grace and lightness. Paul multiplied *ad infinitum* his rotations around his axis, that is, he executed very nice *pirouettes.* He rose as high as a man possibly can, *viz.* two feet above ground—*O Altitudo!*

On this occasion Albert has crowned himself with a triple laurel, and reaped an abundant harvest of plaudits, as an author, as well as an actor and a dancer. But he ought not to give a white slipper to *Cendrillon;* green is the consecrated color, the historical color, and it ought absolutely to be preserved. Mme. Bigottini, who habitually gives a peculiar stamp to the character she creates, has marked with a deep one that of *Cendrillon.*

We will not forget the two white horses, *Favori* et *l'Ami* (they are thus named), who perform their parts with so much grace, and especially with so much decorum. They are to be praised for the neatness of their performance. These noble quadru-

peds are, as it is well known, pupils of MM. Tramoni, whom all the artists find ever ready to promote their success. This serviceableness is scarce enough to be noticed. It is said, the men who in the *Caravanne* act as the fore feet and hind feet of the camels, are going to petition: they maintain that this innovation will cut off their arms and legs, and that they alone at the Opera are entitled to perform the parts of animals. They are somewhat right, but in such awful discussions we must not interfere.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Specimens of the Russian Poets, with Introductory Remarks. Part the Second. By John Bowring, F.L.S., and Honorary Member of several Foreign Societies.

It is with cordial satisfaction that we hail Mr. Bowring's second volume, which, after the brilliant success of his first specimens of Russian Literature, was a debt that he owed to the Public; to that part of it, at least, whose approbation confers real and permanent distinction. To those who are acquainted with the preceding collection, any recommendation of this supplemental work may appear superfluous. In reality, it will be found to possess, not perhaps a larger sum of intrinsic merit, but a far greater variety of attraction than the elder volume. It is true that we find but three poems from the pen of Dherzhavin, whom Mr. Bowring places in the first rank of Russian bards: but this privation is amply compensated by copious and delightful extracts from Dmitriev and Zhukovsky, in whose compositions we recognize a certain expression of national character, a foreign, and even a Russian physiognomy, that renders them peculiarly interesting to the English reader, and is happily calculated to gratify and stimulate curiosity respecting a country, not more estranged from our own in its latitude and aspect, than in the structure of its government and the organization of its society.

"The poëtry which is here presented," says Mr. Bowring, "is the poetry of a highly imitative, strongly-feeling, but despotically governed people, erected upon a magnificent, sonorous and flexible language; on the whole," he continues, "the present volume will possess a character much more candidly national than the former. A variety of poems immediately connected with the earlier history of Russia, and others representing the peculiar habits of the Russians, are introduced. The national songs especially will, I trust, excite some attention: these are the poetry of the people; these are the fragments whose authors are never raised from the darkness of oblivion; these are the joy and the study of the peasantry; their consolation in the dreariness of their wintry dwellings, conveyed from tongue to tongue through many a generation. These are no subjects for criticism, for criticism cannot reach them: it cannot abstract one voice from the chorus, nor persuade the village youths and maidens that the measure is false, or the music is discordant. The forms of versification, though some of them are rude and irregular, I have endeavoured to preserve as a part of their original charm; I have heard them sung in the wooden huts of the cottagers, and have been cheered by them, when the boor has whirled me in his uncouth sledge over the frozen snow; the rude melody, often gentle and plaintive, in which they found utterance, still vibrates in my ear. I ask for them no admiration: they are the delight of millions."

In the martial songs of Dmitriev and Zhukovsky, we discover that unsophisticated language of nature and passion, which is alone congenial to the character or acceptable to the sympathies of a semi-barbarous people; the chaunt of glory that heralds the hero's steps, the anthem of victory that consecrates his triumph; the love of the father-land that endears the unwalled hut to its possessor; the smiles of the betrothed mistress, the faith of brothers, the self-devoting truth of woman, these form the appropriate, almost the only legitimate themes of Russian poetry. From these the poet draws the inspiration of genuine feeling, and pours forth his native strains with a consciousness of power, a spontaneous energy, that electrifies the reader. Of this genuine poetical inspiration many delightful examples are selected by Mr. Bowring, particularly the fine poem of Jermak, from Dmitriev, and Moskva Rescued, by the same author, which want of room obliges us to postpone to our next number.

The Volga, another poem by the same

author, is extremely pleasing. But of all that the volume contains, the Minstrel in the Camp, by Zhukovskya, a dramatic ode, in which the bard is introduced with a chorus of warriors, is most calculated to win the popular suffrage. Having eulogized the Russian heroes of ancient and modern times, the minstrel offers a tribute to those who had lately fallen in the field of glory.

Now, brothers! hallow those who died,
Those from the strife departed;
Their place is vacant by our side,
Before us they have started.
No more shall they disperse the foe,
Or hear the battle's thunder;
Their hearts no more with rapture glow—
They sleep in silence under.
Their sword, their shield, are on the ground,
Where damp and rust shall eat them;
Their proud war-horses wander round,
Without a friend to greet them.

O Kulinev! the brave, the strong!
Upon thy shield reclining,
Thou diedst amidst the battle throng,
While thy bright sword was shining.
Thou diedst e'en where thy childhood pass'd,
In happiest visions o'er thee;
And thou hast made thy grave at last
Where first thy cradle bore thee:
And sure thy latest sigh was blest,
For faith's best hopes thou keepedst;
That last sigh sought thy mother's breast—
Reach'd heaven—and then thou sleepedst.
And where, Kutaissov! tell us where
Thou in thy bloom alightest?
His heart, his countenance were clear
As virtue when 'tis brightest;
He threw him in the battle ring—
Death dropt its mantle o'er him:
He touch'd the sweet harp's sweetest string;
Let every string deplore him!
His steed approaches, dyed with gore—
Where is the hand to guide her?
His shield is there, blood-clotted o'er—
The shield—but not the rider.

The Prisoner, by Batiushkoh, is a charming little poem; as are the Nightingale, and the Dirge on the Death of his Bride, by the same author. The Address to the future Bride by Voeikov, though obviously imitated from a more beautiful German poet, Klopstock, is very captivating. But we are still more pleased with the following anonymous fragment:

She bent her head, and the tears that fell
Were veil'd as there were shame in tears ·
Her lips were closed, but a low 'farewell'
Had glided from those lips of hers.

The pale moon shone, and she raised her eye,
It sparkled in the heavenly ray—
A smile awoke, and the tear was dry—
And the maiden sped her on her way.

The national songs, though few in number, form not the least valuable part of the collection; the 'Sing, oh sing again, thou lovely Lark of mine,' is an enchanting strain of simplicity and pathos. We regret that we have not room to insert Mr. Bowring's admirable address to the Emperor Alexander, who, it may be remembered, transmitted to him a valuable token of his esteem for his former publication. It may perhaps enhance the interest already inspired by these poems, to know that they were written at Boulogne, and formed the solace of Mr. Bowring's late captivity. In dismissing this work, we are sensible that little opportunity has been afforded us for doing justice to the rare merits of this gentleman as a translator: but we trust the time is approaching, when we shall see our literature enriched with his original compositions. We have hailed with delight the poet's voice singing in a strange land: under the bondage of a foreign language, his genius breaks forth, and reveals to us the *future master*.

BIRTH.—MARRIAGE.—DEATHS.

BIRTH.

Lately. At Knowle House, Bovy-Tracey, the lady of F. Daniel, Esq. of a daughter, being her *twenty-first*, *nineteen* of whom are living.

MARRIAGE.

March 17. By the very Rev. the Dean of Rochester, George Car Glynn, Esq., son of Sir Richard Car Glyn, Bart., of Gaunts, Dorsetshire, to Marianne, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, Esq., M.P. of Taplow House, Bucks.

DEATHS.

11 The Rev Wm. Bingly, at his house in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury. His Animal Biography is a work familiar to most of the European languages.

March 11. Admiral Keith, G.C.B., near Kincardine, North Britain. His Lordship was made a Post Captain, March 11, 1775; a Rear Admiral, April 12, 1794; a Vice Admiral, June 1, 1795; and an Admiral, Jan 1, 1801.

12. In Sloane Street, Baron Best, one of his Majesty's Hanoverian Privy Councillors, K.C.H. and F.R.S., &c., aged 67.

— Earl St. Vincent, G.C.B., in his 89th year, at his seat at Rochetts, near Brentwood. His Lordship was made a Post Captain, April 10, 1786; Rear Admiral of the Blue, Dec. 3, 1790; Vice Admiral, April 12, 1794; Admiral, Feb. 14, 1799; and Admiral of the Fleet, July 19, 1821.

THE UNIVERSAL ADVERTISING SHEET

OF

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For April 1, 1823; and to be continued Monthly.

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Ladies purchasing either at the Manufactory or Warehouse, or leaving their card, are respectfully invited to inspect the Machinery and process of this Manufacture, from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

RHEUMATISM AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

REMOVAL.—Dr. HART begs to announce to his numerous medical and other friends, that he has *Removed* from No. 25 to No 7, Red Lion Square, where he has opened a Repository of the Portable Dry Sulphureous Fumigating and other Baths, for the inspection of the Public and use of Patients.

Dr. HART thinks it unnecessary to say any thing in favour of his Baths, as their virtues are so well known, during the five years they have been imported into this country; he therefore begs only to caution the Public against spurious advertisements, having seen some from a Mr. C. Troward, who stiles himself administerer of his Baths for upwards of five years, when in truth Dr. HART sold it to him on the 11th of October last, 1822, and previous to that period every Bath was administered personally by Dr. HART.

Dr. HART'S Portable Baths can be conveyed with the greatest facility to the patient's bedroom, where he will give his personal attendance, upon the same terms as were paid at his late public establishment, by which approved method the patient not only avoids the danger of catching cold, but escapes the risk of contagion inseparable from the indiscriminate use of Public Baths, ...ls, &c. &c.

N.B. The Canadian Pill oienment is only sold at the establishment, No. 7, Red Lion Square, as a guard against counterfeits and impiostions.

"PULMONARY COMPLAINTS."

Mr. HUGH VENABLES, Proprietor of the newly discovered Medicine denominated VENABLES' INDIAN SYRUP, has the honour to acknowledge the justice and liberality with which numerous Families have expressed their satisfaction of the eminent efficacy of his Indian Syrup, in the cure and relief of Asthma, Consumptions, and all Complaints of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Spitting of Blood, Nervous Debility, &c. Mr. Venables pledges himself that this Medicine will effect a perfect cure in cases of Consumption if taken in time, and he embraces this opportunity of announcing to the Public, that in order to extend, as widely as possible, the benefits of his Indian Syrup, he has appointed Messrs. Barclay and Sons, of Fleet-market, London, his sole Agents for the sale thereof. Most respectable names will be given by Mr. Hugh Venables, of Lewisham-lane, Greenwich, or Messrs. Barclay and Sons, of persons who are living testimonies of the extraordinary virtues of this Medicine; and Parents will henceforth be rejoiced to find that so valuable, at the same time so palatable a Remedy has been discovered for the Hooping Cough, which, in the mildest manner, it eradicates in a very short period.—Sold wholesale by Barclay and Sons. Fleet-market; Messrs. Newbery and Mr. Edwards, St. Paul s Church Yard; Messrs. Sutton and Co. Bow Church Yard; Messrs. Butlers, Cheapside and Waterloo Place; Mr. Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; and retail by all Venders of Medicine throughout the United ingdom. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* the half pint bottle, with proper directions for use.—N.B. The label on every bottle is signed by Mr. Hugh Venables, the Proprietor.

STRENGTHENING PILLS. PREPARED BY DR. HARMSTRONG,

For Debility in both Sexes.

These Pills cure nervous complaints, evil swellings in the glands or neck, asthmas, coughs, consumptions, night sweats, and female weakness of every description, barrenness, and a bearing down from difficult labours, or other causes, pain in the head, breast, or back, and weakness in men. This medicine is a great restorer of nature after all kinds of fevers; it cheers the heart, drives away sadness, and comforts all the spirits, both natural, vital, and animal. Price 6s. per box, duty included.

Also, Harmstrong's

FEMALE VEGETABLE PILLS,

for Females only, at the commencement and decline of the most critical period of their lives; which is the most proper physic for women after lying-in or miscarriages, being the only medicine in the world to be depended on for curing inflammations, obstructions, &c. Price 2*s.* 9*d.* per box, duty included.

Observe the Doctor's name in his own handwriting on the label of each box, also engraved in full on the seal, to imitate which is felony. All others are dangerous counterfeits.

And by his appointment, these Medicines are sold wholesale and retail by Messrs. Barclay and Son, Fleet Market, London; and retailed by all respectable Medicine Venders, in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

NORTHERN EXPEDITION.

There are arrived, at 183, Piccadilly, two ESQUIMAUX INDIANS (Male and Female) from Baffin's Bay, who have excited general curiosity; in consequence of their being the first of that description that has been brought to this country; in addition to which, they are direct from that part of the world where the enterprizing Captain Parry and his brave companions have been exploring. There is also an interesting Museum of natural and artificial Curiosities, amongst which are all the implements used by the Indians in hunting and fishing. These is also a great panoramic view of the Frozen Regions: altogether this exhibition must prove a great treat to every admirer of natural philosophy and the fine arts.

UNPRECEDENTED ADVANTAGES IN GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

MYERS, Draper, Tailor, and Ladies' Habit-Maker, No. 63, Haymarket, near the Opera-house, announces to the Fashionable World, that his Stock of Spanish and Saxon Cloths, Cassimeres, and Fancy Goods, are of the first fabric, and selected with judgment which he can warrant equal to any in the trade.—Being determined to keep none but the best workmen, every article of Gentlemen's wear will be found elegant in taste and durable in wear, such as to bear a comparison with those charged 50 per cent. higher in other houses.—Gentlemen supplied with Clothes by annual contract, and a liberal allowance made for those worn.—Merchants and Captains supplied with any article for export, at a few hours notice.—(Late of Regent Street.)

ORIGINAL SULPHUREOUS FUMIGATING BATHS,

Established upwards of Five Years, at 25, Red Lion-square, Holborn, under the direction of Mr. CHARLES TROWARD, for the Cure of Diseases of the Skin and Rheumatism, &c.—This sort of Bath, which is patronized by the most eminent Medical Gentlemen in the Metropolis, is the most powerful remedy known for the Cure of the different Diseases that affect the Skin; diseases which have long been the scourge of a great part of the human race, and for which, till the invention of the Fumigating Bath, the art of medicine possessed no certain and effectual remedy; whereas this new method of treatment speedily eradicates from the Skin diseases of the most obstinate and inveterate description—such as the Leprosy, Scorbutic Eruption, Ring-worm, and other Eruptions of the Skin, which have resisted the customary applications of medicine; at the same time the operation of the Bath is far from being unpleasant: by many it is even considered a luxury. It is also worthy of remark, that when once the disease is made to disappear, it is never afterwards liable to return; for the heat of the Bath, by stimulating the Vessels of the Skin to increased action, causes them to throw off all temporary obstructing matter, leaving the Pores of the Skin open to receive the Fumes of the Sulphur with which the Bath is strongly impregnated, which speedily destroys the diseased cuticle, a new skin is produced, and thus are its healthy functions completely re-established; whereas the applications usually resorted to, being applied locally, but too often drive the eruption from one part of the body and cause it to break out with increased rigour in another, and thus is every effort to subdue the disease, by topical applications generally found to be totally ineffectual, but not till the patient has been disgusted with the tediousness and filthinessof the applications employed; whereas, on the contrary, this new method effects a speedy, certain, and permanent cure, unattended with any inconvenience of this sort. For Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, &c., without overrating its effects, this Bath may be considered a specific; nor is it greatly to be wondered at, as it is well known that the chief cause of Rheumatism is an obstructed perspiration, and a want of due circulation in the parts affected, both of which are entirely removed by the operation of this Bath. There is also another very considerable advantage attending the use of this Bath: it invigorates the Constitution, and, by strengthening the tone of the system, improves the general health of the Patient; and so powerful are its effects upon the Nervous System, that many, who have been in a most low and desponding state, have, by the operation of a single Bath, been immediately rendered tranquil and active.

The incalculable advantages that have already, and the still greater that may be expected to be derived from so powerful a remedy, renders it an imperative duty in me, as the Proprietor, to give all the publicity in my power to its beneficial effects, being fully convinced, from the great experience I have had in its administration, that Sulphureous Fumigation is the only and certain known remedy for maay diseases, which neither the utmost skill, or length of time, has been able to effect. Such, therefore, as may be afflicted with any of the above-mentioned diseases, may rely upon having them permanently removed by the Sulphureous Fumigating Baths; and if they will call at my Establishment, 25, Red Lion-square, I will give them every further information they may require concerning them; and still further, for their own satisfaction, I would recommend them to procure two Pamphlets on Sulphureous Fumigation, written by two eminent Medical Gentlemen at Dublin—namely, Sir Arthur Clarke and Mr. Wallace, which may be had at any of the Medical Booksellers, and by which they will find I have by no means overrated the astonishing effects my Baths are capable of producing.

The expense of the Baths I have made as moderate as possible; and in order that the poorer classes may be enabled to partake of the benefit of this valuable remedy as well as the rich, I have fitted up separate Rooms and Baths for them, and regulated the charges accordingly. I also administer Baths gratis to such poor persons as are particularly recommended by Medical Gentlemen, or by such as are themselves taking the Baths.

For such Ladies and Gentlemen as prefer having the Baths administered to them at their own homes, I have portable ones, with which I attend for that purpose; and those who reside in the Country, and are desirous of being benefited by a course of the Baths, will meet, at the Establishment, every accomodation they may require. A short Treatise on Sulphureous Fumigation may be had gratis, on application at my Establishment. CHARLES TROWARD, 25, Red Lion-square, Holborn. Mercurial and Chlorine Fumigations administered as usual.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY 1823.

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LITERARY CONTENTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As our next Number will finish the Volume, our Subscribers are informed that it will be accompanied with a Supplement, in which will be given a Title Page, a full Table of Contents to the Volume, and one or more elegant Embellishments.

Robert, Bertha, and Monsieur Theodore, are still under consideration. "Evening Parties," "Tom Tit," "Family Portraits," and "B. G." are received.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to postpone forwarding their several contributions beyond the 16th of the month, either to Messrs. WHITTAKERS, Ave Maria Lane, or Mr. SAM's Royal Subscription Library, Pall Mall, and 21, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, otherwise their insertion cannot be depended on, as the Magazine is partially arranged for the press on the abovementioned date.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West-Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months. Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave Maria Lane, and to W. SAMS, Royal Subscription Library, Pall Mall.

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

MAY, 1823.



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LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For MAY, 1823.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Seventy-four.

LORD BYRON.

Our present number redeems a promise long since made, of presenting to our readers a portrait of the above extraordinary and highly-gifted nobleman, who, we understand, will shortly re-visit this country.

We know not if we can better introduce our purposed subject than by quoting the following passage from Pope, as tending to the regard of prejudicial report and party bickering, in order to attain opinions liberal and conclusive.

"It is even in the nature of parties to be in extremes: and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said on the other hand that Shakespeare had none at all; and because Shakespeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Ben Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespeare with ease and rapidity, they cried he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to, the other was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises, as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made the objections."

What a strange coincidence is this. Every word applicable to the anarchy of the present age, when party, equally headstrong and unthinking, prejudiced and vicious would veil with malignant care *all* the pure and brightning fires of genius, yet point with hasty and exulting smile to some small speck that blots its glory.

That Lord Byron possesses a mind scrutinizing and commanding, after-years will own, when he no longer dwells within this "vale of tears," and the effusions of the Poet reap their just esteem, unmixed with envy, malice, or untruth, and the dull heads that set in judgment on him sleep in forgetten dust. That party spirit, and only *that*, has tended much to the injury of Lord Byron in the consideration of a few, cannot be denied; and for a difference of opinion expressed by him in some respects, he has been, by his opposites in principle, branded as vicious and mistaken in all.

The advocating of politics must ever be regretted in the poet, however irrepressible the feeling may be imagined. It destroys the delightful associations we enjoy towards him; mixes elevated idea with "baser matter;" and must, on one side, leave us companionless, in proportion as our favourite distances us in the every-day walk he has descended to. Politics are thus the merciless despoilers of our tender hours, the armed and bearded intruders, striding with heavy and discor-

dant clang through scenes of sweet enjoyment, trampling on late delights, and robbing us of future.

Prejudice, once awakened, pries curiously for future 'prey. Hence rumours have been instigated, many of which were false; and even if true, should not have found the estimation actually entertained. Occurrences of a domestic nature are of a too complicated and sacred disposition to be held and blazoned to the world, to meet its sage and charitable cogitation—busy, liberal and speculative surmise, which needs but the recollection of other received errors to conclude the before doubted accusations as really existing.

That this has been the event, as regards the noble poet in question, impartiality must, we think, avow. Parties in politics, as in war, return with equal vigour and lawful weapon, the given blow—a prolongation of the contest leaving them bereft of noble and manly means of defence, galled by previous hurts, unworthy missiles are resorted to, shaming the hands of those who use them. So with party, a public question becomes hackneyed or unanswerable, and the rebuffed spatter private calumny, where open means are bootless!

We think it requisite before we pronounce an opinion, .to question that of others, and by fair and honest discussion, strive to destroy or strengthen it. It has been urged against Lord Byron, that a misanthropical spirit is evident in his works and manners, and that this feeling is no where so palpable as in the instance of his self-expatriation. If all English subjects sojourning in Italy are to be thus classed, how unfortunate for many of our most elevated!

Were we to read of any ancient poet, who on this earth was wont to fly its envy-justling scene; to retire to a spot where nature in her lavish moments made it her choicest, should we not think this act, as related in his biography, in perfect accordance with the mind developed in subsequent pages? But living party stamps it misanthrophic!

"And the greatest of these three is chaty." By that rule of divinity, that exalted impulse can we alone discover truth. We do not pretend to deny, that in some passages of this author, appear gloomy errors, and strange imaginings: but are they not far outweighed by all that renders the poet's fame immortal, all that interprets in nameless beauties the strange, mysterious feelings of humanity, and thus preponderating, should not the many urge us in decision?

We regret we cannot dwell with such pleasure on the works which have appeared from this poet since our last mention of him, as those of former days: the feeling which we have before lamented, continually intruding itself in disputes between the muse's care, and being warily seized by those whose minds or interests urge the adoption, become the party-word and cloak to conflicting motives, idle and mischievous.

Werner possesses every beauty of this author: profoundly passionate, poetical, and varying successfully with the changing scene, yet tinged with that prevailing melancholy, which would mingle surprise with admiration, but that the world, having been unjustly severe on Lord Byron should expect no grateful response to prodigal censure.

The Liberal has occasioned reproof against this poet; which disapprobation, glaringly shewed the ungenerous sway of political opinion. Lord Byron meets from one side nothing but unqualified calumny for merely following the steps of one, who for the self-same employment gains flattering reward and high enconium. It has been said, "If men will not be talked out of their errors, they should be laughed out of them." That the first essay was a fault, surely is doubtless; and if, in provoking an answer a too unguarded strain should be indulged, does not a portion of the blame become the aggressor's?

The Age of Bronze is the last work this poet has given to the world, of which, to avoid discussion foreign to our purpose, we shall speak of but as to language, and must own, where the greatness of subject calls for energy and feeling, it is fully bestowed by the genius of Lord Byron. Of the satiric portion, judging it by composition only, not questioning its right of application, we think no jot inferior to the heretofore display of talent, which minds unbiassed must admire.

To deny that Lord Byron has faults, would be to make him more that human: to allow him all avowed, much less.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

STRICTURES ON THE POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. 10.—Robert Bloomfield.

"The fields his study, nature was his book."

The gifts of nature, unlike the gifts of fortune, are distributed with impartiality; the fortuitous circumstances of birth, connexion, or country, have neither weight nor influence: the "inspiring mantle" fell on Burns at the plough, and on Bloomfield at an occupation yet more uncongenial to the muses, and proves how independent of local circumstances are the operations of the mind. Immured in the chamber of squalid and meagre poverty; chained down to a sordid trade by the strong hand of necessity; wanting every incentive to quicken his fancy or stimulate his feelings; with a heart oppressed and a mind humiliated by a thousand painful privations, the excursive imagination of Bloomfield wandered away upon the wing of memory, to scenes of vernal nature, rustic innocence, and rural simplicity. Burns was in the presence of objects calculated to inspire poetical ideas; healthy exercise and fresh air acted benignly on his organization: he had also the advantage of society, at first neither so select nor distinguished as he had afterwards the good fortune to meet; but yet it enabled him to give free vent to his ideas, and was therefore certainly favorable to the circulation of thought. Poor Bloomfield had none of these advantages; it is not meant to bring him into comparison with Burns, any further than as the mere circumstances of their humble fortunes and limited education create a parallel: for the latter had a vigour and fire of soul, which the happiest lot had not elicited from the former. In estimating Bloomfield's poems, we must revert to the circumstances under which they were produced, or our estimation of them would fall far short of the public voice when they first appeared. Their chief beauties are nature and simplicity; and their great merits the absence of all affectation, plagiarism, or sycophancy; charges to which too many writers lie open. The last is particularly rare, for poverty "slopes the way" to the baseness of servile adulation. How often has genius fallen prostrate, and meanly grovelled in the dust to pompous patronage, or debasement revolting to our nature; for we feel with Pierre, "Better to die like men, than to be sold as slaves." As to the charge of plagiarism, it is one of the few advantages of an uneducated author, that, being left solely to his own resources, memory does not play the cheat upon him, and present "faded recollections" as the offsprings of his own imagination. Thompson's Seasons Bloomfield is described as particularly devoted to, and it probably suggested "The Farmer's Boy," or at least its arrangement; yet we are no where offended by appropriation or imitation. This, though his first, may be looked upon as his best production, and we shall turn to it for an extract or two, none happier than his description of Harvest Home.

Now, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew;
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long accustom'd feast of Harvest Home.
No blood-stain'd victory, in story bright,
Can give the philosophic mind delight;
No triumph please, while rage and death destroy,
Reflection sickens at the monstrous joy.
And where the joy, if rightly understood,
Like cheering praise for universal good?

Behold the sound oak table's massy frame
Bestrides the kitchen floor! The careful dame
And generous host invite their friends around,
For all that clear'd the crop, or till'd the ground,
Are friends by right of custom:

* * * *

Here once a year distinction low'rs its crest,
The master, servant, and the merry guest
Are equal all; and round the happy ring
The reaper's eyes exulting glances fling,
And warmed with gratitude he quits his place,
With sun-burnt hands, and ale-enlivened face,
Refills the jug his honour'd host to tend,
To serve at once the master and the friend;
Proud then to meet his smiles, to share his tale,
His nuts, his conversation, and his ale.

The description of the lunatic girl is good.

Her matted locks unornamented flow;
Clasping her knees and waving to and fro;
Her head bow'd down, her faded cheek to hide,
A piteous mourner by the pathway's side.
Some tufted mole-hill through the livelong day
She calls her throne—there weeps her life away;
And oft the gaily-passing stranger stays
His well tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze;
Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,
And pangs quick springing muster round his heart;
And soft he treads with other gazers round,
And fain would catch her sorrow's plaintive sound;
One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
One short, pathetic, simple word,—*Oh dear!*
A thousand times repeated to the wind,
That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang behind.

The Miseries of the Post-Horse are forcibly pictured.

Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompts the traveller on from stage to stage;
Still on *his* strength depends their boasted speed;
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed;
And though he groaning quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge,—'tis *he* must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel;
Till when, up hill, the destin'd hill he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spattered mud his native colour hides;
Through his swoll'n veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a sep'rate torture knows.

In a highly favorable review of "The Farmer's Boy," Dr. Drake concludes with hese words. "It is a work which proves how inexhaustible the features of the world we inhabit: how from objects which the mass of mankind is daily accustomed to pass with indifference and neglect, genius can still produce pictures the most fascinating, and of the most interesting tendency. For it is not to *imagery* alone, though such as here depicted might ensure the meed of fame, that "The Farmer's Boy" will owe its value with us and with posterity: a *morality* the most pathetic and pure, the feelings of a heart alive to all the tenderest duties of humanity and religion, consecrate its glowing landscapes, and shed an interest over them; a spirit of devotion, that calm rational delight, which the goodness and greatness of the Creator ought ever to inspire."

Of his rural tales it is difficult to say which deserves the preference. "The Miller's Maid" is a simple pathetic story; "Richard and Kate," admirably true to nature; "Walter and Jane," &c. &c. all written in a manner calculated to inspire that pure and cheerful pleasure which the contemplation of innocence and virtue excites. None of the tales in "May Day with the Muses" will bear comparison with them. The circumstance of this last production being written "in anxiety and a wretched state of health" disarms criticism, or otherwise it is highly amenable to censure for negligence and peurility. "The Drunken Father" is perhaps the best tale in the book. Yet "May Day" has still traces of Bloomfield's happiest efforts; the crowning of good Sir Ambrose presents a lively picture to the eye.

Nine ruddy lasses follow'd where she slept;
White were their virgin robes, that lightly swept
The downy grass; in every laughing eye
Cupid had sculked, and written "victory."

A slender chaplet of fresh blossoms bound
Their clustering ringlets in a magic round;
And as they slowly moved across the green,
Each in her beauty seemed a May Day Queen.
The first a wreath bore in her outstretched hand,
The rest a single rose upon a wand:
Their steps were measured to that grassy throne,
Where, watching them, Sir Ambrose sat alone.
They stopp'd,—when she, the foremost of the row,
Curtsied, and placed the wreath upon his brow:
The rest, in order pacing by his bower,
In the loop'd wreath each left her single flower.

"The Banks of the Wye" is an unhappy poem, of which, when we have read, we do not care to remember a line. Plain good sense is in general the character of Bloomfield's writings: but this abounds with passages of impenetrable obscurity, and dull expletive; it is also defective in the grammar, the adjective being continually used for the adverb. It is evidently the forced offspring of a mind ill disposed to the task, and a weary one he doubtless found it. A descriptive poem, such as "The Banks of the Wye" *ought* to have been, asks far other and far higher powers than his. Considering all his disadvantages, Bloomfield has given that to the world which will long do honour to his name; but it is a question whether he has not come to the conclusion of "William and Jonathan," which "plainly proves that poetry's not half so good as leather." And, as far as the question concerns the public, we cannot but feel that such writers only afford a temporary gratification. Genius, however perfect or powerful, requires labour and education to mature and refine it: one Byron is worth a thousand Bloomfields or Clares. When we visit a mart, we expect to see it furnished with articles highly finished in the respective branches of the arts. In such a place, it would weigh little with us to be shewn a *carriage*, for which we must make allowance because it was made by a *shipbuilder;* we might gratify ourselves by a momentary inspection, but should certainly have no desire to become a purchaser. With the same feeling we enter the mart of literature, and would willingly (oh! that it were possible) see the questionable efforts of the ill-fated and the ill-witted excluded.

Not that we wish to erect a literary aristocracy: far from it, our only desire is to see genius *qualify* itself ere it appears, since without the necessary aids of learning and education it had, in most cases, better not appear at all. Genius is the true nobility of nature, in whose presence the nobility of courts sink into insignificancy, let it rise in what it may, whether the camp, the cabinet, or the closet, it strikes with a giant's arm, and hereditary honours tremble beneath the stroke. Feeling thus, we cannot be suspected of wishing to sanction a system of exclusion:

Gifford was born beneath an adverse star,
Forsook the labours of a servile state,
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumphed over fate!

but his triumph had neither been so perfect or so permanent, had he neglected to seek the supporting aid of study and labour.

Without a genius, learning soars in vain,
But without learning, genius sinks again.

SUITE DES LETTRES ADRESSÉES PAR LE COMTE DE LAGARDE A SON AMI JULIUS ——, PENDANT UN VOYAGE EN RUSSIE, TURQUIE, VALACHIE, HONGRIE, &c.

(Continued from our last.)

Ah! de tels souvenirs, que toujours se compose
Le temps qui me ravit à des êtres chéris;
On brise le cristal qui renfermait la rose,
Mais son parfum encor s'attache à ses débris. *Imité de T. Moore.*

Les distances en Russie se comptent par *werstes*, il enfaut à-peu-près trois et demie pour faire une lieue de France, et malgré la modicité du prix des postes nulle part on n'est mené aussi rapidement; j'aimerais à voir un Russe, accoutumé à courir la poste dans son pays, se placer dans un véturino d'Italie qui conduit impitoyablement ses voyageurs au pas; depuis le mont St. Bernard jusqu'aux confins de la Calabre, il y exercerait sa patience comme on use la sienne ici quand il n'y a plus de chevaux aux relais, et que l'on se convainct que le nom d'auberge n'entre pas dans le vocabulaire d'un voyage en Russie; les forêts immenses que je traverse sont de sapins et de bou-

leaux; les chênes y prospèrent bien difficilement, mais en revanche les bouleaux sont d'une grosseur prodigieuse, et leur longue chevelure est d'un effet très-pittoresque, quand blanchie par le gîvre elle se joue aux rayons du soleil.

Batourine, — Mai.

Batourine fut jadis la résidence d'un des plus surprenans jouets de la fortune. Mazeppa, né dans le Palatinat de Gédolie, fut dans sa jeunesse page du roi de Pologne Jean Casimir; une intrigue qu'il eut alors avec la femme d'un gentilhomme Polonais ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche et le laissa aller dans cet état.* Le cheval, qui était de l'Ukraine, y porta Mazeppa demi mort de fatigue et de faim; quelques paysans le secoururent; il resta long-temps parmi eux et se signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares; sa réputation augmentant de jour en jour le Czar Pierre premier, le fit Hetman des Cosaques. Quel enchaînement d'infortunes traversèrent sa vie! Né de parens qui tenaient le premier rang à la cour de Pologne, il en est abandonné: une intrigue amoureuse l'expose à perdre la vie par un supplice jusqu'alors inconnu. Cette vengeance qu'on exerce contre lui est la route qui le conduit aux honneurs, et il devient maître de ce même peuple dont il implorait l'humanité peu auparavant.

Encore un pas il affranchissait sa nation du joug des Moscovites, mais un instant a détruit ses espérances. La bataille de Pultava est le terme que le sort mettait à son bonheur...il fuit avec le héros qui durant neuf années a fait trembler le Nord, et retombe dans le profond abîme dont tant de hasards l'avaient tiré.

Cette ville de Batourine est assez considérable; elle est baignée par un très-grand lac qui ajoute à tout le pittoresque de sa situation; elle appartient maintenant au Prince Razumowsky, long-temps ambassadeur près la cour de Vienne, qui s'est décidé à se fixer en Autriche; préférant vivre près d'anciens amis plutôt que de venir ici trouver des parens dont il est séparé depuis vingt ans. Cet effet de la puissance du tems sur les lieux me rappelle l'histoire de ce vieillard détenu près de 40 ans dans l'un des cachots du palais Ducal à Venise.* Lors de la conquête des états Vénitiens par l'armée Française, les soldats en rendant cet infortuné au jour, voulurent le reconduire chez lui; sa figure et son corps étaient entièrement couverts de longs poils, il avait perdu l'arrangement des mots, et ses mouvemens n'exprimaient que crainte et surprise, il ne put jamais retrouver la place de sa maison; tout était changé dans le quartier qu'il habitait, personne ne l'y reconnut, et ses petits enfans mêmes étaient morts depuis sa détention. C'est alors qu'isolé dans le monde, étranger dans une ville qu'il n'avait pas quittée, il versa des larmes bien amères en demandant pour unique grâce qu'on le reconduisît dans sa prison devenue pour lui sa patrie et son univers.

Le château et les jardins de Batourine se ressentent de l'abandon du maître, mais portent encore le caractère de leur noble destination. Je fus voir dans la chapelle le tombeau du Maréchal Razumowsky; quoique la sculpture en soit médiocre, la profusion des marbres divers, du bronze et des dorures, prouve combien la vanité cherche à triompher de la mort.

Au delà du trépas survit l'orgueil humain,
On fait graver son nom sur l'airain et la pierre;
Le tems ronge bientôt et la pierre et l'airain,
Et l'homme et le tombeau rentrent dans la poussière.

L'intendant des domaines (que le hasard nous fit rencontrer dans le parc) s'est offert avec beaucoup de bienveillance à nous montrer, ce que cet endroit présente d'intéressant; il administrait ces biens immenses du vivant du maréchal et le tableau qu'il nous fit de cette époque, figurerait mieux dans des contes Arabes que dans un simple itinéraire. Tout ce que le luxe Asiatique, joint à la magnificence Euro-

* On sait de quelle effrayante vérité les vers de Lord Byron ont coloré ce fait historique; ce petit poëme est empreint de tout son génie.

* Je ne parle pas des *Sotto piombi* destinés seulement aux prisonniers d'état, mais des cachots souterrains construits en marbre massif sur les desseins du célebre architecte Sansorino. On n'en sortait que pour être traîné, la nuit, dans un large sac de cuir chargé de pierres, vers le Canal d'Orfano, horrible tombe aquatique où par un décret du sénat il était défendu de pêcher.

péenne, peut inventer et produire, rivalisait dans ce séjour. Des bals, des spectacles, des tournois, des chasses aux flambeaux, des tables de cent couverts, des illuminations, des feux d'artifice ; joins à ce fracas le bruit d'une artillerie sans cesse tonnante, et tu te feras une idée de la vie pastorale que l'on coulait dans cette délicieuse habitation. Mais que reste-t-il de tant de magnificence? Une profonde solitude; la place de tous ces plaisirs se distingue à peine, les ronces croissent avec les roses, ces belles allées devenues forêts, n'offrent plus le charme des points de vues; le rosignol n'y chante plus ses amours, le château tombe en ruines, et dans ces vastes appartemens où jadis régnaient la joie des banquets et la gaîté des convives, on n'entend plus que le bruit des pas et celui du vent; l'on ne s'arrête enfin qu'au tombeau de Maréchal,* qui semble répandre autour de lui tout le froid de la mort qu'il renferme. Ce silence de la solitude me rappella les méditations de Volney; il me semblait, du milieu de ces ruines, voir s'élever devant moi l'ombre du maréchal ; je l'interrogeais sur tout ce qu'il avait vu de ce siècle écoulé, j'aurais voulu connaître jusqu'aux moindres particularités d'un règne si glorieux pour la Russie. Je voulais rappeler, ne fut-ce que pour un moment, l'ancienne splendeur des lieux où j'étais, mais en vain demandais-je à mon imagination le tableau enchanteur du passé; fatiguée du récit de mille plaisirs elle ne m'en retraçait qu'une image aussi confuse que l'aspect du cahos actuel de ce palais désenchanté.

Le maître du cabaret où nous avons logé a 69 ans, et n'en parait pas 50; très bel homme encore, il a épousé par amour une jeune fille qui ce matin même lui a donné un fort beau garçon. J'ai voulu voir la femme d'un tel mari, et selon la coutume Russe j'ai mis un ducat sous le chevêt du lit de l'accouchée; les bénédictions de cet heureux couple nous accompagneront dans la route.

Négine, — Juin.

Cette ville est très-peuplée, mais mal bâtie. J'ai trouvé dans l'auberge du Lion d'Or, du vin potable, de l'hydromel excellent, quelques meubles dans une chambre assez propre et des provisions dans un garde-manger. Que cette remarque ne soit pas pour toi sans intérêt; rien n'est plus rare en Russie qu'un pareil gîte. Serge me faisait remarquer ce matin dans la cour de l'auberge un paysan qui s'y chaussait; il ne mit pas moins d'une heure à perfectionner cette partie de son ajustement, d'abord il se couvrit les jambes avec des bandes d'étoffe étroitement serrés et retenues avec des cordes, puis il tressa sur ses pieds une espèce de cothurne fait de l'écorce de jeune bouleau : tout cela, me dit Serge, ne le quittera qu'en lambeaux. Ce qui est remarquable, dans un climat si rigoureux, c'est que le peuple ne porte rien autour du col.

Comme le rang de chaque voyageur est marqué dans son podorosgni,* il ne lui est pas possible d'exiger plus de chevaux qu'il ne convient à son grade. A cet effet, le tarif des rangs et des chevaux est attaché à la muraille des maisons de poste. Le gouvernement désire prouver ainsi que le seul mérite doit procurer des distinctions, et que les titres ne sont qu'une obligation première d'en obtenir. Il y a ici une manufacture de cuirs de Russie, noirs et rouges, article très-estimé dans le commerce intérieur et extérieur. Le chef des atteliers m'a dit que ce cuir devait sa souplesse et son odeur à des secrets conservés par tradition dans cette manufacture.

Le chemin qui mène à Kiow est parfaitement soigné. Une allée plantée de quatre rangées d'arbres de chaque côté, y entretient une fraîcheur bien essentielle maintenant. On trouve aussi de distance en distance des puits pour étancher la soif des pélerins dont nous rencontrons une prodigieuse quantité. Il faut dans cette saison, une force plus qu'humaine pour soutenir des fatigues doublées par la na-

* En 1750 Kirile Grégoire Razumowsky fut élu Hetman des Cosaques, de l'aveu de l'impératrice Elisabeth, qui permit le rétablissement d'une dignité que la trahison de Mazeppa avait contraint Pierre le Grand d'abolir.

* Passeport indispensable pour se procurer des chevaux aux postes ; il désigne le lieu où l'on se rend, et l'on perçoit en le délivrant le tiers de ce qui est calculé pour tout le cours du voyage.

ture et l'étendue du pays qu'ils traversent; on reconnaît là cette puissance religieuse qui fait entreprendre et terminer ces pélerinages lointains, qui sans elle, paraîtraient impossibles.

J'approche de Kiow, le soleil couchant réfléchit ses derniers rayons sur les coupoles dorées des églises. Quelle foule de tentes dispersées dans cette plaine de sable qui entoure la ville!

Est-ce un camp de Tartares ou une migration de peuples Nomades? Non; à ces familles entières agenouillées vers l'Orient, aux larmes de joie que répandent ceux qui arrivent, je reconnais des pélerins apercevant la Cité Sainte, et je cesse d'écrire pour contempler ce tableau ravissant; l'enthousiasme n'est pas un sentiment, c'est une seconde âme.

Kiow, ou Kief, — Juin.

Enfin, je t'écris de la ville sainte où me voici, pour le salut de mon âme et même de mon corps que la route avait mortellement fatigué: pour remettre l'un et l'autre dans un équilibre convenable, je ne suis pas venu me jetter le front contre terre dans l'église métropolitaine, mais puisque la vérité est une, et les formes sous lesquelles on peut la présenter infinie, j'ai répété sous le péristile du temple, la prière admirable d'Apollonius, " accordez nous, Dieu tout puissant, ce que vous nous jugerez convenable, et dont nous ne soyons pas indigne."

Le général Miloradowich, gouverneur de cette province, à qui je viens d'être présenté, est un preux chevalier dans toute l'acception du terme.

Je te donnerai demain quelques détails sur cette ville. Je ne puis te parler aujourd'hui que de sa position, qui est comptée parmi les plus belles de l'Europe. Kiow est divisée en deux parties. La ville haute, assez régulièrement bâtie s'appele Petchersky, du nom d'un couvent célèbre que Pierre Ier. a renfermé dans une citadelle.* La ville basse se nomme Podol; elle est baignée par le Niéper, ses débordemens la rendent souvent inhabitable au printemps et en automne. Cette partie n'est presque peuplée que par des marchands dont la plupart font un commerce de confitures et de sucreries, qu'on exporte jusqu'en Turquie.

Il n'y a maintenant ici ni théâtre, ni réunions publiques. Cette époque est la plus triste de l'année; tous les riches habitans sont dans leurs terres. Le gouverneur-général seul tient cercle. Son palais assez beau, vient d'être meublé avec goût. Le jardins très-bien situé, sert de promenade publique.

*Kiow, Juin * **

Je viens de chez le prince Ypsylanti, ci-devant Hospodar* de Moldavie et de Valachie. Je lui étais recommandé par son fils Alexandre avec lequel j'étais intimement lié à Pétersbourg.† A ce titre j'ai été reçu par lui avec la plus grande bienveillance. Le prince a, depuis deux ans, choisi Kiow pour sa résidence. Intéressant, tant pour son existence politique que pour ses connoissances étendues, Ypsylanti, digne du rang où la fortune l'avait placé, en supporte la perte avec beaucoup de philosophie. Occupé du bonheur des sujets confiés à son admi-

* La plupart des temples furent d'abord des citadelles dans lesquelles on mettait en sûreté les choses sacrées, ainsi le Palladium était dans la fortresse de Troie, et les boucliers descendu du ciel se gardaient dans le capitole.

* Hospodar, c'est à dire prince vassal, mais littéralement maitre de maison.

† C'est le même Alexandre Ypsylanti qui, à 16 ans commandant un corps d'Arnautes de 800 hommes, escorta et sauva son père, quand l'hospodar au travers des monts Krapacks échappant aux muets du sérail vint chercher un asile en Russie. Le jeune prince, élevé par les soins et la générosité de l'empereur Alexandre, entra comme enseigne au service de son bienfaiteur dans le régiment des chevaliers gardes; parvenu par son seul mérite au grade de général, il perdit un bras à la bataille de Lutzen où il s'était vaillamment battu à la tête de sa brigade. Doué d'une âme généreuse, d'un esprit entreprenant, pouvant disposer d'une immense fortune dont la mort de son père le mettait en possession, il crut que l'heure de la liberté avait sonnée pour son pays, et qu'à lui appartenait l'œuvre sublime de la régénération de la Grèce. Un grand nom, de l'expérience, une réputation militaire acquise, le précédaient dans cette noble entreprise—il part suivi des vœux de l'Europe; la réussite en eut fait un héros!.... il expie maintenant dans une prison d'état le tort irrémissible d'avoir échoué dans une entreprise que le succès eut justifié. En politique le malheur fait les criminels.....

nistration, il n'a cependant pas négligé sa fortune qui est immense. Après quelques instans d'entretien il me proposa de me présenter à sa famille. Ces femmes, ces enfans dans leurs costumes orientaux, m'ont rappelé ceux de Tippoo Saib dont tu m'as fait de si exactes peintures. Je me suis cru au Missour. Le prince part ce soir pour voir à Humagne la belle Comtesse Sophie Potocka. Il eut été inconvenant à la première visite de l'interroger sur la révolution qui l'a réduit au rang de simple particulier; je m'en suis abstenu, mais j'espère le retrouver chez la Comtesse, et lui demanderai alors quelques développemens sur des événemens bien intéressans, surtout racontés par lui-même.

Kiow, — Juin.

Rien n'était mieux conçu, ni de meilleur goût que la fête donnée hier par le Général Gouverneur; il y avait profusion sans confusion. Les jardins étaient illuminés jusqu'au bas de la montagne, et dans les massifs d'arbres on avait caché des bandes de musiciens qui donnaient à cette belle nuit un air d'enchantement. Des couriers expédiés depuis plusieurs jours aux dames des environs avaient hâté leur retour à la ville. Le Général ouvrit le bal par une Polonaise avec une des plus belles personnes que j'aie vue de ma vie, Madame Davidow, née Duchesse de Grammont. Le souper fut magnifique; à deux heures du matin il y eut un concert où Romberg et Lafond rivalisèrent de talent sur le violon et le violoncelle; puis on dansa jusqu'au grand jour. A 9 heures on servit à déjeûner dans le jardin, et comme il y resta peu de monde, j'eus le loisir de m'entretenir assez long-tems avec Madame Davidow, près de laquelle j'étais placé. J'avais connu plusieurs personnes de sa famille, la conversation fut bientôt intime. Tous deux si jeunes encore et jettés à une si grande distance de notre pays, un même souvenir nous tenait lieu de liens antérieurs, ils se formaient par le regret de la patrie, et nous répétions même entourés de tout ce qu'une fête peut offrir d'enchanteur :

E fra gli antichì amici in caro loco
Temporar il verno all proprio foco.

Dans cette heure trop rapide, je ne sus qu'admirer davantage de ses attraits, de son esprit ou de son cœur. J'irai prendre demain ses lettres pour la Comtesse Diane de Polignac sa tante, qui dans ce moment est à Tulezin chez la Comtesse Potocka.

Kiow, — Juin.

Cette ville a un moment fort brillant dans l'année, c'est pendant une espèce de foire appelée les contrats; elle ne dure que du 10 au 30 Janvier. On y traite de la vente des blés et des autres productions de la Pologne Russe; il s'y fait d'énormes reviremens d'argent pour ventes et hypothèques d'immeubles. On prête ou emprunte, ou afferme les terres; et pour sévir contre la mauvaise foi, une loi très-sage autorise le créancier d'un débiteur inexact à faire afficher son nom sur un tableau, disposé à cet effet dans une des salles de la Bourse; ce qui détruit son crédit et l'empêche de faire d'autres dupes. Ces vingt jours sont une suite continuelle de bals, d'assemblées, de concerts. Les affaires se traitent au milieu des plaisirs. Le jeu y est excessif, et après ce court délai chacun retourne dans son château attendre, pour spéculer ou jouir, les onze mois qui ramènent cette époque.

Le Général Miloradowich m'a présenté hier au gouverneur civil de la province le Général Pankratieff; je passai la soirée chez lui. Il y avait peu de monde, et l'on se retira dans une chambre ornée de fleurs, où l'on convint de raconter des histoires. Les dames demandèrent qu'elles fussent bien effrayantes; et quand on eut préalablement éteint les bougies, à la réserve d'une seule, chacun s'est efforcé d'émouvoir ou de terrifier. Je ne me rappèle que confusément ce que l'on y conta, mais la plupart des faits m'étaient connus. L'un dit l'histoire de cette Madame Lamotte dont le résultat fut l'autodafé de Desrue. Le Général conta la vision de l'Impératrice Elisabeth qui se vit sur le trône entourée de toute sa cour trois jours avant sa mort. Le jeune Comte Rosen nous cita à l'appui une pareille vision qu'eut Charles onze de Suède, qui crut se voir dans ses habits royaux présidant le Sénat. Serge qui ne savait pas d'histoires de revenans, conta celle d'un prince Gagarin, qui ayant perdu dans une nuit toute sa fortune au jeu, ses maisons, ses bijoux, et jusqu'à l'équipage qui l'avait amené, la regagna en

entier en jouant les harnois de ses chevaux, que par reconnoissance il a fait placer dans une caisse de cristal dans l'endroit le plus apparent de son salon à Moscow. Quand ce fut à mon tour je m'excusai aussi de ne rien pouvoir conter de surnaturel; mais je dis avoir connu un père et son fils dont l'aventure pouvait à bon droit passer pour étonnante, puisque tous deux avaient été fusillés, et se portaient à merveille. On m'engagea à la détailler, et je la contai telle qu'elle m'avait été dite par un des deux, et affirmée par des témoins irrécusables.

Vous n'ignorez pas, dis-je, combien les réactions ont fait couler de sang en France pendant les premières années de la révolution. Les provinces du midi furent plus que d'autres, sujetes à ces horribles malheurs que chaque parti colorait du nom de justice. C'est d'une de ces sanglantes catastrophes dont je veux vous parler.

Il existe encore à Toulon, dans l'administration de la marine, deux hommes estimables, Messieurs Roux père et fils, connus par leurs mœurs paisibles et leurs vertus sociales. Lors de l'évacuation de Toulon par les Anglais, les patriotes leur forgèrent des torts et les condamnèrent, ainsi que plus de 800 autres, à être fusillés dans un endroit appelé *le champ de bataille*. On les arrache donc à leur famille désolée, et sans les juger ni les entendre, on les conduisit au lieu de leur supplice. Dès qu'ils furent placés confusément au milieu de cette plaine, on fit approcher, outre trois pièces de canon, un régiment d'infanterie et un de cavalerie, pour achever ceux que la mitraille épargnerait.

Roux le fils séparé de son père, avait cherché en vain à le rejoindre. Placé au centre de ses compagnons d'infortune, il craignît que la mort ne l'atteignit pas assez vîte; et pensant que de la place qu'on occuperait dépendrait le plus ou le moins de souffrance, il s'avance jusqu'aux premiers rangs pour y attendre le coup qui doit l'anéantir. Il était si près, que l'explosion le renversa sans qu'il eut été touché. Ce sentiment qui nous attache à la vie lu fit feindre la mort à l'instant où l'on ordonna une charge de cavalerie. Un dragon lui porta un coup de sabre qui lui fit une large blessure mais peu dangereuse. L'infanterie alors eut ordre d'achever les mourants, et un soldat s'étant apperçu qu'il respirait encore, lui donna un coup de crosse sur la tête qui le laissa plusieurs heures sans connoissance; il était tellement privé de sentiment que les galériens le depouillèrent sans qu'il le sentît.

Ce ne fut qu'à la nuit peu d'instans avant qu'on ne vint pour les enterrer, que le froid et sa blessure le rendirent par la douleur à la vie. Il ouvre les yeux; l'obscurité l'environne; il cherche inutilement à rappeler ses esprits; il appuie sa tête dans ses mains sans pouvoir se rendre compte de l'état où il se trouve; enfin le premier cri que le sentiment lui arrache est: *Ah! malheureux, on a tué ton père!* L'horrible tableau de la journée vient se retracer à sa mémoire; il se lève et ne voit autour de lui que des cadavres. Il est lui-même couvert de sang. Comment pourra-t-il rentrer en ville dans cet état? il cherche donc à tâton quelques lambeaux ensanglantés échappés à la cupidité des galériens; le dernier qu'il arrache fait pousser un soupir à l'être qu'il dépouille. Espérant le rendre à la vie, il lui parle, le rassure, cherche à lui porter des secours. Cet être ouvre enfin les yeux et demande le nom de son libérateur. Providence divine! qui peut calculer tes bienfaits? Seuls échappés au massacre de plus de 800 individus, le père et le fils tombent dans les bras l'un de l'autre. Je n'entreprendrai pas de peindre une scène à la fois sublime et douloureuse. Le père était grièvement blessé. Roux fait pour lui une nouvelle recherche de lambeaux, l'en enveloppe, et dans cet attirail de mort tous deux rentrent dans la ville et viennent frapper à la porte de leur maison. La douleur veille comme la lampe des tombeaux. La femme et les enfans prioient pour des êtres qu'ils croyaient avoir perdu pour toujours. Surprise de ce bruit, à une heure si indue, la malheureuse épouse espère qu'on vient la chercher pour la réunir à ceux qu'elle pleure; mais peindrai-je son effroi, sa surprise, sa joie, lorsqu'elle voit qu'elle touche son fils, son mari! Les couleurs les plus fortes seraient encore bien au dessous de la vérité. Elle panse leurs blessures à la hâte, et profite du reste de la nuit pour les conduire à sa bastide.* Ils y restèrent cachés jusqu'à ce que la justice e t mis un terme aux atrocités des cannibales du midi. Quand ils

* Ce nom se donne à toutes les petites maisons de campagne qui environnent Toulon.

réparurent on fut long-tems à se persuader qu'ils existaient, et l'on cita cet événement comme un des plus extraordinaires du siécle.

Je m'apperçus en terminant mon récit, que peu de personnes y ajoutaient foi. Il en sera de même des milliers d'aventures de tout genre auxquelles notre révolution à donné naissance, et qui sont tellement invraisemblables que la postérité les prendra pour des fables.

On raisonna beaucoup sur ce fait; d'une discussion historique, on en vint comme toujours, à un discussion politique; on ne s'entendit pas comme il est d'usage, et chacun fut chez soi croyant avoir raison; ce qui est beaucoup plus facile que de se donner la peine de chercher les motifs pour lesquels on aurait tort.

(To be continued.)

THE WILD ARAB; OR THE CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

"This way," said he, taking hold of Ascanthe's arm, and beckoning Zenim with his hand, as at the same moment he cast an eye of inquiry over his dress and person. Zenim delayed not to follow, having first taken up Ascanthe's lute, which he carried by her side, till they entered a grove of date trees, among which were scattered innumerable roses of various colours: "Pluck here, youth," exclaimed the seer, "since these are what you desire, and Ascanthe will be far from displeased that her earliest roses should be gathered as a pledge of filial affection; I only wish the present may impart an equal satisfaction to your mother." Zenim bowed, as the old man received the lute into his own hands, and, turning aside almost at the same moment, perceived that Ascanthe had selected a white rose from an adjoining spray, which she extended towards him with a blush of great delicacy, indicating by her words that it was an emblem of the welcome leave she granted him to pluck as many more as he pleased. A deep crimson flashed over Zenim's cheek as he received the flower from the young and beautiful female before him. The grasp of that rose seemed to fill him with indescribable ecstacy, and for a moment he stood like one rivetted to the spot, gazing in speechless admiration upon its beauteous giver, till suddenly recovering his recollection, he returned thanks with an air of embarrassment, and proceeded to gather other roses, but that, in so agitated a disposition of mind, he drew his fingers from the branches bathed in blood. Ascanthe turned pale at the sight; she imagined some concealed reptile must have bitten him, till Zenim smiled, and assured her it proceeded from nothing more than a scratch he had received, and which he confessed his awkwardness merited. "Let us enter our dwelling," said Ascanthe, "I have a balsam within:" and she made a step forward, as Zenim, who began to be apprehensive of Dœnira's alarm at his stay, excused himself: "this is nothing," observed he, "it will be well presently," and, stooping down, he applied a leaf which he plucked from some herb among the underwood to his hand, in order to cicatrize the incision; at which Ascanthe bound it up, with great caution and tenderness, with a silken fillet, which she took hastily from her hair. During this circumstance the old man remained a silent spectator of the scene, but not a disinterested one, for Zenim observed that he laboured under some degree of agitation, and that he evinced a material satisfaction as they separated, without expressing a hope of his return, although Ascanthe's eyes seemed to offer a delightful and an earnest invitation. Frequently, as he wound up the mountain, Zenim turned to the valley of roses; once, at a considerable distance, he imagined that he caught a glimpse of Ascanthe, as if she inclined her head towards his retiring footsteps. His heart beat ardently at the idea; the thought of

being welcome to so lovely a creature inspired him with the newest and most lovely emotions; he paused beneath a chenar tree to obtain another sight of Ascanthe: but she had disappeared, and with a breast entirely occupied by a recollection of the fairest and most captivating being he had ever witnessed, Zenim, all youth and health, bounded like an antelope over hill and vale, till he once more stood before the threshold of his own loved habitation. Dœnira met him at the door: alarm was pictured on her features, but, as he laughingly placed the roses in her maternal bosom, and affectionately kissed her cheek, peace reassumed its empire over her soul, and, in the delight of the moment, she once more emphatically addressed her gratitude to heaven, who had bestowed upon her so filial and so excellent a son.

Several days passed away, and Zenim continued to pursue his usual employments in the garden and in the cottage; but the pursuits which once afforded him both happiness and delight had now become irksome; his thoughts were constantly occupied by the beauty of Ascanthe. In his paintings he could only draw such faces as resembled her's, which being done, he as constantly destroyed them, because they fell so far short of the original; a hundred times a day he stole into his chamber to gaze upon the rose which Ascanthe had given him, and which he had placed in a porcelain jar, by the side of the low couch on which he reposed at night, in order that its soft fragrance might be the last thing to delight him ere he slept, and the first to gratify his senses as he awoke. His dreams, too, were of Ascanthe; and, in describing her to Buda and his mother, he compared her to one immaculate blossom, possessing in itself the perfection of every flower that adds beauty to the wide-extending garden of nature. Six days had passed away, and the rose began to lose its bloom, but not its worth in the estimation of Zenim; he had never known six such long tedious days before; and one evening as he retired, gazing mournfully on the withering present of Ascanthe, which he seemed to imagine, coming from her, ought to have possessed an undying existence, he formed a resolution to arise with the first beams of light, and seek again the retirement of one who had so fully taken possession of his youthful soul. Even the idea of beholding the solitude she frequented gave him joy; fancy would supply, he felt, the form of Ascanthe, and that seemed enough to alleviate the fever which consumed his blood: "could I but conceal myself," sighed he, "and catch once more the angelic sound of her voice, it would bless me:" so thirsty travellers drink the soft murmurs of forbidden streams, and appease themselves with the imagination of reality.

It was the termination of one of those almost sunny nights so common in the East, when Zenim started from his bed, repose he had scarcely tasted, and hurried towards the valley, under a hope of meeting or hearing some tidings of Ascanthe. Nature, like Cupid in the lap of love, lay steeped in softly-still voluptuous sleep; the very air slumbered; not a sound disturbed the tranquillity of the scene—not a voice was heard save that of one solitary nightingale, who, perched on the lofty summit of a cedar tree, poured forth a strain of aerial harmony, which, contrasting with prevailing silence, seemed to make stillness stiller. Sometimes, as the wanderer wound along his mountain way, the wild white gazelle, starting from her carpet of moss and leaves, would cross his early path, and as often pause to fix upon the intruder her dark black eyes, with an expression of timid and beseeching innocence that language cannot paint. At length Zenim had reached the grotto at the entrance of which he first beheld Ascanthe; every object around him seemed to wear an air of enchantment; the very fragment of rock on which his mistress had sat, wore for Zenim a holiness like that which hangs around the altars of saints, and excites them to devotion and veneration. The young lover threw himself upon the green earth: he drew forth one of his arrows, and abstractedly engraved the name of Ascanthe on the heartless stone, which, though in long-drawn echoes, it sympathized with his sighs, was, like himself, but too unconscious of the cause from whence those sighs proceeded. In this manner he was employed, when the sudden immersion of some hollow vessel into the adjoining stream roused him from his employment, and lifting up his eyes, what was his trans-

port at beholding the form of an Arab girl bending over the stream, and filling a vase with water, while Ascanthe, doubtless the companion of her footsteps, stood by her side, and playfully held the end of her attendant's crimson sash, in order, as it were, to prevent her overbalancing herself by reaching too far across the brook. In an instant Zenim appeared to Ascanthe, who was covered with blushes at the sight of him. At a loss how to express himself, he inquired for the old man: he had been extremely unwell, and Ascanthe artlessly invited Zenim to accompany her to his couch, which he had not yet quitted. Joyfully the youth complied with her request, and in a few moments they stood before the aged Ghiefnar, by which title we must henceforth distinguish Ascanthe's former companion of the grotto. Ghiefnar expressed no sort of surprise at the sight of Zenim: a beam of satisfaction kindled in his eye as he beheld him, and, extending his feverish hand, he expressed a welcome of cordiality which the youth had little prepared himself to expect. With some degree of hesitation, Zenim excused himself for intruding thus a second time upon the presence of his host, attributing the visit principally to his admiration of the surrounding scenery, and a hope of conveying his mother's thanks for the roses. The old man cast a languid smile on the features of Ascanthe, who was affectionately kneeling at his pillow; the just rebuke of his silent speaking eye admonished the young lover, and he hung down his head in the utmost degree of ingenuous confusion. Ghiefnar took no notice of this embarrassment, but speaking to the Arab girl, she brought forward a plate of almonds and a cup of camel's milk, sweetened with cinnamon honey, which he took from the salver, and presented himself to his guest, having previously dipped his hands into a basin of pure water, and invited Zenim to follow his example, according to eastern fashion. Zenim hesitated not to share in the early repast, after he had united his prayers with Ascanthe for the speedy recovery of Ghiefnar. Ascanthe then took up her lute, and at the request of Ghiefnar entertained them with a hymn to morning; and thus two hours passed like moments away, when the youth once more took his leave, after having received a promise from the old man to visit the dwelling of Dœnira, as soon as the return of health would admit of such an exertion. Dœnira, when she came to hear of Zenim's second visit to the valley of roses, and to be rendered sensible of her son's attachment to Ascanthe, which he possessed neither the power nor inclination to conceal, resolved to send Buda to the cottage of the strangers, under a pretence of requesting some of those delightful rose-bushes for his garden, that if possible he might ascertain the quality of the persons of whom Zenim constantly spoke in such terms of enthusiasm. Buda returned from his embassy equally satisfied with Zenim, that Ghiefnar and his grandaughter were every way worthy the good opinion which Dœnira had been taught to entertain, and in a few days Ghiefnar and Ascanthe had presented themselves as guests to Dœnira, who read in their demeanour and accomplishments that they were born to a rank in society very, very different from the one in which they were now placed; but, as her own fate was wrapped in mystery, Dœnira forbore to require a confidence which she felt it was not in her own power to return. The acquisition of Ghiefnar and Ascanthe's frequent visits to the little party at Sabla, added a material charm to the obscure life which those secluded beings were doomed to pursue, and several months had passed away in almost uninterrupted tranquillity, especially between the young lovers, who knew no greater happiness than that which arose from the delightful society of each other, when Zenim, who had been out one day with Buda, was lead by curiosity or natural impulse to visit the spot where he had so successfully slain the serpent, and rescued the life of the unknown horseman. The very sight of the place filled him with emotions of unaccountable melancholy. The dead, undisturbed branches of the chenar around which the monster had formerly lashed itself were still scattered on the earth, while young and green shoots had already usurped their place on the stem of the parent tree. What *was* the serpent now? Long coils of disjointing bones, robbed alike of their flesh and scales, by the ravenous beak of the vulture and the famished tooth of the hyena,

lay half buried in the overgrown grass which the consumption of their own essences of vitality had nourished to an unusual height; the whitened jaws of the creature, as in the last wrath of agony, they had adhered by deep incisions to an elevated branch, still maintained their position in a form of antic horror, and in the niches of those once awful, transfixing eyes, unconscious, harmless humming birds had built their mossy nests, and deposited their tiny eggs. What a subject was all this for power to moralize over, for mortal strength to digest, and for human ambition to contemplate! Take heed, ye mighty ones, for the day is at hand when, like the serpent of these pages, ye shall lie as powerless in the dust, and the humblest and the simplest shall usurp your abodes of disdain, and your hoards of terror. In the evening Ghiefnar and Ascanthe came to Sabla, and Dœnira entertained them with coffee beneath the accacia. Zenim had been much devoted to the recollection of the horseman of the valley during the day, and the sight which he had just witnessed had turned his mind into a train of gloomy thoughts unusual to his nature; he felt that his affection for Ascanthe had beguiled his ardour from a purport that once inspired it, on which his mother had still remained religiously silent: but Zenim felt that his love for Ascanthe ought rather to urge him to unravel the mystery of his birth than teach him to remain satisfied with its concealment, especially since she, on her part, had been candid enough to disclose, that the ballad which he had first heard her sing in the grotto was nothing less than the story of her unfortunate grandfather, whose only child Zady had secretly united herself to a noble Christian slave, notwithstanding the abhorrence of her parent for people of that denomination, and was attempting to quit the halls of her kindred, when the interference of the savage attendants of Ghiefnar Ali put a period to the existence of her husband, and consigned her to a life of distraction, from which she was only released at the birth of her child Ascanthe, leaving her too cruel father a prey to woe and remorse. These circumstances, added to some others, political ones, of an unfortunate nature, had driven the old man into solitude, to derive consolation alone from the very source which he once considered his greatest, bitterest curse—from Ascanthe, the offspring of his late broken-hearted daughter and her murdered husband. The ballad which Ascanthe occasionally sung to him, was one of his daughter's own composing in her hours of despair; when reflection and sorrow had wrought Ghiefnar's mind to the highest pitch of torture, it was then he could listen to that ballad, and drown the acuteness of his misery in penitential tears. Pride was Ghiefnar's predominant passion; it was pride that impelled his almost haughty farewell to Zenim, after their first interview—he almost trembled lest the offspring his curses once devoted to perdition, should now form an attachment unworthy of itself or him; although grief and heaven's chastisement had humbled him to solitude and obscurity, Ghiefnar was Ghiefnar still: but Ghiefnar has lacerated his heart, and he is succeeding in subduing it to the control of reason, whose laws are written in nature. Ascanthe was soonest to discover the inquietude of Zenim's mind. Dœnira, too, observed it; to her it was equally unaccountable; she had witnessed her son's passion for the maid of the wilderness, and the fondly weak mother had hoped in that attachment, and the unconsciousness of the race from which he sprung, he might pass a life of blameless happiness, which is not to be followed through the haunts of man. Zenim was the person to unravel the clue of his own thoughts, by mentioning the altered form of the serpent, and inadvertently the cause of its destructor, Dœnira fixed her eyes upon him: her cheek was pale, her look cautioned him to be silent: "What is it I hear?" suddenly exclaimed Ghiefnar, "and was it to thee and to thine unexampled valour, Morack, the persecutor Morack, owed his hateful life?"

"Thou knowest, then," exclaimed Zenim, abruptly darting a look of anxious inquiry at Ghiefnar.

"This I know," answered the old man, "that Morack deserves not the life you saved; through his subtlety the race of the Sun Worshippers in the plains of Agram were annihilated; this I know, that through the malice of that fiend the noble house of Ubantha ——"

"Hold!" ejaculated Dœnira, grasping Ghiefnar's arm, "my child comprehends not his——" and she paused.

Ghiefnar started with astonishment; while Zenim, who had risen imperceptibly from his seat, stood gazing with looks of inquiry alternately upon Ghiefnar and his mother. At length Dœnira had composed herself: "leave me for a moment, Zenim," said she, in a tone of firmness which Zenim had never before known her to assume. "How have I besought you not to inquire into circumstances, the knowledge of which can only render you miserable; in this valley happiness is within your grasp, be satisfied my son, and enjoy it; leave me for a moment, I would speak with our guest alone;" and she waved her hand with an air of authority that brooked of no refusal, and, accompanied by Ascanthe, Zenim withdrew from the garden. In a very short period he was summoned to rejoin his mother and guest in the cottage. But notwithstanding the presence of Ascanthe, that evening was the most painful one Zenim had ever shared; his thoughts wandered from the conversation, his mind became abstracted, and even the ramble which he usually made with Ascanthe and Ghiefnar on their way home, a ramble wont to be of late his greatest felicity, had almost lost its charm. Such is human nature: thus all things within the reach of our enjoyment lose the zest so peculiarly attached to others at a distance, and the more so that they are surrounded with insurmountable difficulties. Here was a youth who had never known real sorrow, who could not feel a privation of affluence that he had never tasted, who was surrounded by the dearest ties of the heart, and the dearest prospects that the heart cherishes—loving and beloved: but pride and nature lived within his breast; a something he knew there existed, which, if explained to himself, ought to avert the tranquillity of his present life; and the emotion originates in a delicate and noble conscience, that forbids us to enjoy even happiness that is not our own. Zenim felt that he was either unworthy the confidence of his mother, or unworthy the spotless affection of Ascanthe. If there was any thing ignoble in his birth, then the latter; if noble, it was the more evident his mother thought him unworthy his forefathers; that she conceived him less capable to sustain the wrongs they had endured. Zenim had a brave and lofty soul, but he could form no idea of the fears and throbs with which a widowed mother clings to the vestige of an injured husband, and dreads to behold each opening blossom of greatness in an only son, which may eventually draw upon his devoted head the ruin of his sire. Such were the throbs and fears of Dœnira: but nature rears her torch in human breasts, and heaven's decree instructs it when to blaze. In his next interview with Ascanthe, Zenim acquired from her this information, that more than once she had heard her grandfather mention the name of Ubantha as a nobleman, who had proudly maintained the rights of his country, and as one who had been injured by another named Morack; this was all she could impart: with her grandfather she had lived nine years in solitude, and beyond that she had no remembrance. From such wild tradition, Zenim immediately recognized in Ubantha his father, and in Morack his father's enemy; he remembered the words of his mother, "*Boy, it is not for thee to extricate from the bowels of the deep earth a victim doomed by Alla there to perish.*" Morack doubtless had immured his father in some horrid den, or had some powerful interest connected with that father's fate; Zenim had saved Morack's life, and he had sworn by the token of his ring to grant him, at any distant period, whatever he should demand. Were his father a captive, he could demand his liberation; but where and in what land did Morack, the giver of the ring, dwell? As that thought occurred to Zenim, severely did he regret that he had needed sufficient curiosity to inquire the abode of the man heaven had permitted him to snatch from destruction. For a long time Zenim busied himself in meditating on circumstances beyond his comprehension, and in forming conjectures respecting his history and birth, which were alike vain and visionary. He constantly requested Buda to relate accounts of the different parts of the globe in which he had travelled, under a hope of discovering some clue or other to his father's destiny; he was also constantly investigating such rude maps as Dœnira possessed,

in order to perceive whether any canton or jurisdiction bore the names of Morack, Ghiefnar, or Ubantha: but entirely without success, as were all his conjectures; till at last heaven thought proper to unveil the whole mystery in its own way.

One day, Zenim went with Buda to a village, about two leagues from Sabla, on the banks of a river which owes its source to the Euphrates, in order to purchase provender for the camels, on account of a great dearth, which had occasioned a considerable scarcity; and while his companion was busily engaged in bartering to the best advantage, he amused himself by observing two itinerant merchants, who were exposing goods to sale, consisting of rings, necklaces, and silks, which they said they had brought all the way from Abyssinia. At the name of Abysinnia, a third person, who appeared also to be a traveller, enquired whether they knew this was the country in which the life of Morack, the Abyssinian minister, had been saved by a young wild Arab. "Yes," answered one, "but we scarcely credit such a report, as we do not think it likely Alla would send any rescue to the life of so wicked a man;" and he began to enumerate the many evil deeds Morack had committed in the whole course of his authority: "the Guebre family of Ubantha," said he, "'tis well known were annihilated through the malice of Morack." Zenim scarcely breathed, as he leaned upon a branch of the tree which partially concealed him, for support, and the traveller continued: "but I perceive you are a stranger to the circumstances. Ubantha was a brave and noble chieftain, of Persi-Arabian descent, one of the sect of the sun, who worship Alla through that luminary, when the little territory of his fathers, situated at the extremity of the Badelmandel, on the borders of the Indian Ocean, was overthrown by some superior power. Ubantha sought protection of the Emperor of Abyssinia, and was graciously received; so graciously, that it excited the envy and malice of Morack, who soon taught the Emperor to suppose that Ubantha was taking some effectual steps to overturn the government: in a word, Ubantha was eventually committed to the secret mines, somewhere, as it is said, among the mountains of the moon; and his wife doubtless murdered, as she has never been heard of since the destruction of her house by fire, which took place immediately after her husband's immurement."—"And is it supposed her husband exists?" enquired the second merchant. "Doubtless," answered the first, "if fatigue has not destroyed him, he must still be a young man." Thus ended their discourse, which was interrupted by the arrival of several customers, among whom was Buda himself. Zenim stood a few moments to admire the different articles offered for sale, and to purchase a bracelet of coral beads, which he intended to present Ascanthe on his return. "These come from beyond the Red Sea, master," said the merchant archly, holding up the bracelet of beads, "and have been dipped in its waters, as you observe by their colour."—"Indeed!" exclaimed Zenim, pretending ignorance, "you doubtless have crossed those waves yourself?" "And he has been dipped into them too," interrupted Buda sharply, "which accounts for his colour;" and at the same time he cast an eye of triumph on the sun-burnt merchant. "Well said, brother!" continued the vender of beads, "I have often dipped in the Red Sea on my voyage to Abyssinia." At these words Buda turned suddenly aside, and taking Zenim by the arm, hurried him from the place. Nature will have way, says the proverb, and nature seemed to have inspired Zenim with a purpose which he was bound to pursue, notwithstanding every obstruction placed in his course. He now imagined himself fully master of his mother's secret, and, when he was not engaged in the society of Ascanthe, he was generally devoted to thinking on the best steps he should adopt. One design occupied his soul, that of proceeding himself to Abyssinia, and demanding, as a fulfilment of Morack's promise, when he gave the ring, the restoration of his father's liberty. But then he had yet to ascertain whether or not he was indeed the son of that persecuted Ubantha, whom he had heard both Ghiefnar and the merchant speak of. One day, when Buda was from home, as Zenim sat reading the Coran to Dœnira, a sudden resolution seemed to inspire him, and, laying aside the sacred volume, he related in undisguised terms the story he had gathered from the itinerant; nor

did he suffer Dœnira to express her sentiments, ere, sinking at her feet, and bathing her hand with tears, "Dearest Mother!" he exclaimed, "if you would not witness my death, tell me, am I not the son of Ubantha?" Dœnira expressed no sort of surprise; it was evident she had prepared herself to answer such a demand, and, first raising her eyes to heaven, "I see it is in vain," sighed the unhappy parent; then folding Zenim to her heart, "yes," said she, in stifled emotion, "you are indeed the son of that noble but wretched man! the last of the persecuted race of Guebres!"

"And have you forgotten Morack's promise? Shall I not fly to the rescue of my father?"

"I have thought of all that, till my heart is well nigh broken. The monster whose life you preserved, my son, scorns not to break a thousand vows daily: he will triumph in sacrificing to his hate the child of that Dœnira who ever disdained him, and whom he thinks buried in the ruins of her house, for by stratagem only was I permitted to escape his persecution. After I had been informed of my husband's disgrace, I shut myself up in my apartment, resolved to have no companions but my tears. You, my child were then unborn; judge what must have been my horror, when Morack intruded himself upon my presence, and presumed to offer me not only his protection but his consolation. In order to prevent a second interview of the kind, I took the advantage of night, and, attended only by one faithful slave, Buda, while each apartment of our house was flaming, the effect of Buda's own hand in order to elude the vigilance of Morack, who could not but suppose us victims of the devouring element, we fled into obscurity."

"And shall such a demon as Morack exist!" exclaimed Zenim, grasping the handle of his scimitar with energy, "while a son of Ubantha has sufficient courage to revenge the wrongs of his father?"

Dœnira shuddered. "It is not for us to subdue a power like Morack's," sighed she; "we have only to place an implicit confidence in the wisdom and just decrees of Alla, who has the reins of mortality in his own hands, and can direct them as he pleases and thinks best. Humility, my child, must become our best weapon, since lowliness has become our best portion."

"But my father!"

Dœnira placed her handkerchief to her eyes and wept: after a few moments, "I have taught myself to think of him as one in heaven," replied she, with sudden calmness, "'tis my dearest comfort; we shall meet him there, Zenim; we shall *all* meet there." With these words, she rested her head upon the bosom of her son, and taking his hand tenderly in her own, they mingled their tears together. From that time Dœnira seemed to avoid all conversation touching her sorrows, and Zenim, not wishing to render her more unhappy, carefully withheld any discourse which might increase them. But he had formed a resolution in his mind, which no other consideration could induce him to abandon; it was that of going alone to Abyssynia, and of throwing himself at the feet of Morack; a sudden hope inspired him with an unusual thirst for the enterprize; the many leagues he had to pass over, the perils of the desert, the horrors of the mountain, and the fatigues he must undergo, seemed as nothing when he thought upon the captivity of his father. But how was he to obtain his mother's acquiesence; and, if obtained, how was he to snatch himself from her, from Buda, and from his adored Ascanthe? The trials of the body are but as vapours to sensible minds, compared to trials which affect the heart. Not long after this explanation with his mother, Zenim was doomed to witness the last moments of Ghiefnar; the old man had been seized with a sudden indisposition which seemed likely to prove rapidly fatal. As the moment of Ghiefnar's dissolution approached, Zenim sat watching by his bedside alone, for Ascanthe, worn out with fatigue, had retired for an hour to share the pillow of Dœnira, on the present occasion an administering and a consoling visitor in the cottage of the valley of roses. Ghiefnar, after a short silence, raised himself slowly on his arm. "Zenim," said he, in a faint voice, "your mother has apprized me of the singular way in which you learned your father's fate; something tells me that you will one day recover the lustre of your kindred, and be great even in

Abyssinia, where your name has, ere this, almost passed away: it will be no more than the abused worth of your father deserved: he was a noble-minded man, and fell unjustly. But I, Zenim, I deserved the ruin that overtook me, for I was the assassin of my child! When I am dead, Zenim, you must not cease to recollect that Ascanthe doubly needs your affection; you love her—I have given her to you." Zenim could make no answer than by pressing Ghiefnar's cold hand. "I am satisfied," continued the dying man; "beneath my pillow are papers, they are here," and he drew forth two letters, directed to persons in Abyssinia, and gave them to the youth with a small purse of money;" these, continued he, "may be of some service in an hour of need. I have studied your disposition, my son; I have read your determination in your looks—it is a virtuous one. Morack is inexorable—but Alla, gracious Alla, with his red lightnings knows how to melt rocks of steel into drops softer than evening due; confide in him—con—" Exhausted nature would not allow him to utter more, and he sunk back overcome by the exertion. Zenim held him gently in his arms, suffering the letters and the purse to fall and lie upon the coverlid till they met the closing eye of Ghiefnar, who motioned with his finger, at which Zenim placed them in his vest, and the old man testified his satisfaction by a faint smile, which, attired in a hectic tinge, passed rapidly across his features. Summoned by the voice of Ghiefnar, Ascanthe, followed by Dœnira, now entered the apartment; a visible confusion seemed to prevail in the mind of the sufferer as he fixed his eyes upon his grandchild, while in sorrowful tenderness she hung over his bed; at length he started suddenly from his pillow, and taking her hand, which he placed in that of Zenim, ejaculating, "Zady! dear Zady! let this, let this atone!" he fell slowly down and expired. What followed was a scene of grief better to be imagined than described. After the interment of Ghiefnar, Ascanthe became altogether a resident in the cottage of Sabla, the benevolent inhabitants of which lost no opportunity of diverting her grief till she had once more recovered her wonted serenity; it assured Zenim's heart when he beheld his mother growing every day more and more attached to the person, whom of all others he considered worthy a place in her affection equal to the one he himself possessed. Already he had examined Ghiefnar's letters; they were directed to persons in Abyssinia, and in the purse, which contained a quantity of money, he found a plan and description of the road to Mocha, with other matters touching an embarkation from thence across the Babelmandel, and from those banks to Abyssinia; it further informed him on what particular day a certain caravan would set out with merchants and pilgrims from Bussora on its way to Medina. It was very evident, by the nature of all this intelligence, that Ghiefnar, who was a man of no common understanding, concluded Zenim would one day set forth in quest of his father, without the knowledge or the advice of either Dœnira or Buda, whose fears would be always likely to retard his enterprize, till he should have summoned sufficient courage to set forth of himself and by himself. The last words of Ascanthe's father seemed to him as if inspired by a superior power; they conveyed to his mind an air of prophecy apparently propitious of his success; and, as the day drew near on which the caravan was stated to quit Bussora, he had fully made up his mind to depart: a determination which was materially strengthened by a dream, in which he beheld the form of his father, pale and languid, chained to a rock, reproaching him for his want of ardour. The evening previously to the ensuing dawn with which Zenim intended to quit Sabla, perhaps for ever, without taking leave of his family, because he found that such an effort would be utterly insupportable, they were seated under the loved accacia tree, beneath whose branches he had passed the most pleasureable moments of his life, when an aged stork suddenly dropped at Dœnira's feet, and presently after another, but a much younger bird, of the same species, darted over the foliage, and seizing, as it seemed, its helpless parent, with a degree of terrified tenderness flew with it through the air, and continued to support its feeble efforts by the strength of its own wings as far as the eye could reach. The looks of Zenim encountered those of his mother at

a sight so affecting. "This," said he, "dear mother!" with unusual earnestness, "is a lesson sent for me; shall the poor stork of the desert be more filial than the son of Ubantha? Wilt thou not bid me go forth? Shall I not assist my father to the home of his kindred?"—"Some day! some day!" exclaimed Dœnira, almost inarticulately. Zenim knelt at her feet: "Why not to-morrow, mother?" faltered he, "were it so, would you not bless me?" "I would always bless thee, my Zenim," said she, pressing one hand on his head, while she suffered him to retain the other in both his own: "I bless thee, my son, and may heaven continue to bless all thy ways with equal goodness: but I cannot, cannot consent to our separation." Zenim made no reply: he felt that he had received the benediction of his mother; while her soul was replete with admiration of filial affection, and, that she had given the only sanction to his design her fond heart could sustain. He therefore returned to his seat between his mother and Ascanthe, and endeavoured to assume an air of gaiety very foreign to his feelings. The red bracelet which he had purchased of the itinerant, ever since worn by Ascanthe, became unclasped, and, as he fastened it again round her lovely wrist, "Suffer me to kiss this clasp," said he, "Ascanthe, and my kiss shall be as a gentle spell, which is to prevent its breaking asunder, till I myself unloose it." Ascanthe was totally at a loss to comprehend the meaning of these words, and as her eyes met those of Zenim, they filled themselves with tears. An unusual melancholy seemed to prevail through the rest of the evening; even Buda appeared affected by the contagion: and Dœnira, after she had withdrawn for the night, came forth again from her chamber, in order to address Zenim on some subject, the import of which suddenly passed from her mind, and she returned abstractedly and restlessly to her couch. Buda expressed some surprise at the sight of Zenim's arrows and spear, which were carefully laid at the head of the youth's pallet; and when Zenim informed him that he meant to go early in the morning to the Rose Valley, he looked thoughtful and unquiet. About midnight, all in the cottage except Zenim had sunk into the arms of sleep, when silently he arose from his bed, and throwing on his apparel, took up his hunting accoutrements and entered the little garden, having first deposited a letter, which he had previously written to his mother and Ascanthe, on the table, and invoked an eternal blessing on the grey head of the unconscious Buda. In passing the lattice of the chamber wherein his mother and Ascanthe reposed, Zenim paused for a moment; his heart was bursting, and sinking devoutly on his knees, "God of my fathers!" he mentally exclaimed, "if, in thy mercy and compassion, thou designest to render me happy, bless, O! bless those dear, dear partners of my earliest sorrows: avert from their innocent hearts every participation of evil, and inspire them with a serene confidence in thy goodness, till thou sendest me back to their arms again, full of joy and full of tenderness." He hesitated for a moment: the voice of some one mentioned his name—it was his mother; she spoke of him in her sleep. Zenim parted the green and blossoming foliage which screened the lattice, and looked in. He distinctly beheld the form of his maternal parent; she had been praying till a late hour, and still slept by the side of her couch in an attitude of devotion, her face resting on her hands; while Ascanthe slumbered by her side, her lovely locks flung over that arm which contained the coral braçelet, and her bosom agitated by frequent sighs, such as steal from the lips of persons weeping in their slumbers. "And shall I leave them thus?" sobbed Zenim, placing his hand on his breast, which heaved with agitation, "and shall I leave them thus? I will not—I cannot!" and rising from his knees, he was about to re-enter the cottage, as the pale form of his father rushed to his vivid imagination. He trembled violently,—his brain seemed on fire, and, full of contending resolutions, he turned abruptly from the door, and rushed wildly into the path which conducted towards Bussora. At the extent of a league from Sabla, the sight of a white stone, called Agra's tomb, which lay on the summit of a hill commanding the remotest view of his mother's peaceful dwelling, awoke him from a long train of confused meditation. He started as the rocky fragment before him met his eye; it was the spot from which he was to behold the haunt of

his childhood perhaps for the last time. As he surveyed the scene, a thousand fond recollections rushed at once to his mind; those delightful remembrances, which, by adding a charm to sorrow, render it more poignant. The sun had scarcely tipped with gold the summit of the distant mountains, and the unclouded expanse of sky hung like a veil of lucid blueness over the wide expanse of nature. Not a human being, save Zenim, appeared to witness a prospect so calm and lovely; and even he, as he gazed in fond devotedness around, incapable of sustaining the force of his emotions, threw himself on the tomb of Agra and wept bitterly.

(To be continued.)

THE ROOKERY.

A TRUE TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

TIME, however, that curer of all but love, restored Lister's sprained ancle to its former state; but the wound in his heart was only to be remedied by a possession of the fair object which had occasioned it. An opportunity was not long wanting to renew, and to enlarge on the subject dearest to his breast: for one evening Natty having been half-price to the theatre, encountered Miss Lucy on his way home, attended only by Mrs. Deborah's servant, returning from an afternoon's visit. With some degree of ceremony he was about to address her, just as a propitious gale blew out the lanthorn candle in the old servant's hand, and, while she hobbled back to rekindle the extinguished luminary, our hero, with a tender of his protection, rather abruptly renewed his lovelorn petition with a host of assurances and protestations.

As it was rather dark, and Lucy stood in the porchway of the house, we cannot exactly describe the hue of her blushes; her good-nature, though, forbade her to drive away in despair a youth, who had run even the hazard of his neck to throw himself at her feet; and, in accents replete with benevolence, she faltered forth, that her lips were quite unprepared to answer so sudden an intreaty; her hand, too, was not at her own disposal; and Lister in the ardour of affection, fondly pressed the hand, and kissed the lips so angelically alluded to. The light now began to stream from the avenue, indicative of the Abigail's return; and Lucy, as she gently pushed aside her lover, whispered, "Some other time, Mr. Lister—I cannot answer now;" and slipping her arm under that of her attendant, hurried off.

A beamy, celestial ray blazed radiantly on the infatuated hopes of Lister; his days were replete with anticipation, and his nights were passed rapidly in dreaming of the charming Lucy. In the fullness of his heart, he resolved on writing a brief epistle, requiring time and place; but how was he to convey it without exciting suspicion! In this dilemma, a new passion got possession of his mind—the torturing one of jealousy. A kind, inquisitive friend, assured him his aspirations after Lucy might be deemed perfectly futile, for that parson Grogram was bringing up the damsel to his *own* hand.

Ye fates and adverse deities, who preside over the destinies of us poor mortals, what refinement of torture can you inflict stronger than that of jealousy? the stirrer-up and abettor of every bad and malevolent emotion. It was a sad moment for poor Lister when he received this communication, which was, alas, too true a tale. The expiration of his time was at hand, and he resolved to turn his back at once on the neat little town of B***, his master, and the fascinating Lucy, whose witcheries hung like spells of honey about his devoted soul.

It was a clear moonlight night, and the old abbey clock was just striking nine, as Lister, with a portmanteau in his hand, containing the full extent of his *bettermost* wardrobe, hurried off to the Expedition coach, which was to convey him to that mart of fashion, vice, and traffic, London.

In turning round the corner of his late residence, the old balcony at which he had first beheld Lucy met his view; his pulse almost ceased to beat; there was a candle burning in the room, and he involuntarily let fall his portmanteau upon the pavement, and as involuntarily sat down upon it, to contemplate—he knew not what: he knew not why. His eyes turned anxiously up to the window, and he imagined that he beheld a slight motion in the fallen white curtains, and presently after the shadow of a person, whose form he never could mistake passed rapidly over them. It was indeed Lucy; Providence had directed her to the spot, to witness a third time the devotedness of her lover. She threw down the sash, as if to admire the silvery radiance of the nocturnal queen, and Lister fancied he heard a deep sigh escape her lips as she pensively gazed around; he thought, too, while the pale moonlight wantonly sported across her cheek, he beheld the glisten of a tear. Lister's heart melted at the idea. Lucy then was unhappy! perhaps she was as much in love as himself, only that their mutual poverty—he was young, he could work, any thing to obtain the hand of Lucy, and, reckless of consequences he walked straight up to the house, and paused beneath the balcony.

"Good night, Miss Lucy," said he in a melancholy tone.

"Good night! Sir," answered Lucy, starting at the sound of a man's voice so near.

"And God bless you for ever! Miss Lucy," continued he, in accents scarcely audible from emotion: "I am going away."

"Is it you, Mr. Lister?" enquired she in an under-tone, "are you going away?" and she laid such a sad stress upon the word *you*, that Lister began to curse the resolution which he had formed.

"What should I do here?" said he, "no one to think of,—no one to care about me. It was you that I loved, and you are going to be married to another; happily married, I hope."

He paused for an answer; Lucy made none, but he could distinctly hear sobs convulsing her bosom. He prepared to make a fresh declaration of his inviolable esteem; but at that instant the shrill voice of Mrs. Deborah sounded in the apartment; the sash was instantly drawn up, and Lucy's white handkerchief tumbled into the street. Lister instantly caught it from the pavement, and pressing it passionately to his lips, resolved to part with such a precious relic only with life. "You," said he, mentally, "shall be dearer to me than all the world besides; for you will constantly remind me of that being, the knowledge of whose very existence forms the sum of my earthly happiness; yes, delightful handkerchief, *her* tears have been shed upon your folds, they have rendered you sacred to love and to me, for perhaps those pearly drops were excited by regret for one whose poverty only barred him from becoming Lucy's husband. Go to my heart, which is hot and burning, that its warmth may extract the moisture of those angelic tears. A sad pause ensued, till Lister again caught the tones of Lucy's voice, as she accompanied her harpsichord, in order to beguile the time, for Mrs. Deborah, or the too happy Mr. Grogram; but the lover departed not in despair, for the last words that sounded on his ear were from Auld Robin Gray:

Sa faire did we greet and sa mickle did we say.

At this instant the coachman blew his horn, and Lister, with an abundance of heavy sighs, tore himself from the tender spot.

Two years passed away, in which Lister became initiated in most of the mysteries of far-famed London; he thought frequently of Lucy, but he thought of her as a stranger thinks of the jewels in the Tower, till at length he heard of Mrs. Deborah's death, and of Lucy's marriage with Mr. Grogram. This circumstance unsettled poor Lister's mind; it was a pretext for his abandoning himself to licentiousness, at least he made it so. Though he could scarcely be said to have entered into Lucy's sentiments towards himself, he accused her of falsehood, and swore to marry the first *reasonable* woman he could meet; but being rather unfortunate, or not over strenuous in that pursuit, the next year's newspapers declared Lucy a rich widow, while the joyous day saw him still a bachelor.

About this time an unexpected legacy from his aunt Miss Goodberry Lister made Natty resolve to become a new creature;

he accordingly resigned his situation, purchased a fine horse, sported a scarlet instead of a black frock, returned to B***, and embraced the earliest opportunity of waiting upon his old mistress with a tender of his hand, his heart, and his little fortune. Enough, it was accepted; and for a time our hero and heroine were the happiest couple in the whole county.

Lister had a number of first and second cousins: among them was one Mr. Jacobson, a lawyer, who in order to procure for himself a little advantage over Lister's *solid* property, persuaded him to go to law about some lost estate formerly belonging to the family. Although Jacobson was the very person who had styled his cousin the "*little grocer*," Lister was either so short-sighted or so proud of the *new* intimacy with his relations, that he permitted himself to be fleeced by this limb of the law, without ever acquiring a morsel of the lands in question: till Lucy, who had in the course of four years presented her spouse with two daughters, began to upbraid him with wantonly consuming the property her dear first husband had so affectionately bequeathed her. From these upbraidings a mutual recrimination ensued, the one taxing the other with a course of extravagance, the other accusing the one of meanness and want of spirit.

Previously to this time, I should inform you, Lister, having taken it into his head to turn farmer, had purchased an estate in D——shire, called *The Rookery*; it was situated as we have already described, and in the centre of a populous village, like most other villages, famed for gossips and gossipings, and a prevailing taste for the *scandalum magnatum.*

Mrs. Lister, on her first introduction to the delectable tea-table coteries of Mire-deep, had given unpardonable offence; she had not only carried herself remote, as it were, from their mutually *generous* opinions, but she had expressed a decided aversion to "*kairds*," having more than once evinced an indifference for five farthing loo, which so far excited the contempt of the ladies of Mire-deep, that one of them, as a signal for mutual disapprobation, declared with peculiar elegance and *sang froid*, that a certain fine lady was, in her opinion, "*as bad as a hot-matot.*"

These awful decisions served to convince Lister that he had married an intolerable temper; and at the same time to convince Lucy that her husband had placed her among very disagreeable neighbours, from whom she could derive neither advice nor consolation; he therefore, to avoid her complaints, generally passed his evenings abroad; and she, confined to her house, avoided company and *acquaintanceship* as much as possible. It is astonishing to observe how circumstances will alter people: from a lively, animated woman, Mrs. Lister in a few years was become the plain and homely village housewife. It had been well, could her husband's improprieties have imposed a "*silent sorrow*" upon her heart; he loved her, and the constant reproaches which she made use of were the *more* likely to drive him into other society.

Ah! how many moments of enviable felicity might women ensure for themselves, by moderating the violence of their complaints! How much domestic peace might men enforce, by subduing with kind remonstrances the effects of female passion! It is not in the nature, nor consistent with reason, for woman to rule, especially by perverseness: her spell must be the spell of gentleness and patient suffering, rendered bearable by affection; let her never forget what she has sworn before the altar of her God; and it will often mitigate the anguish occasioned by an ungrateful husband, while she reflects that, in suppressing his indignities, she is redeeming a pledge solemnly made by herself to heaven.

We commenced our story at the birth of Mr. Lister's son, and to that part of our story we must again refer our readers, in order to inform them that the little Robert, influenced doubtless by the good wishes that surrounded him, continued, like most healthy infants, to thrive; and, what was considered materially to his advantage, became a great favorite with that awful woman Wardock Kennilson, who predicted that he would one day arrive at nothing less than squire of the whole village: for I should have said, however out of hearing Wardock Kennilson might have been when Natty mentioned the stoup of christening all, she had no sooner carried home her bundle of sticks, and thrown them on the hearth, than, as if by what in

animals we should call instinct, she turned her steps to the Rookery. With some degree of surprise, Natty met her at the door; he was not displeased to see that she had recovered her temper, and looked graciously upon him; inviting her, therefore, to take a seat on the stone steps of the Rookery, he went himself to draw the promised beverage. Strong ale being a thing to which Wardock of late was nearly unaccustomed, exhilirated by its effects, she began, in no under-tone of voice, to enumerate the many injuries she had sustained from the various farmers, who had succeeded in transporting her husband for sheep-stealing, and in reducing herself and only existing infant to a state of starvation. "You alone," said she, "you alone have forbore to lift the strong hand against us, or I had not tasted even of your cup." Weak minds are too apt to be caught by any thing in the shape of flattery, and Lister could not forbear receiving Wardock's commendation with a sensation of self-approval, although that he had not persecuted her, as she called it, arose from chance; he was perhaps the only man in the village on whose estate she or her husband had not committed some depredation, and that because he was the last comer to the village: at a time, too, when her husband was suffering imprisonment for his offences; for an early renewal of which, in the end, he had justly been banished from his country. With regard to Wardock, as we have before observed, her life was notorious, and so perverse in error, notwithstanding punishment, that her obstinacy had almost set at naught the authority alike of the law and of the landholder. To return to our narrative: Wardock, with a true republican spirit, was still continuing to revile all her superiors, except Lister, who, like many others, was often too easily pleased by the adulation of low cunning and common minds, felt not a little satisfied to consider himself something of a superior nature to his neighbours, when Jenny, hearing an unusual tone of discourse, had the curiosity, as some will have it, natural to the sex, to come and listen at the door of an overhanging loft. As listeners frequently hear things by halves, such was the case with Jenny on the present occasion. She imagined, when Lister promised to become a friend to Wardock and her child in future, that her master must have some more than ordinary motive: a conclusion confirmed by the low and half chuckling voice in which Natty spoke, and to which he was impelled by the self-conceitedness of his own good opinion, as Wardock artfully compared his actions with those whom she called the oppressors of the poor; besides, in Jenny's opinion, no man in his sober senses would stand and talk familiarly with a woman of Wardock's dangerous nature, except he wanted his nativity cast, or his planet read; and Jenny took especial care to convince herself this was not the case on the present occasion. Jenny continued to listen till Wardock retired, and when she was gone, formed the notable resolution of revealing all she had heard, and even more than she heard, to her mistress, the first convenient opportunity: for Jenny thought such an action entirely consistent with her duty as a *faithful* servant, and exactly suitable to her notions of resentment for the imagined affront which her master had put upon her that very morning. While Mrs. Lister continued confined to her bed, Jenny had no chance of speaking to her alone; and when she quitted her apartment, as Mrs. Lister was the queen of domestic managers, it took at least six weeks to find fault with every thing done in the domestic and household affairs during her absence from their arrangement; and poor Jenny, out of spite, fully made a resolve not to impart the supposed secret which her breast burned to unfold. During these occurrences, Wardock Kennilson came frequently to the Rookery, exulting not a little in the partial ascendancy which she continued to obtain over Lister's mind; and so powerful are the effects of flattery, even in their lowest operations, that he already began to look upon Wardock as an inspired and unfortunate woman. Nor was Mrs. Lister inclined to oppose her husband's opinion in this particular instance, for Wardock had dropped a *great number* of low curtseys, and with a *great number* of humble and whining speeches, each ending in "*madam!*" begged a sight of the *darling* child, young *master* Robert; and the child had stretched out its little unconscious arms to Wardock, notwith-

standing her fierce eyes, and her black and grey tresses—grey rather from an unquiet spirit than from the ravages of age. Geordie Pule had assured Natty that, in the end, he would find himself a loser by his acquaintance with the old witch, as he called Wardock: but Natty had his likes and dislikes, which always increased in force as they were opposed by the advice or opinions of others.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE ON THE LIFE OF CANOVA.

Venice, 1823.

In our divers relations with Italy, there is no part of our conduct or character which has so won the affections of its inhabitants, as the uniform generosity and reverence which we pay to their superior genius in the arts. Secluded as are the noble and enlightened of that country from possessing political importance, they are contented to yield up to other and happier nations the palm in the sterner pursuits of philosophy, legislation, and arms. But, for all this condescension, the pride of Italy is not extinct; they expect from others some return from their humility, and are exceedingly, and with reason, discontented, when supereminence in the arts, the only portion of their empire that survives, is denied them. This complaint of being wilfully blind to Italian superiority, they urge with strong feelings of irritation against the French, especially in the late melancholy event of Canova's death; and to the impertinent superficial notices that appeared in the French papers on the subject, together with the general apathy shown by that nation upon a loss truly European, the Italians exultingly compare the tributes of sorrow and gratitude towards the great artist's memory, which English pens, and, what is more *home*, English purses, have paid. The subscription of one English nobleman towards the monument of Canova amounts to more than that of all the Continental monarchs of Europe taken together; and the numerous works which the artist left in progress, but unfinished, prove in what country his labours were most sought and best appreciated. It is difficult to account for this apathy on the part of the French: they support eighty students in their academy at Rome, yet none of their sculptors are celebrated, so that it can be owing neither to their wanting persons who interest themselves in these pursuits, nor to natural rivalry, having no name nor work to compare with those of Canova. The first sculptor now in Rome is Thorvalsden, and the two rising young men of promise, that follow in the path of fame next to the Dane, are, one an Englishman, the other an Italian: Gibson and Finelli. So that the French do not come at all in competition; and, what is more strange, the great defect of Canova, reproached to him by artists, was that his taste was too *French*, too affected; yet those to whose taste he inclined are accused of doing him injustice.

Italy will have, no doubt, a life of Canova from the learned and friendly pen of Count Cicognara: but to satisfy the immediate curiosity excited by the loss of the renowned artist, we give this article.

" Possagno, a poor and obscure village of the Asolan hills, was the birth-place of Antonio Canova. He came into the world the 1st of November 1757. His father Pietro,* and his uncle Pasino, followed the trade of stone-cutters, and the latter was no despicable sculptor, considering his condition and residence. As he was employed in the palace of the Venetian nobles, Falieri, at Pradazzi di Asolo, he used to conduct with him the young Canova, who thus first acquired a taste for those labours, which were one day to make his fortune and fame. It is reported that one day, when a splendid banquet was given by the Falieri, the cook was quite at a loss for a dish or figure to place in the middle of the *desert*, and that Antonio, then twelve years of age, began to work upon a piece of but-

* Most biographers of Canova call his father Francesco, not Pietro.

ter, which he soon carved into a lion, with such skill, that the guests were all struck immediately upon seeing it, demanded the artist to be brought forward, and loaded young *Tonino* with applauses and congratulations."

Owing to this little circumstance, the Senator, John Falieri, took notice of the boy, and placed him first under the care of a sculptor at Possagno, and then under Torretto, the best artist at this time at Venice. His successes at the academy prompted him to leave Torretto and set up for himself: which he did in a little shop under the cloisters of St. Stephen. His first productions were two baskets of fruit and flowers, cut in 1772, now to be seen on the balustres of the staircase at the Albergo della Gran Bretagna, at Venice. The next year he produced an *Euridice;* three years afterwards an *Orpheus;* both works of great promise, and at present at Palazzo Talier at Pradazzi di Asolo. In after years, when Canova was presented by the Pope with the Marquisate of Ischia, and consequently was obliged to choose a crest, he fixed upon a serpent and lyre, in memory of these his earliest efforts. The other principal work which he executed previous to his departure for Rome, was his "Dædalas and Icarus," in 1779. This, exhibited in the Venetian Ambassador's palace at Rome, acquired the poet great honor, and its immediate effect was the artist's removal, or rather promotion, to that capital of the art. "Such was the beautiful *carnosity* of the marble," says Cicognara, "that it was impossible to imagine how the artist could have seized those fugitive effects and motions of the flesh that have long ceased to appear in modern sculpture, merely from memory, and without a long and diligent imitation of life!"

The Venetian Senate granted Canova an annual pension of three hundred ducats for three years; and Cavalier Zuliani, at the instance of the Falieri, conducted Canova with him to Rome, where he arrived in 1780.

We may observe, for the thousand and first time, that the life of an author is in his works, but that that of an artist is ten times more so. His first great work, after he came to Rome, was the monument to Pope Ganganelli, in the church of the Holy Apostles; though not definitively up till 1787, the models were executed in the years of 1783-4. This deposit was not so much admired, since it has been eclipsed by Canova's later and maturer efforts, met at the time with enthusiastic approbation, founded no doubt on the boldness of taste, as well as the extreme youth of the artist.

"For the twenty-seven years," writes Milizia, "during which I have inhabited this city, never have the people of Quirinus so applauded a work of art. Connoisseurs, and gentlemen the most intelligent, esteem it of modern works of sculpture that which approaches nearest to the antique. Even the Jesuits praise Ganganelli in marble: and certainly this is a miracle, for that Pope, whose memory will be more glorified by this monument than by his suppression of the Jesuits."

Lord Cawdor and Sir Henry Blundel seem to have been the first English who ordered statues of Canova: in 1789 he executed a Cupid for one, and a Psyche for the other. The next year he gave to bas-reliefs, very few of which, however, were executed in marble: 1792 is the date of the monument Rezzonice, the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern art in works of this kind; volumes of criticism, description, and admiration have been lavished upon this pride of St. Peter's, which eclipses, indeed, every other object beneath that famous dome. His other principal monuments, to anticipate the order of time a little, are, first, that of the Archduchess Christina, in the church of the Augustinians at Vienna, finished in 1805.

"This monument consists of a sepulchral pyramid, with a door open in the middle, where Virtue enters accompanied by two children, holding torches in their hands; on a step lower down stands Beneficence, sustaining a blind and poor old man. This group of the blind man is the most tender and pathetic scene of the drama. It is a model, says Cicognara, of beauties altogether new, and of which in ancient art there certainly is not type or example."

All our travellers have given an account of Alfieri's tomb, in Santa Croce, and for the intended monument of Nelson, the model of which, we are informed, was executed by Canova "*per semplice suo pia-*

cere," for his private pleasure: the curious are referred to the third volume of Count Cicagnara's "*Storia della Scultura.*"

In 1793, Canova produced the Mangillian Psyche, as it was called from the family for which it was executed, but with which the admiration of princes would not allow it to rest: the Queen of Bavaria had first nearly succeeded in obtaining possession of it, till Napoleon, that grasp-all in works of art, took it to adorn the palace of Monaco. The same year the loveliest group that the artist ever struck from marble, he finished for the palace of Compiègne, the Cupid and Psyche recumbent; the little god is generally called the Siberian Cupid, from an idea that the original group is possessed by the Emperor of Russia; whereas it was but a repetition, at least a second group with little alterations, that was purchased by Prince Youssouppoff. The year 1795 is marked by the Adonis and Venus for the Marchese Berio at Naples. In 1796, he first attempted a religious subject, a Magdalen: the two Magdalens of Canova are considered by artists as among the very finest of his works; the one of this year, possessed by M. Sommariva, is kneeling in earnest prayer: but tnere is that meretricious air about her, which Forsyth has remarked and censured in all the representations of this personage, so much a favourite on Catholic canvas. The other Magdalen has not this defect: it is recumbent, with a cross in its hand, apparently in the last degree of languor; this *chef-d'œuvre* of religious sculpture, which Canova put the last hand to some weeks before his death, was ordered by the Marquis of Lansdown. In the same year with his first Magdalen, Canova produced the Hebe for Venice; the celebrated Hebe now belonging to a Jew at Venice. But as our chief object is to represent the progress of Canova *chronologically*, as well as to show our readers what works Canova has left in our isle, we will continue this sketch in the manner of a catalogue, marking the year and its produce.

1800.—The celebrated Perseus of the Vatican, ordered to replace the Apollo. The two pugilists, Creugas and Damosenus. These three stand in one cabinet of the *Cortile* of the Belvedere, while the Apollo, the Lacoon, and the Antinous, each occupy one of the other cabinets or recesses. Englishmen ridicule much the strange and aukward attitudes of the pugilists, but the sculptor was compelled to follow Pausanias. The historian relates, that Creugas and Damosenus agreed, like the Black Knight and Friar Tuck in Ivanhoe, each to allow his antagonist a fair blow at him whereever he pleased to apply it. Creugas struck his adversary, but without effect; upon which Damosenus, bidding the other lift up his arm (this is the moment that the marble represents), struck him with a blow that put an end to his life. This is the historian's account; and if Pausanias and the *fancy* do not agree, it is no fault of the artist.

1802.—Hercules flinging Lychus into the Sea, executed, we believe, for Naples; but his Sicilian majesty being unable to pay for it, it was purchased by the Roman banker Tolonia. This group was, however, modelled long before 1802, when it was cut in marble; it is the nearest approach of Canova's to the sublime and terrible, and though said to be defective in anatomical correctness, is the most expressive of his groups. The gem cut from it at Rome, of which impressions are sold, is said to be the finest cut in modern times.

1803.—Colossal statue of Napoleon. For this we may refer our readers to Apsley House, where it now stands.

1804.—Statue of Palamedes, possessed by the Marquis Sommeriva.

1805—Was an industrious year with Canova. It produced the Venus Vincitrice. The Venus of the Grand Duke of Florence; the Theseus killing the Centaur, not long since dispatched to Vienna; and the Female Dancer, for the Empress Josephine, which perhaps is superior in ease and grace to all his other works. To describe these celebrated statues would be vain, and the forthcoming series of Canova's works by Moses renders the attempt useless.

1806.—Lovely statue of the Princess Esterhazy employed at her pencil.

1807.—Alfieri's monument. Numerous busts. The two statues of Paris, for Josephine and the Prince of Bavaria. This year, too, Canova modelled a horse to support the figure of Napoleon, but it has been cast for the statue of Charles the Third, at Naples.

1808.—Numerous cenotaphs; and the Muse Terpsichore, for the Marquis Sommeriva.

1809.—The other two of his Female Dancers.

1811.—Statues of Marie Louisa, and of Ajax.

1812.—The artist's own bust. The Muse Polymnia, for Vienna. The Statue of Peace, for Count Romanzoff.

1814.—A Hebe, and a recumbent Nymph, for Lord Cawdor. The Three Graces, for the Duke of Bedford—need we speak of this well-known and enchanting group?

1815-1816.—Too much employed, owing to the consequences of political events, restoration of statues, &c., to produce anything. Nevertheless, in the latter year he commenced modelling, for the Prince Regent, his Mars and Venus, one of the most perfect as well as one of the latest finished of his works. It has been, we believe, just shipped for England.

1818.—Statue of Washington, and Mr. Hope's Venus; also the statue of Pope Braschi, for St. Peter's.

1819.—Endymion sleeping, for the Duke of Devonshire. Mary Magdalen for the Marquis of Lansdown. Many *erme*: among the rest those of Corinna, Beatrice, Laura, and Sappho.

1820-1821.—Modelled numerous statues, mostly for England: but as they existed only in chalk at the time of the Artist's death, it is yet unknown whether those who ordered them will be contented to take them, when finished in marble by inferior artists. This year he also modelled his second horse for Ferdinand of Naples. His equestrian statues are but two in number.

1822.—Employed altogether on works to adorn his church at Possagno. For this he modelled seven Metopes of rare excellence; the Creation of the World, that of Man, the Fratricide of Cain, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Annunciation, the Visitation, and the Purification. He also modelled for the same temple what he called his Pietà, or Christ just lowered from the cross, with the Virgin and Mary Magdalen. This group it was his intention to execute in marble: but since his death, no artist having the courage to undertake it, it has been resolved to cast it in bronze for the church.

In his early life Canova made many attempts on canvas as well as on marble. There are pictures which he drew of himself in existence, as well as a Theseus and Minotaur, which he painted in 1782; and a Venus and Adonis some years after, in which several critics have described colouring worthy of Titian. A proof of his intention to excel as a painter may be seen in a picture of himself, clothed in black, "*alla francese*," with a pallet in his hand. But the principal work of Canova on canvas is the curtain *(palla)* which he painted for the church of Possagno.

"The lower part of the picture represents Jesus dead, and his friends weeping around him. The upper part is entirely occupied by a glory, issuing from the aspect of the Father Eternal (here represented not aged, but in manhood), supported on the mysterious Dove, the symbol of the Holy Spirit, which itself finishes in a group of little Angels, &c. &c."

The work is much finer and more striking than a description can give an idea of, and bears the stamp, which religious pictures seldom do, of fine original conception. The church of Possagno, for which he painted this, and carved his late works, was commenced in 1819, after Canova's own plan, in which it was his intention to combine the peculiarities and beauties of the Pantheon and the Parthenon. Every October it was the artist's custom to journey from Rome to Possagno, to observe the progress of his work; and there in November of last year he was first surprised by the illness, which deprived him of life on the fourth of the following month at Venice.

On the subject of Canova's death, so fully detailed to the public, we need not dwell, nor yet upon his pious and charitable character. However, as a striking instance of the latter quality, we shall conclude with detailing the way in which he appropriated the revenues of the Marquisate of Ischia, presented to him by the Pope in 1816, to the uses of benevolence:

	Crowns
To the Roman Academy of Archaiology, annually	720
Annual pension to three Students of Rome, each of one of the	

	Crowns
Arts, Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture	720
Three annual premiums for the best works in the said arts	360
To the Library of the Academy of St. Luke, annually	100
Annual Loan to the *Academia de' Lincei*	120
Annual fund for the aid of poor artists	1,100

This last was entrusted to five Professors of the Academy; and thus Canova spent the revenue of his new Marquisate!

ORIGINAL AND FUGITIVE POETRY.

THE ORIGIN OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

BY MISS M. LEMAN REDE.

Who taught us first to trace with fond design,
The cherish'd lineaments of those we prize?
To catch with faithful heart the graceful line,
To give—oh! almost breathing to our eyes,
Their blessed image as a hallow'd shrine,
For hope to breathe o'er, when in absence dies
The fainting heart of love, and mem'ry's ray
But coldly picture joy long past away?

'Twas Woman—in that sweetly hallowed hour,
When fondly watching o'er her lover sleeping,
When in her bosom love's electric power
Lay hush'd in tenderness:—when mutely weeping,
Those tears, which like the dew upon the flower,
While nature is her nightly sabbath keeping,
Spring forth in silence, and descend in balm,
Where all is voiceless peace, and sweetest calm.

She saw (when for a moment from his face
Her tearful eye of tenderness was turn'd)
His profile's shadow, and she flew to trace
The features which each other image spurn'd
From her young heart, and left no resting place,
For all to which hope, life, or fancy burn'd,
Save love, and him, with power divine, supreme,
To make her life one wild impassion'd dream.

" When thou'rt away, my sleeping love" she cried,
" Here will I bend in visions wildly sweet,
" Here will I fancy that thy lips divide
" To tell me honey'd truths—or to repeat
" The vows ne'er heard too oft; here Woman's pride
" Shall sink in very homage; till we meet,
" This, this shall be my solace, hope, and shrine!
" Here my heart breathe its purest prayers for thine!"

Thus rose the art so dear to those who feel
Those best emotions of the human breast;—
Thus rose the art, whose magic can reveal,
The eye that lov'd us, and the lips that bless'd;
Perpetuate the beauty time will steal,
And register sweet visions long at rest:
And sooth'd remembrance hail it as the last
And best recorder of the cherish'd past.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

'Twas midnight, and across the wave
The moon's uncertain light was gleaming,
When in the sands they dug his grave,
With heavy hearts and eyes astreaming.
" Lay me," he cried, while yet the glow
Of life upon his cheek was playing,
" Within the beach, where soft and slow
" Her gentle step is sometimes straying.

" Cast me not in the whelming deep,
" ('Tis many a sailor's grave of sorrow),
" When life has fled, the cold frame keep,
" You'll surely touch at home to-morrow:
" I know the wish is vain and weak,
" Yet wou'd it soothe my soul in dying,
" To think in pity she may seek
" The lonely sands where I am lying;

" And mourn the heart her falsehood broke,
" A heart that ne'er repin'd at breaking,
" But still with fondness wou'd invoke
" The image that but kept it aching.
" Tell her the tress that once she gave
" Still served to fan life's dying embers:—
" Alas! how I have seen it wave,
" Too well this wounded heart remembers!

" Tell her, as it has shared the years
" Of various woe that fate decreed me,
" And every night been bathed with tears,
" When none were by to hear or heed me,—
" So has it shared the last sad home,
" Where all my pilgrimages ended:
" I cease to sigh. I cease to roam,
" And die as I have lived—unfriended.

" Tell her, I never loved her less
" For all the weary hours she'd given,
" That still in danger and distress,
" I thought of *her*, and then of heaven;

The Drummer Boy of Waterloo

Composed Expressly for

La Belle Assemblée

WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE

Piano Forte,

BY

H. BOND,

the WORDS by

Edwd. Ball.

Andante con espressivo.

p

when

p

fz

battle rous'd each war_like band And car_nage loud her

trumpet blew, Young Edwin left his native land A drummer boy for

Waterloo, Though but a child, his lit_tle heart, At He_ro's tale had

learn'd to glow, And urg'd him from his home to part, For glo_ry! and for

ff

Wa__ter_loo

p Andantino Affettuoso

His mother when his

p

lips she'd press'd, And bade her noble boy adieu, With wringing hands, and

Andte. espres.o

ach_ing breast, Be_held him march, for Wa__ter_loo He

went and ere the set of Sun, Be_held our arms the

Adagio

foe sub_due, The flash of death the mur__d'rous gun Had

Andante Affetuoso

laid him low on Wa__ter_loo, Oh comrades! comrades

Ed__win cried, And proud_ly beam'd his Eye of blue, Go

f
tell his mother Ed_win died, A Sol_diers death at
Wa_ _ _ter_loo
Adagio p
They
plac'd his head up_ _on his Drum, And 'neath the moon_lights
mournful hue, When night had still'd the Bat_tles
hum They dug his grave at Wa_ _ _ter_ _ _loo.

"That 'mid the prayers and pangs of death,
"I never from her image parted,
"And that her name was on my breath,
"When the last bleeding life-string started!"

Rude were the hearts that had not wept,
Or had denied his humble prayer:
With favoring gales their course they kept,
Then sought the beach and laid him there!
And as the earth, for ever hid
That mute cold form from earthly view,
A tear hung bright on every lid,
For one so warmly, wildly true.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF WATERLOO.

Composed expressly for La Belle Assemblée, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by H. Bond. The words by Edw. Ball.

When battle rous'd each warlike band,
And carnage loud her trumpet blew,
Young Edwin left his native land,
A drummer boy for Waterloo.

Though but a child, his little heart
At hero's tale had learn'd to glow,
And urg'd him from his home to part,
For glory! and for Waterloo.

His Mother, when his lips she'd press'd,
And bade her noble boy adieu,
With wringing hands and aching breast
Beheld him march for Waterloo.

He went, and ere the set of sun
Beheld our arms the foe subdue,
The flash of death, the murd'rous gun,
Had laid him low on Waterloo.

"Oh, comrades! comrades," Edwin cried,
And proudly beam'd his eye of blue,
"Go tell his mother Edwin died,
A soldier's death at Waterloo."

They plac'd his head upon his drum,
And 'neath the moonlight's mournful hue,
When night had still'd the battle's hum,
They dug his grave at Waterloo.

THE BACHELOR'S INVOCATION TO FORTUNE.

From the dismal fatigues of a languishing lover,
From laying restraint on a generous rover,
And those vile legal courtships which make such a pother,
Kind Fortune protect me.

From the writing and rites which empty one's purse,
From taking a Woman for better for worse,
And those longings for children, who oft prove a curse,
Kind Fortune protect me.

From the perpetual clack of an ignorant wife,
Stubborn by nature, pleas'd always with strife,
Proper only to make a man weary of life,
Kind Fortune protect me.

From Coffee, Tea, Cordials, and all such fine cheer
Which women will have, be they ever so dear,
To make up a feast for a sisterhood near,
Kind Fortune protect me.

From the tooth-ache and qualms, which those us'd to reading,
Say the husband must bear, while his honey's a breeding,
And from all the expenses of those nine-month's feeding,
Kind Fortune protect me.

From Doctors and Nurses, and all that long train
Who live by affliction, and of it make gain,
And remove from the wife to the husband the pain,
Kind Fortune protect me.

From those *musical* charms which by night a child pays,
From rocking and singing by, to it by days,
And from passive obedience to all a wife says,
Kind Fortune protect me.

From that labour and toil which a father must take,
That his wife and his children a figure may make,
And from denying one's self for a family's sake,
Kind Fortune protect me.

From a thousand more plagues which are always the fate
Of those who are link'd in that terrible state,
From marrying in haste, to repent when too late,
Kind Fortune protect me.

But lastly, and chiefly, from marrying those witches,
Who've neither good-nature, good sense, nor dear riches,
And from those termagant jades who'd still wear the *breeches*,
Kind Fortune protect me.

FASHIONS

FOR

MAY, 1823.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—Ball Dress.

Over a gossamer satin. slip is worn a dress of Urling's patent lace, beautifully finished at the border with large puffings of net, confined in bias wavings by straps of white satin; above this light and novel trimming, which forms a combination of richness and simplicity, is a full rouleau of white satin entwined with beading; and next the hem is a row of lace, with points *à la Vandyck* next the shoe. The corsage is of white satin, and is made in the Anglo-Greek style; the antique robings on each side of the stomacher finished by net puffings, to correspond with the border of the petticoat: the bust finished by a falling tucker of Vandyke lace. The sleeves short, but not quite so full as they were worn last month; they are ornamented to answer the other parts of the dress. The head-dress is a superb plume of white ostrich feathers; and the hair is arranged in the newest Parisian fashion: an Apollo's knot is placed as an ornament over the right ear; the rest of the hair is parted in front, *à la Madonna*, except that the plainness of that mode is relieved by a full cluster of curls on each temple. The ear-rings are of fine pearls, and the necklace formed of several rows of the same valuable materials twisted. Below the necklace is a gold chain, of an entire new pattern, with long links. The shoes are of white satin, and the gloves white kid.

No. 2.—Morning Dress.

A dress made partially low, of figured *gros de Naples* of a lavender color; next the hem at the border a full corkscrew rouleau of satin, of the same color as the dress; above which is a row of separate ornaments of rolled satin, in the Indostan style, each headed by an Indian lotos. The drapery that crosses over the breast is beautifully diversified by white satin; and an elegant *fichu à la Henriette* is worn underneath, surmounted by a double frill of Vandyke lace. *Negligée* cornette of fine Mechlin lace, ornamented with full-blown roses, and ear-rings and necklace of red cornelian; gold chain with long links, and eye-glass. Lavender kid shoes and Limerick gloves. This dress is often worn in carriage morning airings, with the addition of a white Cachemire shawl with a beautiful variegated border, as represented in the Engraving.

We particularly call the attention of our fair subscribers to the elegant *mancherons* on the sleeves of this dress; they are formed of leaves of the lotos, and have a most unique and charming effect.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

We write not our monthly observations for those who are such slaves to fashion, so as implicitly to follow every monstrocity she may, by the caprice of the moment, chance to produce, but for those our fair readers, whose minds are endowed with native elegance and taste. It is for such that we diligently explore the various *Magazins des Modes* of the first eminence; while we forget not what we owe to them, in the performance of this our task, when we have the advantage of mingling in the select circles of fashion.

When pelisses are worn for the promenado, or a high dress, shawls and scarfs are thrown over them in place of the fur tippet, which so long held its station during our rigorous March, and the commencement of an April almost as cold. The eye is now



BALL DRESS

London, Published May 1st [illegible], for La Belle Assemblée No. 174.



WALKING DRESS.

London, Published May. 1st 1823, for La Belle Assemblée, No 1/4.

certainly relieved from this wintry appearance, and the smart spencer, though chiefly of black velvet or satin, looks like Spring. These spencers are made with Pagoda collars: the sleeves rather fuller than they were last year; but confined tight round the wrists by a band, which fastens them after the spencer is on. Cashmire shawls with a white ground, and superb border of various colors, are much worn over high dresses; some of these are elegantly and lightly covered by a running pattern of small flowers. The Spring pelisses are trimmed with satin in bias on each side, and the bust with satin ribbon *à la militaire*: though many ladies affect to wear them entirely plain; but then they are made of the most rich and expensive silks: the double levantine seems the most favorite article, lined with sarsnet of a peculiar good quality, or gossamer satin. It is expected that fine India muslin pelisses, lined with colored sarsnet, and trimmed all round with lace, will be much in request among the higher classes this summer. Mantles are more worn by ladies of a certain age than by the young: when the weather is mild, they float over the shoulder in the Hussar pelisse style, and are often of a bright crimson, lined with white sarsnet. Rich scarfs of black, white, or light spring color, with superb borders of flowers, are also much in favor. Dark colored riding habits, with a *gilet*, or under-waistcoat, discovered underneath of violet colored satin, are much in favor with our equestrian ladies.

Chip hats and bonnets, it is thought, will be much worn the ensuing summer; Lane's patent chapeau de paille is much approved of. Velvet bonnets are laid aside, and are partly succeeded by white, or colored *gros de Naples*; with a few Leghorn, simply trimmed with a broad, rich ribbon, and the bonnet in the cottage style, rather small than large. An elegant promenading bonnet, of the Maria Stuart shape, has been introduced, by Messrs. Dison, Willson, and Co., with spencer to correspond. It is composed of bobbin-nett, with Brussells flowers, and has a handsome appearance. Some ladies place their bonnets very backward: but veils are almost universal, and feathers more adopted at present than flowers as ornaments to hats.

The dresses for home costume are chiefly trimmed with a broad flounce, of the same material as the gown, headed by a rouleau of satin, or by plaited satin ribbon; the mancherons of most dresses with long sleeves are beautifully diversified with straps of satin, forming a kind of basket-work; the wrists confined by a clasp without a band. Three folds of bias satin cross the bust, and supply the place of Brandenburghs when the dress is made high. Three flounces of white blond forms a favorite ornament on delicate colored silks for evening costume. Plaids of pink and lilac on fine cambric are among the newest prints, and form very appropriate and beautiful *déjeuné* wraps, and with a fine lace cornette, ornamented with a rich striped ribbon, they are a very elegant breakfast costume. A trimming of satin, at the border of silk dresses, is much admired for its novelty and elegance; it forms an ornament resembling the Indian lotos: three of these are placed on a stalk, one above the other, without foliage, and are laid in bias rows, placed at equal distances: this trimming is at once rich and light. Poplins of Esterhazy and of milk chocolate color are much in favor for half-dress. White comes but slowly in, and appears to be confined chiefly to richly embroidered muslin petticoats, worn under spencers or light colored pelisse robes: they appear, however, as the harbingers of milder weather, and we look forward to the time when our juvenile beauties will appear in those white summer dresses, that are so emblematic of the purity of youth in its early morn of unsullied innocence. Frocks of white Italian net, trimmed with violet color, are already much in request for very young ladies at dinner parties, or at friendly evening assemblies. We have seen a very elegant dress just completed for a ball given by a lady of rank and fashion: it is a frock of gossamer, or Arachne net, over white satin, trimmed with clusters of early spring flowers of various colors. Dresses of *gros de Naples* are chiefly trimmed with rouleaux and leaves; or Vandyke flounces set on plain, headed by a rouleau, or by a leaf-trimming. When made low, the bust is trimmed round with lace in points; black on light colors, white on dark, black, or white levantine. Black lace dresses over

pink or burgundy colored satin, are much in favor for evening parties; the border of the lace dress is trimmed in waves of plaited net, laid on in bias, between each row of which are leaves and flowers of black satin. Indian taffety dresses of the native flaxen yellow, of the silkworm's labor, are much estimated for their rarity at dress dinner parties; they are trimmed with three rows of wadded rouleaux, and made with a demi-train. Chinese crape dresses, of blush color, are much worn at evening parties; and white lace dresses, at routs and great dinner dress parties: these are beautifully bordered with white pheasant eyes, in floize silk trimming, forming deep vandykes reversed, above and under which is a flounce of fine lace.

The cornettes for half-dress, or for morning carriage airings, are rather large; in shape they give the idea of a small bonnet: they are in the Mary Stuart style, excepting that they are more ornamented. The border is fluted, and set on wire, therefore the Scottish shape is always preserved: the crown is ornamented in the Cybele or turret style, behind which depend lappets or streamers, but not very long; and over them is placed a full-blown rose, with its foliage and one bud: over each temple, on the hair, is placed one very small rose. There is something so truly unique and becoming in this head-dress, that we earnestly recommend it to those of our readers who rank high in the fashionable world. Blue gauze turbans, with white feathers falling over the front, are much worn by young married ladies; and the hair, clustered in small curls with a wreath of pomegrenate blossoms, is a favourite head-dress for the evening. Ladies are now convinced that there is scarce any countenance so supremely lovely as to bear the disguising *cornette* (indeed a true *mob*), that totally conceals the ears, and almost covers a part of the cheek; they are now twitched back at the ear, and impart a fascination to the face they heretofore disguised.

Flowers are chiefly of the fancy kind and of bright colors. Elastic belts of polished steel are very general, particularly in half-dress. The newest bracelets are of gold, exquisitely wrought; there are six rows of delicate fillagree open-work, which form one wide bracelet; they are extremely beautiful.

The favourite colours are mignionet leaf, green, etherial blue, lilac, and Lemon colour.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUMES.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

The fashionable summer generally begins earlier with our ladies of rank than with yours; by this I mean their departure from Paris, and surely in this instance they are wise, for they enjoy thereby long days of rural comfort, and are regaled by the perfumed treasures of Flora, as well as by those of Pomona.

At present, however, our metropolis is crowded with beauty and fashion; yet, while they remain here, the modes of winter hang still about them, and the Gallic fair seem loth to part with their favorite wintry colors; so that in the promenades their shawls of Lyonese Cachemire have a border of *flame* color, about three inches broad, and this border is in the form of flames; above it is a row of Turkish flowers, and the shawl is finished by a delicate border of various fancy flowers; at the edge of which is a Turkish fringe, and tups of about three inches in length: the ground of the shawl is of one color. Short pelisses, descending only to the knee, are becoming very fashionable.

White chip hats are ornamented with a branch of the filbert tree, with a few nuts, or the branch of the acacia. An anemone is a favourite flower on these hats; some ladies, however, prefer two large flat feathers. Hats of lilac crape, with a bow of bright yellow, are very general. Hats of colored gauze, made in the last new English fashion, are very prevalent; they are bent much on the forehead, and are tied under the chin with a ribbon, the color

of the hat; the crown is in the Mandarin style, but is formed by puckerings, instead of being in divisions; a bird of paradise plume is the ornament worn with this hat.

The evening dresses that are made of spring silks are ornamented at the border with triple rouleaux, forming a broad rich chain; the bust trimmed *en demi-chevrons* reversed, in the middle, and at the ends of which is an elegantly wrought silken ornament. The sleeves are short, and have their fulness confined by straps of satin, placed lengthwise. Crape dresses are much worn at evening parties, trimmed with lace. Beautiful linens, cambrics, and muslins, of lemon colour and lilac, also a pattern of branches of coral on a white ground have lately made their appearance; some of these are figured over with lilac lozenges, on a yellow ground checquered with lemon colour, forming a beautiful shade in basket work. Coloured silk dresses are worn for the promenade, trimmed with three rows of rouleaux in festoons; when the weather is cool, satin mantles, of a new construction, are thrown over these dresses. White dresses are generally trimmed with some conspicuous color. Wedding dresses are of patent thread net, trimmed at the border with orange flowers; the head-dress a long white veil, descending to the knee, trimmed with a fringe at the four corners, formed of the same flowers as border the dress.

Toque hats are much in favor, and are of crape or satin; the latter article is generally relieved by *tulle*. They are ornamented with the Pilgrim's cockle-shell, a trefoil, or a kind of spiral ornament shaped like a spear. The caps for evening dress have no point in front. A full cluster of curls ornaments each temple; in the midst of which is a flower, or a branch of coral, surrounded by sea-weed. Basque caps are placed very much over the left ear; these caps are generally black, dark blue, or green; some few are of violet color. At the *Théâtre Italien*, the most fashionable head-dress is a small bonnet of mignionet lead green; it is of *gros de Naples*, and is ornamented with branches of the Persian lilac. Basque caps are also seen at the theatres; they are black with white feathers, and a gold band and tassel: the Basque toque is, however, now a more prevailing head-dress. The feather droops neither on the shoulder or the cap, but falls in a manner, if I may so express myself, as depending on itself. Pomegranite blossoms placed on the hair in three rows, each row resembling a horse-shoe, are much in request with young ladies; and for matrons a large toque, very flat, ornamented with twelve marabout feathers, forming a star, and dress hats of Ipsiböe yellow crape, striped with lilac, with several small branches of Persian lilac on the crown, which is very low. College caps of white satin are much admired as an evening head-dress; they are ornamented with an aigrette placed on one side near to the left ear. White crape turbans are also seen, with sprigs of myrtle in flower. A cap in the Scotch style has been seen at the Opéra Comique, shaded over with white feathers. The newest invented toque is of colored satin, entwined with whie rouleaux, on a full *bourrelet*, that encircles the front: it is ornamented with a drooping white Cypress plume.

Half-boots are now again very general for the promenade; they are dark blue, dark green, jean color, or black; they are of a fine new kind of morrocco leather, called Turkish satin.

A very elegant lady has lately arrived here from Louisiana, and has presented some of her fashionable friends with very pretty fans, made of feathers, which fans were fabricated in that part of America. They are composed of twenty-five different feathers, each seven inches long, ranged in a half circle, twelve belonging to the left wing, and twelve to the right: these feathers all turn inwards; and it is observed, that in fixing one to the other, the barbs of the second feather half cover those of the first, and so on to the twelfth. The middle feather inclines neither to one side nor the other, but its barbs cover half of the two feathers on each side of it. The stalks of the feathers are all stript to a certain height; and it is these which form the sticks of the fan: above and beneath each stalk is a narrow ribbon; the two ends of which, before the rosette at the extremity is formed, leaves a loop, whereby to hang the fan on the arm, when not in use. The natural color of the feathers of the different birds from whence they are taken, gives to

the fan the appearance of a shell: on the bowed-out part of the mount are painted flowers or devices, and the hollow part is held next the face.

Gold pendants are much worn in half-dress; rubies, pearls, and cornelian in evening costume, with a large convent cross of the same.

The favorite colors are ripe currant red, violet, lilac, mignionet, leaf green, and celestial blue.

COSTUMES IN GERMANY.

Dress of an Anabaptist, and of a Female Peasant in the Environs of Strasburg.

Neatness forms the chief feature in the costume of the Anabaptists. Excepting the stockings and neck-kerchief, which are white, a young village maiden of this persuasion wears only black or blue. Her cornette is of a most elegant shape, but it is entirely without trimming. Her hair is divided *à la Madonna*, and brought strait on each side over the temples; the rest is gathered into two tresses, which hang down behind, and each tress is terminated by a rosette of black ribbon. There is the same kind of rosette under the chin, and a broad plain black ribbon, tied in front, confines the waist, and serves also to tie the apron.

The costume of the female peasant in the environs of Strasburg is both rich and coquettish: her black tasteful toque is embroidered round the crown with silver; and her short gown, open in front, seems designedly meant to display the flowered pattern of the body attached to her petticoat: the body is rose-color, laced with light blue. A rose-colored under petticoat is about a finger's breadth longer than a black upper one, which is laid in full plaits. To this is added a white apron and stomacher, surrounded by a *fichu*, set out very full. The stockings are white, with rose-colored clocks.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

CONTAINING

THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, MUSIC, &c.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

The subscribers were treated with a novelty on Saturday the 12th. A semi-serious opera, intitled *Eliza and Claudio*, was performed for the first time, and was very well received. Mercadante, who composed the music, is very little known in this country; but he has acquired a high reputation in Italy. The subject of the drama has no originality, and the plot is not cleverly managed; but we must not deal too severely with a poem, which is intended only as a vehicle for the music, and we will content ourselves with giving a brief outline of it. The scene is laid in Florence. The Marquis *Tricotozio* (Clacci) arrives at the palace of Count Arnoldo (Porto) with his daughter *Sylvia* (Madame Grazioni), the intended bride of *Claudio* (Curioni), who is secretly married to *Eliza* (Madame Camporese); and *Sylvia* is attached to *Celso* (Righi), a gentleman of Brescia. The latter, in order to be nearer the object of his love, has engaged himself as valet in the service of the Marquis, and came with him to Florence, and in him *Claudio* recognizes an old school-fellow. They confess to each other their critical situation, and concert the means of frustrating the intentions of their parents. In this they have the assistance of *Charlotte* (Caradori), the friend of *Eliza*. After many incidents, the Count discovers that his love is really married to a person of humble birth, and the Marquis learns the secret attachment of his daughter to his pretended valet. Their surprise and disappointment at these discoveries, and in the end their reluctant consent to the happiness of their offsprings,

are the most remarkable features of the second act, in which Porto and Placci acted with great spirit, and sang with great effect. Signora Caradori displayed her vocal power in a *bravura*, and a duet, and was deservedly applauded. She improves rapidly in her singing, but we cannot say the same of her acting and deportment. As to Madame Camporese, she performed the part of *Eliza* with her usual ability and precision. There are, in this opera, some very good chorusses and concertante pieces, in which the harmony is powerfully sustained by Porto's fine bass voice. We remarked, particularly, the finale of the first act. The music altogether, although without any striking characteristic, is always correct and pleasing, and sometimes recalls to our memories the sweet melodies of the Paesiellos, Cimarosas, and Martinis.

Since the flight of Mercandotti (now Mrs. Ball), the ballet has lost two of its best supports, by the departure of Mr. Armand and Mademoiselle Aurelie, whose engagements expired about a fortnight ago. The first is not replaced yet: Madame Anatole, who was so much admired here last year, has come back for the remainder of the season, and has brought with her Mademoiselle Aimée, who is to take the part of Mercandotti.

DRURY LANE.

A DUE attention has been paid to the Easter festivities, in the production of *The Chinese Sorcerer* at this theatre. Criticism can scarcely be exercised on this kind of entertainment; the eye is all that is appealed to, and, in this instance, an unqualified approbation may be gathered from the trial. No plot is necessary, incident unavailing, unless as vehicle for decorative splendour, and any thing like intellect in the composition, quite opposite to the *soul* and purpose of the design; thus, the Emperor's three sons are carried away in their infancy by a sorcerer, who foreseeing by his magic art, that they were ordained to cause their parent much anxiety, breeds them up in humble solitude, until the spirit of inquiry, growing with their years, tempts them to seek the world, and try their fortunes; and this is the grand pivot on which turn magical transformations, wonderful illusions, crowned, of course, by a happy result.

Forgetting every other consideration, and viewing this merely as a fancy-blown bubble, we must say the hues which decorate the trifle, are in good accordance of taste and beauty. The dancing is excellent, and no pains whatever have been spared to render *The Chinese Sorcerer* a powerful rival to *The Vision of the Sun.*

The wonderful little genius, Clara Fisher, has closed here for the season, and is now delighting a Dublin audience. Her benefit was well attended, and every token of regard and admiration attended her exit from this theatre.

The *Cabinet*, and *Castle of Andalusia*, have presented Miss Stephens and Braham, in situations, which, if possible, enhance our valuation of their talents. Mrs. Davison has re-commenced her engagement, as also Mr. Kean and Liston.—No novelty of authorship has occurred since our last.

We cannot close our notice on this theatre, without expressing our regret and surprise at the system which controls it. By the present engagement of actors, the public is never insured of their united exertions, and when we are supposed to possess a shining constellation of fixed stars, we but enjoy the full beams of one, whose ray is quickly shadowed, or wholly eclipsed by the conjunction of a greater planet: for our part we would rather witness the concentrated beauty of the whole, than have our regard confined by the extinction of a number to one alone.

COVENT GARDEN

HAS likewise been on the alert for its share of public patronage: indeed this house has hitherto been unrivalled in its excellence of decoration and magnificence of design, as regarding such pieces as "*The Orphan of Peru*," which owes its presentation to the well known and undisputed ability of Mr. Farley. The plot being merely for juvenile comprehension, is easily told:—A dreadful giant having exercised his cruelties over the kingdom of Peru, is attempted to be slain by several ardent adventurers (the hand of the king's daughter *Runac* being promised to the victor), all of whom have failed.—A youthful peasant, though of high

and mysterious lineage, is inspired by the visitation of the guardian genius of Peru, to enter the lists against the giant, presents himself at Court, and eventually overcomes him. The youth is about to receive the hand of the king's daughter, when he is, with his devoted bride, carried away by the machinations of the dead giant's brother. In their flight through the air, the youth is precipitated into the sea, and his bride is borne away.—After many miraculous and fairy-protected escapes, the giant is overcome, and the lovers of course, eternally united.

The attention paid to this piece, is most praiseworthy: the scenery comprises all that is elegant and beautiful, and the frequent mechanical changes are ingeniously excellent. Mrs. Vining supports the notice she attracted last season in *Cherry*, and gave to the daring peasant, a gracefulness and modesty of manner, highly becoming. There is nothing for the princess to do, but to look most lovely, and who could have been found more fitting for the part than Miss Foote? Miss Love's improvement is as sudden as palpable. We never witnessed a finer effort than her "*Say, what is more dear to the heart of the brave.*"—The piece has been completely successful, and merits the patronage which it meets.

The *Wonder* has been played, in which Miss Chester appeared as *Violante.* Miss Chester is lady-like and elegant, with some vivacity and spirit of observation; but we consider her success is greater in the subdued and gentle tones of Violante, than in the fascinating tyranny of the teasing mistress. There is a manner of unforced playfulness yet to be acquired, and which we trust, a longer acquaintance with her profession will remedy.

Mr. C. Kemble made his first appearance, since his late irreparable loss, in *Don Carlos.*—The audience evinced their sympathy for his misfortune, by the most unaffected greeting. The actor, for an instant, felt the force of the grateful salutation; but commenced and proceeded through the business of the scene with that gentlemanly manner and correct personification peculiarly his own. He was cordially applauded throughout..

Macbeth presented Mrs. Ogilvie as the ambitious guilty *Lady.*—We must, of course, banish from our memory all former associations; in every pursuit of life, there are some whose existence create an epoch in the profession they adorn, whose loss is as severe as irremediable, and though we must ever cherish their remembrance, yet always looking for an equality of talent in after candidates, is to destroy our valuation of the departed genius, by the supposition of its abundant resemblance. We conceive that Mrs. Ogilvie has not sufficient energies to embody her idea of *Lady Macbeth;* her representation frequently evinces a mind impressed by a just acquaintance with her author, and prompting herself to the fulfilment of the design, becomes feeble in its effect by the want of sympathising effort. Notwithstanding, Mrs. Ogilive merits approbation, and will, we have no doubt, prove an acquisition to this theatre.

Mr. Macready sustained, with much classic taste and depth of feeling, the towering conscience-stricken *Macbeth.* Mr. Mason, as Malcolm, inspired us with no other sentiments than piety for the misjudgment of youth, that obstinately pursues a path, where no reward can meet its labors.

THE SURREY THEATRE

Has at all times held a conspicuous place in the range of minor establishments, and we should imagine it did also, but from the detracting efforts of the managers. When any place, or thing, has assuredly an accompanying worth, circumstances renders all *fanfaronnade* as ridiculous as unnecessary. We know that the Surrey is a fashionable and pleasant resort; likewise that Mr. Oxberry has been an esteemed actor, and our valuation of the latter cannot be enlarged by the operation of "inimitable," "admirable," "excellent," &c., in which the bills are so plenteously decorated.—This system takes from the stage, that respected observation, which its purpose should ever excite, and lowers it to the petty, tricking, altitude, of advertising empirics, whose only praise is the specious clothing of untruth, and ingenuity of purpose.

Mr. Oxberry opened in the Haymarket comedy of *Exchange no Robbery,* and received much approbation throughout. The

efforts of the manager in some respects are laudable, and appear to be so esteemed by the numerous auditors.

SADLER'S WELLS.

This little Theatre has, for this last season or two, emerged from its somewhat gothic ignorance, and, if we except the reigning folly of last year, in which every house participated, has presented some pieces of merit and rationality. Sadler's Wells, once famous for its rope-vaulters, dancing puppy-dogs, with a tank of *real* water, made no effort to attain any celebrity, that these *powerful* agents did not conduce to; at present, if these *lighter* fancies are ever indulged, they are not unattended by a *serious* spectacle, and humourous burletta, which make this place a very agreeable summer resort. The manager has much praise to receive for the perseverance bestowed this season; the house is every way consonant; *Doctor Syntax*, and the *Russian Mountains* being only for the holidays, we shall use no further criticism, than by hinting, that worthier pieces for the present year may combine some exertion, and success, if not received, will be assuredly merited.

COBOURG THEATRE.

The Manager, mindful of the present feeling of the public, has judiciously presented "*The Siege of Saragossa*," and when we think of the unmeaning follies that have for some time sported at this house, we feel a little gratified at the offer of any thing, which if not classically refined, shows, even with the addition of storming, &c., some trifling consideration to the sense and morality of an audience.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

The established favourite, "*The High Mettled Racer*," has been revived with much success. We must not visit this place closed in critical punctilio; but be open to every appeal of well-adapted mechanism, and animal docility; and if a self-elected wag laughs at self-imagined merriment, why, charity and goodnature must accompany us hither, and we must smile also; and they that smile, 'tis said, are mostly pleased.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The extraordinary Mons. Alexandre, has been displaying his deceptive efforts with success at this place. There is a method, an appearance of reality in this gentleman's labours, that almost deceives our senses, in spite of our reason. Added to the respect of talent Mons. A. has much to receive for his indefatigable industry in its application.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

Theatre du Vaudeville.—*Le Nouveau Propriétaire*, vaudeville en deux actes.

A thoughtless young man, who has no property, is in love with a very rich young person; she likes him, but is not permitted to see him. If poverty is not a vice, it is at least, in the opinion of many, a material defect. Their relative situation is soon altered: the blind goddess, in one of her strange whims, withdraws her favours from one to overload the other with them; the father of the young person is ruined, and her lover becomes possessed of a magnificent castle, which the latter has been obliged to sell. This castle has been destined to the young person for her portion, and love hastens to give back to her what fortune had snatched from her. Who could resist so much generosity?

This subject, though not new or very striking, could still enable the authors, whose wit and taste are well known, to introduce in the characters and situations some ingenious contrasts, and to bring about some comical incidents; but for that it would have been necessary to take time to consider and to squeeze their brains. Being lazy and in a hurry, they have preferred to produce only a cool, inanimate and undramatic action; characters without any physiognomy, hardly sketched out, and who speak without acting. A few songs written with taste and facility, now and then awaken the slumbering attention, and elicit the applause of the audience. The authors would not be named; this incognito must not be betrayed,—they would be too severely punished.

THEATRE DE L'AMBIGU COMIQUE.—*Le Vendredi de l' Usurier*, comédie au un acte.

Raffle (the Usurer) entertains the vulgar notion that Friday is an unlucky day. He arrests young *Leon* for a bill of exchange of 2000 francs. But *Leon*, the presumptive heir to a rich uncle, has pretended to be dangerously ill; and *Raffle*, who is afraid that his death would deprive him of his 3000 francs, instead of having his debtor lodged in the prison of St. Pélagie, has him detained only in the house of M. *Phebus*, a commercial bailiff and innkeeper. There *Leon* eats and drinks freely, without troubling himself about the payment of his reckoning. Presently, his valet comes, in the dress of a foreign tailor, and claims a sum of 5,000 francs, which he has won of *Leon* in gambling, and on his refusal challenges him to fight with pistols. *Raffle* is terrified and deposits the money. With that sum *Leon* pays his debt and is liberated. At last, every thing is disclosed and the uncle engages to pay all the debts of his nephew. All this happens on a Friday, and the credulous superstition of the Usurer respecting that day, produces all the humour in the farce. It went on quietly to the end, without any applause or grumbling. The acting of Melwurt, in the part of *Raffle* has, however, excited now and then some hilarity. When the curtain dropped, there were some friendly calls for the authors, and Messrs. Jules and Henry, were immediately named.

ACADAMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE.

A great event in this month has been the return of Deriris to the French Opera. He re-appeared in the character of *Œdipe*, in Sacchini's chef-d'œuvre *Œdipe à Colonne*, to the great satisfaction of the frequenters of the Opera, and of the admirers of lyric dramas. It was performed with great spirit, and when Deriris, with his fine powers and natural dignity poured malediction on his ungrateful sons, it seemed as if his voice came from heaven. Mademoiselle *Grassary*, in the part of *Antigone*, acted and sang with great correctness and expression. The remorse of *Polinice* was pourtrayed with great spirit by Nourrit, and the part of *Thesée* was well acted by Dabadie. It may well be contended, after such a representation, that the Royal Academy is in reality the first theatre in Paris.

A new Opera is rehearsing now, and is to be performed soon.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE.

THERE is in no direction of human effort so great and *permanent* a sway of genius requisite, as when employed in giving to our visual faculties its noble labour. The poet's theme may be equally admirable, and equally serve to shew the divine functions of man's immortal part; he feels for the instant, and instantly transcribes emotion; a momentary impulse gives him power and serves his fame, and when our wonder is excited by the comparatively casual kindlings of his fancy, must it not be more wrapt at the equally brilliant and still more continued fire of the painter? The poet scarcely submits to rules; even violates order. The painter must curb, and thereby, was not the impulse stronger, diminish, and contract the noble flights of his dreamings to inviolable precept. The poet may only raise imagination, the painter must *meet* it; there is no part in *his* labour to be made up or pardoned by yielding fancy; our faculties of sight and meditation are both to be consulted.

With this full conviction we attended the exhibition of Mr. Haydon's "Raising of Lazarus," and were rather surprised at its beauties, as surpassing encomium than as frequently occurs (the mind being elevated by expectation, and rising above the merits of its object), merely satisfied with the justness of report. There is a tone, a reality in this grand work, that at once seizes the mind, leads it from tint to tint, even to the remotest and most inconsiderable circumstance. Our wonder and admiration are busied at its grand conception and developement.

The figure representing the Saviour of the world, is in its execution a full excuse for man's seeming presumption in the attempt. The head is truly beauteous, and the ineffable beaming of the eye darts the bright emanation of divinity; alone he stands, tranquil, superior, in all the gracefulness of heaven's vicegerent. The loose unforced elevation of the right arm is in excellent accordance with the supine repose of the

left. The whole face is highly expressive of that calm and settled dignity allied to the divinity of his nature, it is a visage that conjures up religious speculation, and inclines the subdued feeling to love and reverence.

Martha, on the left of Jesus, is most admirably depicted by the more healthy tone of form and mind than Mary; her look towards her raised brother mingles faith and doubt with a controlling strength of intellect, that, under the influence of some apprehension, seeks to find the real cause of wonderment. Mary, passive and woe-spent, kneels by Christ, with that glance which shews it should not harbour emotion in so infinite a presence, yet dimmed and broken by the unquenchable turbulence of human sorrow. On the abstraction of grief she appears insensible to the passing occurrence, though naturally regardful of its great author.

Lazarus is an indescribable conception, the hue of death just retreating from the newly breathed vitality; his eyes but sensible to sight, yet incapable of divining matter, and the unconscious effort of his hands, lifting away the remnants of the grave, combine and bring at once to our imagination the most difficult attainment of the art, that of expressing vacancy; shewing through the eye and feature, the unstrung truant reasons of the inward man.

The parents of Lazarus have claimed the painter's attention; the womanish effort of the mother to assure herself of her son's existence is well contrasted to the manful and trusting gaze of the husband who represses her.

St. Matthew in the assurance and knowledge of his master's power evinces no other feeling, than soul inspired admiration. The grouping is well adapted, ignorance and disbelief are infinitely pourtrayed in the pausing Pharisee and his more hardened fellow.

On the whole the work is a proud instance of the height and splendour of human genius; and whilst it enfolds its beholders in reveries of awe and admiration, ensures to the master that observance and esteem which transcendant merit ever must beget.

LE CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

The execution of this picture shews with what freedom and brilliancy of effort the mind developes itself when divorced from the consideration of gain or other worldly motives. *Le Chapeau de Paille* is said to have been painted by Rubens, at the time of his attachment to a Mademoiselle Lundens, for whom it is designed.

Indeed if this were not an established fact, the imagination of the beholder would scarcely believe it merely as a work of fancy, so much it bears the impress of existence. So much does it exhibit the bright and blended glowing of a lover's dream;—the mind inspired and directed by visionary loveliness, transfers its attributes, and stamps for ever the beauteous visitant of happy moments.

It would be impossible to look at this picture unmoved: without feeling those emotions which busy the imagination, leading it even to abstraction in the contemplative revise of its object. The eye, the mirror of the soul, where every feeling lights or darkens, looks so mildly passionate, so intensely pure, inspiring love, and *only* love, that "function is lost in surmise," that art which could concenter so many beams of varying brightness. The forehead, shadowed by the hat, yields a fine contrast to the white and red, co-mingling in the cheek, and that in all the blush and bloom of healthful youth, softened by the soul within the eye; it is the rose's opening bud beneath the early sun's "dew lightning" ray.

The nose is in beautiful accordance, and the lips breathing a sweet complacency of spirit, seem as they would "pluck from the inmost heart of man his stern resolve."

It is a face where inhabit every beauty of feature and elevation of spirit, that can charm the heart or please the sense, and the most inveterate Rolando on beholding it, must avow that the brightest gifts of mind and feeling, could have no filter casket for their worth them when consigned to the fair original of "*Le Chapeau de Paille*."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1819, 20, 21, *and* 22. *By John Franklin, Captain R.N., F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition. With an Appendix on various Subjects relating to Science and Natural*

History. Illustrated by numerous Plates and Maps. Published by Authority of the Right Honourable the Earl Bathurst. London, 4to, pp. 768.

Our acquaintance with the distribution of land and water upon the surface of the globe is still in a considerable degree imperfect, as far as relates to the respective regions of the Arctic and Antarctic, or Northern and Southern Poles, or two Frozen Zones. The rigor of their climates, and the shortness of their summers, and, more than all, the vast accumulations of ice which obstruct the navigation of their seas, have hitherto preserved in a greater or less concealment, these two opposite extremities of the earth.

The Southern Frozen Zone is an entire blank on our globes and in our maps, with the exception of the solitary track of Captain Cook, who, in the month of February, 1774, penetrated to about the seventieth degree of south latitude (W. long. 107), where his further progress was arrested by the ice. The possible existence of a southern continent, lying within the great space still unexplored, is among the objects of geographical speculation; but the map, as above remarked, hitherto presents us but with a blank.

At the Northern extremity of the globe, whether because less remote from the seats of men and of civilization, or from the real existence of land in that quarter, while it is wanting in the other, considerable discoveries have been made, the ocean being partially explored as high as the eightieth degree of latitude, or ten degrees higher than under the Southern Pole. Both the Old and New Continents are known to spread into the Northern Frozen Zone; and the Arctic, or North Polar Sea, has been found to contain numerous islands lying north of the presumed terminations of the two continents.

The Northern coasts of the Old Continent, from North Cape, in Finmark, to East Cape, in Behring's Straits, have been minutely traced; and thus this portion of the habitable globe (including Asia, Africa, and Europe) is distinctly known to be surrounded by the ocean, and to constitute, in strict language, a large island. There is wanting, then, to the great outline of Arctic geography, no more than a corresponding intimacy with the Northern coasts of America.

That America, or the New Continent, is like the Old Continent, no more than a *large island,* washed on the north as well as on the south by the waters of the great ocean; and that, consequently, there is a water passage, more or less navigable, along its northern coasts, and communicating at its two extremities with the more southern seas, is a conjecture supposed to rest upon many facts, and the verification of which is the object pursued in the several voyages of Captains Ross and Parry, and in the Journey of Captain Franklin, inland to the North Coast of America, of which the account is now before us. The passage of Behring's Straits, which opening separates the north-western coasts of America from the north-eastern coast of Asia, is considered as solving one half of the problem; and what remains is to discover the corresponding opening at the north-east extremity of America, and the passage from Strait to Strait. Such an opening found, and such a passage explored, the entire figure of the continent, or *island,* of America will be ascertained, and the circumnavigation of the Asiatic Sea completed. The subserviency, in the mean time, of the discovery to the purposes of navigation and commerce—the practicability of a north-west passage to China and India, will remain separate questions. In cultivating knowledge, we are not always to stop till we see the certain utility of our acquirements; neither are we, in any case, to presume to come to a decision that what we know will never be useful. To complete the circle of geographical knowledge—to reveal those parts of the descriptions of the earth which man has never yet discovered—is an object worthy of us as a civilized and well-informed people; and to lend our hand to the perfecting of Northern geography is a duty peculiarly incumbent upon a people inhabiting an island in the Northern Ocean, and blest with so many of the means essential to the performance of the task!

With the results of the voyage of Captain Ross, and of the first voyage of Captain Parry, the reader is acquainted. At the *time of projecting, on the part of his Majesty's Government, of the first voyage of* Captain Parry, an overland expedition was

also proposed on the same part, the object of which was to gain the north coast of America by another route, and, if not to meet the ships of Captain Parry, or give assistance to their voyage, at least to contribute its share to the discovery in hand. As in the voyage of Captain Parry, too, various objects of science, as the observation of the variation and dip of the magnetic needle, and others, were desired to be combined with the principal aim: " My instructions," says Captain Franklin, in his Introduction, " in substance informed me, that the main object of the Expedition was that of determining the latitudes and longitudes of the Northern Coast of America; and the tending of that Coast from the Mouth of the Copper-mine river to the eastern extremity of that Continent." " That, as another principal object of the Expedition was to amend the very defective geography of the northern part of North America, I was to be very careful to ascertain correctly the latitude and longitude of every remarkable spot upon our route, and of all the bays, harbours, head lands, &c. that might occur along the northern shore of North America. That in proceeding along the coast, I should erect conspicuous marks at places where ships might enter, or to which a boat might be sent; and to deposit information as to the nature of the coast, for the use of Lieutenant Parry. That in the journal of our route, I should register the temperature of the air at least three times in every twenty-four hours, together with the state of the wind and weather, and any other meteorological phenomenon. That I should not neglect any opportunity of observing and noting down the dip and magnetic force; and should take particular notice whether any, and what kind or degree of, influence the Aurora Borealis might appear to exert on the magnetic needle; and to notice whether that phenomenon was attended with any noise; and to make any other observations that might be likely to tend to the further developement of its cause, and the laws by which it is governed." " I was instructed," adds Captain Franklin, " on my arrival, at or near the Mouth of the Copper-mine River, to make every inquiry as to the situation of the spot from whence native copper had been brought down by the Indians to the Hudson's Bay establishment, and to visit and explore the place in question; in order that Dr. Richardson might be enabled to make such observations as might be useful in a commercial point of view, or interesting to the science of mineralogy."

With Captain Franklin were joined in the expedition, Dr. John Richardson, a surgeon in the Royal Navy, and Mr. George Buck and Mr. Robert Hood, two Admiralty Midshipmen, and a more fortunate selection of officers, as the sequel has shown, could not have been desired to be made. The assembly of four persons, each so remarkable for talent, zeal, and personal good conduct, reflects the highest credit upon the Board of Admiralty, by whom they were recommended to the Secretary of State.

The Mouth of the Copper-mine River, on the North Coast of America, was already known to geography, by the journey of Mr. Hearne, a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, who visited that spot in the year 1771, and whose steps had been directed thither through the same motive as that now adverted to, of discovering the native site of the copper, which was brought down by certain Indians, called Copper, or Red-Knife, or Yellow-Knife Indians, on account of the instruments of copper which were seen in their possession. At the mouth of that river, Mr. Hearne had seen the sea; and thus one point, on the North Coast of America, had been ascertained. To the west of the Mouth of the Copper-mine River, the mouth of a second river, flowing northward, was visited in the year 1789, by the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who distinguished it by his own name. Messrs. Hearne and Mackenzie are the only travellers who have preceded Captain Franklin in this northern part of North America; and the Mouths of Copper-mine and Mackenzie's Rivers were the only points, on the North Coast of America, with which we are acquainted before the journey of Captain Franklin, unless, indeed, the Icy Cape of Kotzebue should turn out to be the real western extremity.

(To be continued.)

Highways and Byways; or, Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman. 8vo. pp. 432.

WHO this "Walking Gentleman" is we know not, but that he has the art of beguiling the time of many a *sitting* gentleman, we may fairly infer from our own experience. His "Tales of the Roadside" are four in number only; but they have the advantage of being connected together by one interesting narrative, and develope with great force and accuracy the state of society, and the peculiar names which distinguish the inhabitants of some of the French provinces. Since the appearance of Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch Book, we have seen nothing of the kind so entertaining as the present work, whether we regard the faithful delineation of character it exhibits, or the art displayed in giving to fiction the air of truth. The first Tale is entitled, "The Father's Curse," and is pathetic in a high degree; the second has for its name, "The Exile of the Landes," the hero of which is most powerfully drawn; while the subordinate characters are admirably varied, and introduced with much good taste. The third Tale, called "The Birth of Henry IV.," is not so full of interest as the two preceding ones; nor does it possess such claims on our attention as the one entitled, "La Vilaine Tête," with which the volume closes. The appellation of *La Vilaine Tête* is given to a young orphan peasant-girl of the name of Jeanette, who was amiable, engaging, and tender-hearted; but who, in personal attractions, was the very opposite of what is termed prepossessing: nay, in fact, as our author plainly tells us, she was downright ugly. Though in principle a determined royalist, Jeanette was sufficiently interested in the fate of La Coste, a republican soldier, to afford protection and shew him many acts of kindness, when wounded and taken to the village in which she resided, as a prisoner. Victory at length, however, declared in favor of the Republicans; and the artless Jeanette was hurried away to the prison of Nantes, with many other royalists, on charge of treason to the Republic. This affords our author an opportunity of describing the terrific horrors of a prison scene, where "dungeons and shackles, blood and blasphemy surrounded them," with all the petrifying effects of a sad reality. Each republican soldier, it seems, was permitted to choose from the condemned, one woman to be acknowledged as his wife; and it was thus that Jeanette, having been almost miraculously discovered by La Coste, was rescued from that ignominious death to which the executioners were hastening her.

Our limits preclude us from making extracts, or many passages might have been quoted in confirmation of our remarks. There is a view of generous sentiment that pervades the whole work, occasionally enlivened by strokes of genuine humour, and here and there interspersed with poetical fragments of real merit.

The Curate's Daughter; a Tale for Young Persons. BY MARY MULLION. 3*s*. 6*d*.

IT always gives us pleasure when we find respectable talents employed in forming the character, or contributing to the rational entertainment of youth. That such is the case in the agreeable little volume before us we readily admit, and for performing her part so well, we cordially thank our fair author, in common with many of her sex who have of late years preceded her in the "delightful task." The Curate's Daughter is, in fact, a pretty specimen of what may be effected by interweaving an interesting tale with moral reflections, arising naturally, as it were, out of a variety of well-chosen incidents. Our limits necessarily confine us to a very short extract, by way of illustration. Speaking of the similarity between the progressive stages of a day's journey and that of life, our author observes :—"At the separate stages, how differently are we accommodated! In one place there is an ample provision; we partake of the repast with cheerful spirits, thinking how fortunately we are situated: but lo! in a moment we are ordered to proceed; and, half refreshed with the entertainment, we reluctantly obey the summons. At the next stage we have a cold and cheerless reception; and, amidst the bustle and confusion of different passengers, are obliged to wait patiently the pleasure of the hostess: but she is preparing her dainties for the rich and the noble, and is totally careless how we are treated."

"Thus it is with life: at one period we are bountifully supplied with worldly blessings; but in the midst of our enjoyments we are obliged to hasten on our journey, and then we are called upon to exercise many qualities that had lain dormant in our hearts. May your mind, my dear Ellen, be disciplined to events as they arise, and may it be your lot to pass over the journey of a day and that of life equally blameless, assisting and contributing to the comfort of those around you, as occasion require; and amidst all the jostling and petty inconveniences on your journey, with an unruffled temper and with cheerful hopes may you look forward to the close of the day, when you will take a final farewell of those with whom you have journied."

The Boarding School; or, Familiar Conversations between a Governess and her Pupils. 4s.

This is a lively and interesting work; and from the style in which it is written, and the tenor of its precepts, we have great reason to believe it is by the author of "The Curate's Daughter." Without being enabled to place it on a level with the latter work, we think it an amusing trifle, and well calculated for the recreation of young ladies, for whose use it is designed.

A Series of Moral Songs, composed and dedicated to the Young Ladies of Misses Turners' Establishment, Theresa House, Hammersmith, by J. C. Clifton. (Clementi and Co.)

We took notice of No. 1 in our Number of February; since that period six more numbers have come to our hands. No. 2, entitled, "*My pretty Anne, Good Night*," addressed to an infant, is a tender and affecting air, according well with the words; and the harmony is likewise effective. No. 3, "*Awake, O sleeper sweet, awake*," addressed to a mother's darling, is also well imagined, and suitable to the text: the harmony throughout exhibits very interesting traits. No. 4, "*The pure Heart's cheerful Smile*" is entitled to our highest commendation; although a hidden octave and fifth has crept in. No. 5, "*O, the Eye that's bright*," excepting the harmonical parts, is rather common; the melody might flow smoother with the words, especially as the symmetry of the poetry is excellently calculated for popular musical strains:—

"O, the eye that's bright
With the beams of light,
From innocence that shine;
Is a ray of grace
To the human face,
Of loveliness divine."

No. 6, "*The wandering Minstrel poor and blind*." The melody of this ballad, as well as the effective combinations of the parts (the song concluding for three voices), does Mr. C. great credit. No. 7, "*Then of goodness, O never delay the hour*." We consider this a beautiful air, set in a masterly manner; it finishes also for three voices. The symphonies of these songs are of a pleasing and characteristic description, and the work will be completed (as we understand) in twelve numbers. The words are written by *W. F. Collard*, a partner of the house of *Clementi and Co.*, who lately obtained the *Imperial Patent of Grand and Square Pianoforte*, with newly invented *Harmonic Swell* and *Bridge of Reverberation*. A short outline of the *power* of this instrument may not be unwelcome to our readers.

"The first augmentation of power is by lifting the harmonic swell; the second, by dropping the harmonic swell and raising the dampers; the third, by raising the harmonic swell and dampers together. By the last means the performer adds all the tones which are sympathetically elicited from the strings between the original bridge and bridge of reverberation, over and above all that can be produced on instruments of the common construction; and the effect is accordingly of extraordinary richness and power.

"These inventions are alike applicable to upright, cabinet, and square piano-fortes; the latter of which acquire, by this new mode of construction, much of the richness and depth of tone peculiar to grand instruments."

The improvements, as simple in themselves as their effects are striking, enable the player greatly to extend the variety of his performance, and are acknowledged to have given a new character to the instrument of the most effective kind. "Upon

the whole, the inventor seems to have accomplished far more than could have been expected, after the very high state of improvement the piano-forte had already attained."

The Bells of St. Petersburgh, with variations, for the piano-forte, by A. Voight. Hodsoll.

Mr. V. has selected a most agreeable national ballad for the theme of these variations, which, though only four in number, offer much novelty of effect, at the same time that they lie well under the hand, and are by no means difficult to perform. The second variation, which begins with a spirited and ingenious *forte*, glides with much grace and smoothness (by means of a *decrescendo* passage) into an interesting *dolce* movement, which again is finely contrasted by the succeeding variation. The piece concludes by an effective Allegro in $\frac{3}{8}$, giving life to the whole composition.

Select Italian Airs, No. 3.—"*Di piacer mi babra il cor*," arranged for the piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Tatem, by S. F. Rimbault. Hodsoll.

This favorite air of Rossini consists of two movements, a moderato and allegro, which Mr. R. has arranged as an agreeable piano-forte lesson, that cannot fail to please the majority of performers. In page 3 appear some trivial errors, as hidden octaves and fifths, with which we are not inclined to tax Rossini.

Hymns for Christmas Day, composed (with an accompaniment for the organ or piano-forte) by S. F. Rimbault. Hodsall.

The hymn "*Hark the Herald Angels sing*," by Dr. Watson, is well set, and although rather *light*, by no means unbecoming sacred strains. We consider the rhythmical construction of the last symphony better than the first.

An Introduction, Slow Movement and Rondo, composed for the piano-forte, and dedicated to F. W. Collard, Esq. by Joseph De Pinna. (Clementi and Co.)

This piece ranks high among the productions of Mr. Pinna, whose rising genius and industry deserve commendation. The Introduction, in $\frac{4}{4}$, is well imagined, and the harmonic combinations are striking; it is neither too long nor too short: we only could have wished it to be *one* bar longer, namely, 24 bars instead of 23. *The Adagio Cantabile e Sostenutu* evinces a great portion of taste and judgment, and the harmonic construction is replete with excellent combinations. At the beginning of page 4, we find an andante movement, where the right hand has abundance of work in imitative passages between the treble and bass: this has also our entire approbation. The rondo is uncommonly pretty, and somewhat original, and wherever repeated, assumes a different character. In page 7, score 4, the counterpointed theme would have been very attractive if followed up closer. In page 8, the theme, moving in two parts, is very effective, and the *presto* from page 10, finishes in a brilliant style.

Fantasia and Air, with Variations for the flute and an accompaniment for the piano-forte: composed and dedicated to *Mons de Chabouille*, by Toulow. (Clementi and Co.)

This is the favorite piece which was performed by the author at the oratorios and public concerts during his visit to this country. A brilliant allegro precedes the variations, five in number, all of a very showy character, and neither easy nor difficult; to each is appended a *tutti* as a relief for the performer.

Introduction and three favorite Airs, arranged as a *mélange* for the flute, with an ad libitum Accompaniment for the piano-forte, and dedicated to his friend Robert Weddell, Esq. (Berwick upon Tweed), by Thomas Lindsey. (Clementi and Co.)

The introduction of a flowery description and trippingly (staccato) steps into the *boat song* of the *Carnaval de Venise:* the Carnival (which, by the bye, is whistled through the whole metropolis),* is next introduced to the *Yellow Hair'd Laddie*, whose shining curls beam like the rays of the sun, on his decorated garment adorned with studs; which reflect in return what they

* When once a favorite air takes root, it grows like a weed, in every lane.

have borrowed. The third ushered in is Rossini's *Zitti, zitti*, or, in other words, Haydn's Husbandman! at least the beginning of it. But what does it matter: were Rossini, the son of Haydn, and resembled his father, he never would be Haydn himself. Thus this *mélange* walks hand in hand, in the most perfect harmony.

THE HIVE.

Brumwelliana.—A great deal used to be said of Beau Nash, and his witticisms, but of all the beaux that ever flourished, exemplary of waistcoats, and having authoritative boots from which there was no appeal, our present subject appears to us to have been the chief.

Mr. Brumwell, having fallen out of favor with an illustrious prince, was of course to be *cut* as the phrase is, when met in public, riding one day with a friend, who happened to be otherwise regarded, and encountering the personage in question, who spoke to the friend without noticing Mr. Brumwell, he affected the air of one who waits aloof; while a stranger is present, and when the great man was moving off, said to his companion loud enough to be heard, "Eh!—who is our fat friend?"

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady, if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, "Yes, Madam, I recollect once eating a pea."

Being met limping in Bond Street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg."

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronized in return, he was one day asked to repay it, upon which he thus conplained to a friend, "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, there's that fellow Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds, he has had the face to ask me for it, and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him,"

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummell," observed a sympathizing group; "Why do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, my infidel valet put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port—Port—Oh, port!—Oh, aye, what, the hot intoxicating liquor, so much drank by the lower orders?"

Going to a rout where he had not been invited, or rather, perhaps, where the host wished to mortify him, and attempted it, he turned placidly round to him, and with a happy mixture of indifference and surprise, asked him his name, "Johnson," was the answer; "Jaunson," said Brummell, recollecting and pretending to feel for a card, "Oh, the name I remember was Thaunson, and Jaunson and Thaunson you know, Jaunson and Thaunson, are really much the same kind of thing."

A beggar petitioned him for charity, "even if it were only a farthing." "Fellow," said Mr. Brummal, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin."

Having thought himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in."

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody condoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge upon that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why Sir, the truth is, I had a great reluctance in cutting the connexion, but what could I do? (here he looked deploring and conclusive), Sir, I discovered that the creature positively ate cabbage."

Upon receiving some, affront from an illustrious personage, he said, "That it was rather too good. By gad, I have half

a mind to cut the young one, and bring old G——e into fashion."

He once told a friend, that he was reforming his way of life, "For instance," said he, "I sup early, I take a—a little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

In Russel Square, the lady of Henry Hoyle Oddie, Esq., of a daughter.

In Queen Anne' Street, Cavendish Square, the lady of C. Pepys, Esq., of a daughter.

The lady of T. Birch Western, Esq., of Tottingstone Place, Suffolk, of a daughter.

At the Admiralty, the lady of Sir G. Clerk, Bart., of a son.

The lady of the Rev. D. Boys, vicar of Benenden, Kent, of a son, the tenth child living.

The Right Hon. Lady Ann Lætitia Cruikshank, of a son.

At Ballylickey House, Cork, the lady of Major Clayton, of a son.

In Fitzroy Square, the lady of Michie Forbes, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Cheltenham, G. Nangle, Esq., to Lucy Mary, only daughter of the late Sir H. I. Tichborne Hants., Bart.

By special licence, W. B. Baring, Esq., eldest son of A. Baring, Esq. M.P. to Lady Harriet Mary Montague, daughter of the late Earl of Sandwich.

At St. James's, Capt. A Crawford, East-India Company's Artillery, to Octavia, daughter of the late I. Phelp, Esq., Caslon House, Leicestershire.

At Stanwell, H. Jepson, Esq., to Ann, only daughter of the late Col. Bland, of the East-India Company's Service.

At St. Pancras New Church, Col. Adams, to Gabrielle, third daughter of J. White, Esq., late of Selborne, Hants.

At Edinburgh, Capt. W. Murray, Hon. East-India Company's Service, to the widow of Col. Campbell, Ballachyle, Argyleshire.

At St. Pancras, the Rev. E. I. Richards, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, to Laura, eldest daughter of W. Page, Esq. Fitzroy Square.

At St. Pancras New Church, Sir J. Dalrymple Hay, Bart., Park Place, Wigtonshire, to Ann, eldest daughter of G. Hathorn, Esq., Brunswick Square.

At Rankeilour House, G. Govan, M.D. Hon. East-India Company's Service, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late C. Maitland, Esq. of Rankeilour.

At Edinburgh, the Right. Hon. Lord Dunsany, to the Hon. Miss Kinnaird.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Capt. J. Lindsay, Grenadier Guards, to Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, Bart., Grosvenor Square.

At Westbury, Wiltshire, Major Mackworth, 17th Light Dragoons, eldest son of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart., to Sophia Noel, youngest daughter of J. Mann, Esq., Leighton House.

At All Saint's, Cambridge, the Rev. E. Miller, B. A. of Emmanuel College, to Emily Mansel, fifth daughter of the late Bishop of Bristol, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

W. B. Cooke, son of Sir G. Cooke, of Wheatly, Yorkshire, Bart., to Isabella Cecilia Viviana, daughter of the late Sir W. Middleton, of Belsay Castle, Northumberland, Bart.

At St. Mary-la-Bonne, Capt. Browne, 11th Regt., to Mary, widow of the late Col. Story.

DEATHS.

In Portland Place, the Rev. Dr. Price, aged 74, Prebendary of Durham, and Canon Residentiary of Salisbury.

At Margate, G. Slater, Esq., aged 84, who practised as Surgeon and Apothecary nearly sixty years.

At Leap Castle, Ireland, Admiral Sir H. Desterre Darby, K.C.B.

At Queenhithe, aged 64, Mathew Beachcroft, Esq., late Lieut. Col. of the Light Horse Volunteers of London and Westminster.

At Brighton, Sir J. Eamer, Alderman of London. aged 74.

Charlotte Sarah, eldest daughter of J. Raikes, Esq., Portland Place, aged 24.

At Hampstead, Peter Wallis, Esq., aged 94.

In Park Street, Grosvenor, Square, J. H. Charlton, Esq., aged 85.

In Dean Street, May Fair, Lieut. Gen. H. M. Gorden.

In Saville Row, Sir N. Gunniug, Bart. aged 62.

THE UNIVERSAL ADVERTISING SHEET

OF

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For May 1, 1823; and to be continued Monthly.

LANE'S PATENT CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

W. LANE has the honor to announce to the Ladies of taste and fashion, that the above article, for which his Majesty has been pleased to grant him his Royal Letters Patent, may now be seen in great variety, at his residence, No. 39, Lamb's Conduit Street. Many Ladies have already honoured him with acall, but in consequence of there not being a good assortment ready, they have not been able to see it; he trusts those ladies will excuse what could not possibly be avoided, and hopes they will once more favour him with their presence, when he has no doubt that the variety of shapes, in which it may be seen, will give them ample satisfaction for their condescension.

Ladies purchasing, or leaving their card, either at the Warehouse or Manufactory, desirous of viewing the process of this Manufacture, are respectfully invited to inspect it, from 10 o'clock to 1, and from 2 till 5, every day, (Sundays excepted).

MR. and MRS. NEIT, from Paris, respectfully inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, that they have an Establishment, similar to the one they formerly had in Paris, for Cleaning and Restoring India and other Shawls, Silks, Laces, Gold and Silver Embroidery, Ladies' Pelisses, and every kind of Drapery, by a New Method.

*** Shawls, and Silks of every description, Dyed in a superior Style, and upon moderate Terms, at 34, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

Kensington Lace.

THESE LACE WORKS, being under the immediate and distinguished Patronage of their ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND PRINCESS SOPHIA, need no other eulogium as to their merits, and their Royal Highnesses, upon visiting the Establishment, and inspecting the process of their Manufacture, were graciously pleased to express their high approbation of these beautiful Productions. They are also held in the highest estimation at the Court of France, where the Proprietor has been sent for, and personally supplied the different branches of the French Royal Family and Court. They are naturally transparently clear, without the necessity of starching to render them so, which every other requires; are more durable, wash a beautiful pure white, and the designs in every article of fashionable and elegant dress, are by the first Lace Artists, native and foreign, retained exclusively for this Manufacture; and the extensive orders for His Majesty's late Drawing Room, exactly imitating and not distinguishable from the most costly Foreign Laces, emboldens the proprietors to assert they are inimitable. Only to be had, genuine, at the *Warehouse*, 30, *Southampton Street, Covent Garden*, and retail as well as wholesale, at the *Kensington Lace Works and Manufactory*, 14, *Kensington Square, Kensington.* Every article has a ticket attached with the arms of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and the full addresses. Orders manufactured to match any kind of Lace, white or black.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, ENGRAVER and PRINTER to their Royal Highnesses the Duke of York and Duchess of Clarence, begs leave most respectfully to return his grateful thanks to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public in general, for the distinguished patronage so liberally bestowed on him; and, at the same time, to inform them that he has removed from Red Lion Street, Red Lion Square, to No. 50, STRAND, nearly opposite Bedford Street, where he hopes to merit a continuance of that support he has already had the honour of receiving from them. In soliciting future favours, W. A. begs leave to observe, that the strictest attention and punctuality may be relied on in the execution of their commands.—W. ALEXANDER has lately published "THE EIGHT BEATITUDES," dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Clarence, and under the patronage of the Royal Family, handsomely bound, price 15s.; or in single sheets at 1s. each. Also "THE LORD'S PRAYER," price 2s. 6d.; if bound with the Beatitudes, price 17s. 6d.; which may be had as above, and of every respectable Bookseller.—Compliment Cards in great variety.

REPERTORY OF ARTS FOR APRIL 1823.

(*See article Hall's Patent Starch.*)

"The object of this important invention is to extract all Colouring Matter from the Wheat, in the manufacture of Starch, which has hitherto given a yellow dye to linen, &c. An effectual remedy for this evil was never before discovered, and as the addition of Blue has become a general expedient, to conceal rather than to remove it, a perfect White has neither been obtained or expected by ordinary means. The White or French Starch, (that is, simply Starch without blue) is got into disuse, being of a dirty yellow colour, whereas the Patent Starch is of an almost dazzling whiteness, and being purified from all grosser substance, is, when dissolved for usual purposes, exceedingly clear and beautiful, and of superior strength. The patentee was led to this discovery in reference to URLING & CO'S. LACE CONCERN, (in which he is a partner) and they have found it of incalculable use in preserving the Colour, and giving a transparent quality to their lace, as it does to Muslin, Linen, &c."— To be obtained of every respectable dealer in Town and Country, or in convenient packages at G. F. Urling and Co's. only Lace Warehouse in London, 147 Strand, near Somerset House.

PARISIAN DEPOT.

At this Establishment Ladies will find the most truly Elegant and Fashionable assortment of Fancy Dress articles that can possibly be obtained, even in Paris, as the Proprietor is in the constant receipt from thence of whatever appears calculated to please the admirers of tasteful and ornamental appendages of superior Dress.—In the present importation, the *Court*, *Ball* and *Evening Tulle Dresses* are preeminent and distinguished, particularly those *à Colonnes, et avec montant*, which are of the immediate taste, and in great variety.

Plumes of feathers of a novel character; pearl-bead bandeaux; wreaths of bouquets of unique designs; a large and well selected choise of dress combs, Aigrettes and Epingles; Pelerines, Echarpes, and Handkerchiefs à Tricot; Blond Lace, Furs, Gold Wreaths and Bouquets, and the most extensive variety of Artificial Flowers ever imported; and to those Ladies who are curious in their selection of Bouquets or Wreaths, the fabric cannot fail to be admired. 29 Regent Street, near Piccadilly.

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PREPARED BY DR. HARMSTRONG,

In black Pint Bottles, at 11s. each, and Quarts at 22s.—Duty included.

Persons purchasing a large Bottle of the above will find it much to their advantage, as it contains considerably more in quantity than two of the 11s. Bottles.

This Medicine is a sure remedy to prevent Mortification in the Bowels, and Death; and the only certain specific cure in use for that dangerous disease the Cholera Morbus, or Disorders of the Bowels; Bilious and Liver Complaints; Flatulencies, attended with fulness of the stomach; Pain and Heart-burn, Jaundice, and the destruction of Worms. This excellent approved Medicine warms, nourishes, and comforts the Bowels; it takes away Sickness and Vomiting, and eases those violent griping Pains in the Intestines that accompany that cruel disease the *Cholera Morbus:* and carries off the offending bilious matter by easy motions, and urine. It cleanses the whole mass of blood from the sour, yellow, green, or black Bile, that brings on Apoplectic Fits and Apoplexy, and clears the body and complexion from that sallowness which bilious people are subject to. This medicine is particularly efficacious in removing Obstructions in the Bowels, and Spasms; from taking cold. These Bitters gently purge phlegm, choler, and melancholy from the head, nerves, muscles, marrow, or properly brain of the back, breast, lungs; liver, stomach, spleen, reins; and cures pain and weakness in the legs and joints, at the same time strengthens them, correcting phlegm or long sickness in bilious habits. The Botanical Bitters have been taken as a private and public medicine more than 30 years with the greatest success, and are much used by physicians; and are kept as an improved Medicine by the highest families, and most respectable people in the Kingdom.

Observe the Doctor's name in his own handwriting on the label of [illegible]

and Sons, Fleet Market, London; and retail by all respectable medicine venders in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

DR. LETTSOM'S celebrated cooling APERIENT PILLS, prepared only by MICHAEL COLESWORTHY, Chemist, 144, Whitechapel, for Bilious Complaints, Indigestion, Nervous Diseases, and all Disorders of the Stomach, no Medicine can be more efficacious. The astonishing success which has attended them for so many years, joined to the urgent solicitations of the very numerous Families who have been benefitted by them, has at length induced the Proprietor to appoint the following respectable Venders: Mr. Sanger, 150, Oxford street; Mr. Ward, 321, Holborn; Mr. Nix (late Bolton), Royal Exchange; Mr. Beals, 196, Bishopsgate-street; Mr. Fletcher, 17, London road; Mr. Morgan, 14, Sidney-place, Commercial-road, London; and most respectable Medicine Venders in the United Kingdom. Sold in Boxes at 4s. 6d. 11s. and 22s.

N.B. A saving of 2s. 9d. in the 11s. and of 7s. in the 22s. box; where also may be had, Dr. LETTSOM'S Cough and Asthma Pills at the same prices. Observe each direction is signed with the Proprietor's name on a Die Stamp, in addition to the King's Arms, as usual; and as a further mark of authenticity, each box will, in future, be accompanied with a correct Portrait of that highly esteemed Physician and Philanthropist Dr. LETTSOM.

Messrs. SPILSBURY, of 15, Soho Square, respectfully inform the Public, that the celebrated Patent Antiscorbutic Drops, so universally resorted to in complaints of the Scurvy, Gout, Rheumatism, Ulcers, and other Disorders arising from impurities of the Blood, Indigestion, and Nervous Complaints, will find great benefit from this valuable Medicine, which are pleasant to take, and require no confinement. Sold in Bottles at 6*s.* 10*s.* 6*d.* and £1. 2*s.* All foreign orders executed with punctuality and dispatch, on liberal terms, for ready money.

NOVELTIES.

DISON, WILLSON & Co. impressed with a due sense of gratitude to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, for the high and distinguished patronage they have received during their establishment in Regent Street, and anxious to merit a continuance, they have prepared for the approaching Season and Drawing Rooms a matchless and unique collection of Lace Dresses, Squares, Scarfs, Veils, Pelerines, Lappets, Ruffles and Frills, and every article (in Lace) connected with Court and Full-dress costume. D. W. & Co. take leave also to remark, that on Monday in every week throughout the Season, they shall have the honour of submitting for inspection an entire new article from Parisian design, thus fulfilling their guarantee of being ever foremost in the production of fashion, and which they further state will be exclusively confined to their establishment. To afford a convincing proof that their goods are cheaper than any imitations, they have now a beautiful collection of real Brussels Sprigged Veils, from 80s. upwards, with Squares, Scarfs, &c. equally advantageous. Real Point and Brussels Dresses;

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A Lady of Title, in the course of her Travels and Botanical Researches in the Eastern part of the World, discovered a Compound forming one of the most exquisite and pleasing Cosmetics, hitherto unknown in this or any other Country. This Cosmetic possesses peculiar Balsamic properties energetically efficient in eradicating all Eruptions and Impurities of the Skin, such as Sunburns, Freckles, Redness, Pimples, Spots, Tan, and every kind of unpleasant appearances, and gradually producing a delicate Clear and White Skin, rendering it beautifully Soft, and imparting a Healthy and Juvenile Bloom; in short, adding an incomparable Beauty to the Face, Neck, and Arms; diffusing a Coolness truly pleasing; preserving the Skin from the inclement atmosphere, and by a due perseverance in the application of this Cosmetic it tends to promote the free exercise of those important functions of the Skin, which are of the utmost importance for the preservation of Health and a beautiful Complexion. It is also of great importance to Ladies who are Suckling, as it gives immediate relief to inflamed Nipples. No Family ought to be without it, as the most delicate Lady or Child may at all times use it with the greatest safety; it is so perfectly innocent that a Child may swallow it.

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The validity of Urling and Co.'s Patent for the [illegible] cle scarcely requires eulogium, after five yea[rs] increasing favour with the British and Fore[ign] Nobility, and written testimonials from the fem[ale] branches of the Royal Family, who have pat[ro]nized this original invention.

HIS PRESENT MAJESTY

has also graciously encouraged its reception [at] the DRAWING-ROOMS, ever foremost to disco[un]tenance the undue predilection for Foreign M[anu]factures, and has officially appointed G. F. [U.] and Co. Manufacturers in ordinary. The [Fo]reign Ambassadors have introduced Urling's La[ce] into their Courts; and

A PATENT IN FRANCE

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which, being continually prepared for Agents [in] all the Country Towns of the Kingdom, and v[a]rious parts of the Continent, must obviou[sly] present a most extensive and fluctuating assor[t]ment. The Point and Brussels' Work will just[ify] the comparison with the most perfect Forei[gn] Specimens. All kinds of the Patent Lace wi[ll] wash clearer; and the figuring is performed who[lly] by industrious females,

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RHEUMATISM AND DISEASES OF TH[E] SKIN.

REMOVAL.—DR. HART begs to annou[nce] to his numerous medical and other friends, tha[t he] has *Removed* from No. 25 to No 7, Red L[ion] Square, where he has opened a Repository [for] the Portable Dry Sulphureous Fumigating [and] other Baths, for the inspection of the Public [and] use of Patients.

Dr. HART thinks it unnecessary to say [any]thing in favour of his Baths, as their virtues ar[e] well known, during the five years they have b[een] imported into this country; he therefore begs [to] caution the Public against spurious advert[ise]ments, having seen some from a Mr. C. Trow[e] who stiles himself administerer of his Baths upwards of five years, when in truth Dr. HA[RT] sold it to him on the 11th of October last, 18[22,] and previous to that period every Bath was [ad]ministered personally by Dr. HART.

Dr. HART'S Portable Baths can be convey[ed] with the greatest facility to the patient's b[ed]room, where he will give his personal attenda[nce] upon the same terms as were paid at his [l]public establishment, by which approved meth[od] the patient not only avoids the danger of catch[ing] cold, but escapes the risk of contagion insep[ara]ble from the indiscriminate use of Public [Me]ds, &c. &c.

"PULMONARY COMPLAINTS."

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CHARLES TROWARD, 25, Red Lion-square,

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

FOR JUNE, 1823.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Supplement to the present volume, containing the conclusions of several articles, reviews of important works published since Christmas, retrospective summary of the fashions, with five elegantly engraved and coloured figures, the title-page, index, &c. &c. to complete the volume, &c. &c. &c. will be published on the first of July.

Our "Old Subscriber" conjectures rightly; the late alteration he notices, in the appearance of our miscellany, we can assure him, *may* be taken as an omen of general improvement.

We will endeavour to do our respected friend B. G. justice next month; she always has our thanks for her favours. Does she hear from us regularly? Our worthy Parisian correspondent is mistaken; every thing will soon be arranged, we hope, satisfactorily.

"Bridget," is received.

Correspondents are particularly requested not to postpone forwarding their several contributions beyond the 16th of the month, either to Messrs. WHITTAKERS, Ave Maria Lane, or Mr. SAM's Royal Subscription Library, Pall Mall, and 21, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, otherwise their insertion cannot be depended on, as the Magazine is partially arranged for the press on the above-mentioned date.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every month, as published, may have it sent to them to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West-Indies, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to the Brazils, Madeira, Gibraltar, Malta, and all parts of the Mediterranean; to Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and to France and Holland, at 17s. 6d. per Quarter, by Mr. COWIE, at the Foreign Newspaper Office, No. 22, Sherborne-lane. The money to be paid at the time of Subscribing, for either three, six, nine, or twelve months. Orders also, post paid, on the above conditions, will be punctually attended to, if addressed to G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave Maria Lane, and to W. SAMS, Royal Subscription Library, Pall Mall.

PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.

JUNE, 1823.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For JUNE, 1823.

A New and Improved Series.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

Number One Hundred and Seventy-five.

MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE Lady who is the subject of this sketch has recently excited a considerable degree of public notice, as the author of a successful tragedy. Among all the triumphs of female genius, this has long been regarded as the most difficult, and has been held by many to lie beyond its grasp. Miss Baillie, indeed, has writtten dramatic poems, distinguished by a noble severity of style, and yet richly tinged with fancy; but these have little of the vividness of present action; little of the everlasting interchange of thought and feeling; little of the striking situation and picturesque effect which are essential to theatrical success. Other eminent female writers have here proved their weakness, and have confirmed the idea, that though women may display the finest tact of sensibility, though they may exhibit the most nice and delicate observation of character, though they may have pathos, discrimination, and energy, they will always dwell on the sentimental and the reflective—always describe rather than vivify; and while they may imagine the noblest and most varied train of images and feelings, they will want that Promethean fire which shall give present life to the whole. It is not surprising, then, that a woman who has shewn the capability of her sex to excel in the purely dramatic, should have attracted very general observation, and should have awakened more envy and jealousy, and have excited a more bitter spirit of criticism than usually attend the efforts of a lady, who does not offend the pride of man by intermeddling with paradox or with politics.

Mary Russell Mitford is the only daughter of Dr. Mitford, who has long been known as an active and able magistrate for the county of Berks. Her father is a descendant of the ancient family of his name in Northumberland, and her mother is remotely but lineally descended from the House of Russell. Miss Mitford was born in the small town of Alresford, in Hampshire, and sent at an early age for education to London. Fortunately for herself and for the public she was placed under the care of Mrs. Rowden, a lady who, herself possessing considering talent and a fine and discriminating taste, was able to discern and to cultivate the peculiar genius of her young pupil. Under her auspices the powers of Miss Mitford were rapidly developed. Her first attempts in poetry gave promise of no ordinary excellence; and, encouraged by the praises of several of her father's friends, who stood high in the estimation of the literary world, she published a small volume of miscellaneous poems. These early effusions were marked by uncommon delicacy of feeling, by a graceful vein of fancy, and by singular sweetness of metre and ease of expression. They were shortly after followed by two narrative poems, "Christina, or the Maid of the South Seas," and "Blanch;" both of which possessed considerable interest as tales, and

yet greater merit as poems, and were attended with considerable success. There is a vividness in these poems—a feeling of the fresh air diffused over them, which makes them peculiarly delightful as contrasted with the gaudy and fading exotics which ladies too often prefer. They are thoroughly English, and exquisitely feminine.

Since the publication of these poems, Miss Mitford has lived in retirement with her parents in the neighbourhood of Reading. She has, we believe, occasionally visited London, where she has been constantly welcomed by some of the best known and most admired writers of the time. Were we to judge from her works, we should believe that her predilection was for a country life, as her descriptions of rural nature are not mere vague generalities, but distinct pictures, and are evidently written with a hearty love of the subject on which she expatiates.

Miss Mitford's dramatic powers were first, we believe, exerted in a few "dramatic scenes;" one or two of which have appeared in periodical works. They struck the friends by whom they were perused, as uncommonly spirited and true; and she was exhorted to attempt a regular tragedy. Her first complete work of this kind was the "Foscari;" a piece, the acceptance of which was announced in the newspapers; but which was not produced at the expected period, in consequence of some of those difficulties which, though incident in some degree to theatrical representation, too often bar the passage to the stage on works of genius. The play was written before the publication or announcement of Lord Byron's drama on the same subject, and took altogether different ground from that on which his stern and gloomy scenes are constructed. It was, we understand, much admired by all who saw it in manuscript; and would, we believe, if acted or published, confound all the theories which envy and prejudice raised from some incidental defects in Julian.

While it was uncertain whether the Foscari would be produced, Miss Mitford, with an activity of mind of which few are capable, completed the tragedy, which was afterwards acted. "Julian" was produced on Saturday 15th March, at Covent Garden Theatre, to a crowded house, and was afterwards performed during eight nights with great applause. When we recollect the strength with which former tragedies have been *cast* at this house, that Mr. Macready, Mr. Young, Mr. C. Kemble, and Miss O'Neil constantly acted in the same piece, and compare with this the talent put in requisition for "Julian," we shall feel that this success is really a greater triumph than it at first appears. No actor of any reputation, except Mr. Macready, supported Miss Mitford's play, nor was it assisted by the extrinsic aids of splendid drapery or beautiful scenery. Under these circumstances, a run of eight nights is a real and unequivocable testimony to its merits, which we trust will stimulate its amiable and richly-gifted author to further exertions.

"Julian," is unquestionably chargeable with some defects, of which malevolence and envy did not fail to take full advantage. The plot is not very probable; the scenes are not artificially connected; and the piece has the blemish of a double scheme, each part having its own catastrophe. But it has all the essentials of tragedy as distinguished from its forms—true passion, deep and heart-searching pathos, vigour and richness of language, and tenderness the most touching and true. There is no pause—no elegant trifling—no mere shewy declamation in its scenes. They are full of high and serious business; of quick and glancing thought; of action and of suffering. As individual passages, Annabel's description of Julian's departure, Julian's gradual recollection of the scene of honour which had driven him to madness, Melphi's grand and swelling allusions to the regality for which he is grasping, and Annabel's account of her own sufferings while confined in the tower, where she conjures up the fine images of "Bright chattering Madness and sedate Despair, and Fear—the great Unreal," will long dwell on the memory. The whole piece is entirely dramatic, as contradistinguished from the sentimental and narrative; and proves that its author may, and, if she proceed, must produce a piece which it will be "in vain to blame and useless to praise;" which theatrical differences shall have no power to set aside; and which shall compel the reluctant eulogium of those critics, who have plays of their own to patronize.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

STRICTURES ON THE POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

No. 11.—Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureat.

Men change with fortune, Manners change with climes,
Tenets with books, and Principles with times.

Assured as Mr. Southey is of his importance in the Literary History of his country, none of his writings, numerous and voluminous as they are, brought him so conspicuously before the public as the agitation of the question respecting his former and his present political opinions. The letter which he addressed to Mr. Smith, in their vindication, is a curious specimen of the triumph of vanity over common-sense. "The unprovoked insults," says Mr. Southey, "that have been levelled at me both in prose and rhyme, never induced me to retaliate: *it will not be supposed that the ability for satire was wanting*, but happily I had long since subdued the inclination." And this epistle winds with large anticipations of his destined estimation in the eyes of posterity. Alas! how frail a thing is man, when the toil of years in the pursuit of knowledge, which must, while it stores the mind, give it also a more distinct and comprehensive view of human transiency and insignificancy—when a strict adhrerence to the doctrine and belief in the divine truths of religion cannot prevent the froth of vanity from rising, and rendering talent contemptible and morality ridiculous. In the common mass of society, it were folly to be amazed, and fruitless to be offended at conceit; it is one of those active agents, those stimulating ingredients, which fate has thrown in to neutralize the insipidity of common life; that life, in which mind is little more than instinct, whether in the crowded scenes of pleasure, of petty traffic, or mean labours. But in a mind like Mr. Southey's, rich in the accumulated lore of ages, with perceptions quickened, and an intellectual eye that can look from one world to another, and balance the infinitude of *that* against the evanescence of *this;* whose power of comparison is so extensive, and of estimation so correct; that *he* should cherish those feelings of happy importance, we may indeed be allowed to wonder. He also seems to presume a little too much on his religion and morality, of which he evidently imagines he has made a grand monopoly; instead of enjoying it in grateful consciousness, he is too apt to vaunt its possession,: but

"Appear not unto men to fast; and
"When thou prayest, enter into thy chamber."

A little more charity also to his backsliding brethren would not hurt him; for, allowing him to be as free as any man to "cast the first stone," it were certainly more becoming to endeavour to lead the erring ones into the right path, than barely to content himself with pelting them for being in the wrong.

In politics, Mr. Southey would have us believe his motto to be "*Nec rege, nec populo, sed utroque;*" but that the king and people *do* really weigh so equally with him, we may be inclined to doubt; since even the republican enthusiasm of Wat Tyler is but a poor counterpoise to the quantum of courtly adulation he has reverently laid at the footstool of royalty.

We by no means intend a review of Mr. Southey's works: it is a task too terrific and uninteresting to be lightly undertaken. On looking over Joan of Arc, Thalaba, Madoc, Roderick, &c., we exclaim with

Lord Byron, "God help thee, Southey, and thy readers too!" These poems contain here and there scattered passages of great merit; but, taken altogether, they are heavy, dull productions; in the perusal of which, the fatigue is far greater than the pleasure.

"The Vision of Judgment," with its obsolete hexameter verse, is a tissue of absurdity; if there is a redeeming passage, it is, perhaps, the following, from the last division of that poem called "The Meeting."

The gentle Amelia
Stretched her arms to her father; there, in tenderness shedding
Tears, such as angels weep. That hand was toward him extended
Whose last pressure he could not bear, when merciful nature
As o'er her dying bed he bent in severest anguish,
Laid on his senses a weight, and suspended the sorrow for ever.
He hath recovered her now: all, all that was lost is restored him;
Hour of perfect bliss that overpays all earthly affliction!
They are met where change is not known, nor sorrow, nor parting.
Death is subdued; and the grave, which conquers all, is conquered.

"The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo" does not, in point of composition, offend the judgment; but it neither delights the fancy nor touches the heart, and might just as well have been written in prose as in rhyme. It is disgraced by virulent abuse of Napoleon, which betokens more of a party than a Christian spirit. Speaking of that ambitious man, he says—

Fear in his heart, and *in his soul that hell*
Whose due reward he merited so well.

Foremost again, as he was wont to be
In flight, tho' not the foremost in the strife,
The tyrant hurried on; of infamy
Regardless, nor regarding ought but life,
Oh! wretch without the courage or the faith
To die with those whom he had led to death.

This is no place to enter into the merits or demerits of Napoleon; yet, impartiality must award him, in common with other conquerors of nations and destroyers of mankind, the praise of being a great man.

Of Southey's larger poems, "The Curse of Kehama" unquestionably discovers most spirit and fancy; and, excepting his minor pieces, some of which are beautiful, is the most poetical piece he has produced. The description of the wings of the "celestial spirit," as he went

Disporting thro' his native element,"

might have been very profitably studied by Moore, when he was contemplating that late abortion of his muse, "The Loves of the Angels."

Angelic power and dignity and grace
Were in his glorious pennons; from the neck
Down to the ancle reach'd their swelling web,
Richer than robes of Tyrian die, that deck
Imperial majesty:
Their colour, like the winter's moonless sky
When all the stars of midnight's canopy
Shine forth; or like the azure deep at noon,
Reflecting back to heaven a brighter blue.
Such was their tint, when closed, but when outspread
The permeating light
Shed thro' their substance thin a varying hue;
Now bright as when the rose
Beauteous as fragrant gives to scent and sight
Alike delight; now like the juice that flows
From Duoro's generous vine,
Or ruby, when with deepest red it glows;
Or as the morning clouds refulgent shine
When at forth coming of the Lord of Day
The Orient like a shrine,
Kindles as it receives the rising ray,
And heralding his way,
Proclaims the presence of the Power Divine.
* * * *
Thro' the broad membrane branch'd a pliant bone,
Spreading like fibres from their parent stem;
Its vein like interwoven silver, shone,
Or as the chaster hue
Of pearls that grac'd some sultan's diadem.
Now with slow stroke and strong, behold him smite
The buoyant air, and now in gentler flight,
On motionless wing expanded, shoot along.

The curse which Kehama denounces on the devoted Ladurlad, is another instance of original and energetic poetry.

I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From stone and from wood,
From fire and from flood,

From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood:
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee,
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruit shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee,
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee,
When they fall nigh thee:
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee, in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart
And a fire in thy brain;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever.

The beautiful Kailyal may vie with Moore's heroines, as she

with an angel's voice of song,
Pour'd her melodious lays
Upon the gales of even;
And gliding, in religious dance, along,
Mov'd graceful as the dark-ey'd nymphs of Heaven,
Such harmony to all her steps was given.

But she is endued with a magic beyond that of a Zelica, or a Hinda, for

A charm was on the leopard when he came
Within the circle of that mystic glade;
Submiss he crouch'd before the heavenly maid,
And offered to her touch his speckled side;
Or with arch'd back erect, and bending head,
And eyes half closed for pleasure, wou'd he stand,
Courting the pressure of her gentle hand.

The elephant and the antelope, tigers and snakes, all acknowledge the powerful fascination of her song; the very monkeys forget to gambol or to chatter; and the nightingale joins her in sympathy, not in rivalry; it seems,

When she stood
Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that flies
Quick as an arrow from all other eyes,
Hover'd to gaze on her.

She was in truth a miracle of a woman,

A thing
Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work, a child
Of early nature, undefil'd;
A daughter of the years of innocence.

This peerless damsel is at length carried off as a bride to the seven-headed idol, Jaggernat. In the description of the pageant that conducts her to the temple, the desire of forcible expression has led the poet into some vulgarity: for we are told more than once that the "*trumpets blare*," and the torches "flame and *flare*." The dancing girls remind us again of the author of Lalla Rookh, to whom this poem may have afforded some hints.

And sweet it was to hear the voice of song,
And the sweet music of their girdle bells;
Armlet and anklets, that, with cheerful sound,
Symphonious tinkled as they wheel'd around.

We do not pursue the story of a poem so long and well known. The curse under which Ladurlad suffers, is skilfully turned to advantage. The idea,

Thou hast been called, O sleep! the friend of woe,
But 'tis the happy who have call'd thee so,

is excellent. And Kailyal watching the ascent of Ereenia, beautiful.

Her eye the while was on the farthest sky,
Where, up the ethereal height,
Ereenia rose and past away from sight;
Never had she so joyfully
Beheld the coming of the Glendoveer,
Dear as he was, and he deserv'd to be,
As now she saw him rise and disappear.
"Come now what will!" within her heart said she,
"For *thou* art safe, and what have *I* to fear?"

But proceeding a few pages, we are offended with such doggrel as this:

They went their way along the road
That lead to Zamen's dread abode.

The following comparison of the spirits of infants is a happy one, though not well expressed:

Less pure than these, is that strange Indian bird,
Who never dips in earthly stream her bill,
But when the sound of coming shower is heard,
Looks up, and from the clouds *receives her fill.*

Less pure the footless fowl of heaven, that never
Rest upon earth, but on the wing for ever
Hovering o'er flowers their favourite food inhale,
Drink the descending dew upon its way,
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale.

The concluding verse of this singular poem is beautiful.

the Lord of Death,
With love benignant, on Ladurlad smil'd,
And gently on his head his blessing laid.
As sweetly as a child,
Whom neither thought disturbs, nor care encumbers,
Tired with long play, at close of summer day,
Lies down and slumbers.
Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,
By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to rest.

The Indian Mythology is skilfully adopted; many of the descriptions are grand, and the whole poem inculcates principles and feelings highly laudatory. The notes are interesting and entertaining.

If the praise of great genius cannot be awarded Mr. Southey, at least he may lay claim to those much more useful, though less flattering qualities, industry and erudition. Few of the present day can cope with him in these particulars. The Life of Wesley, of Nelson, the History of Brazil, &c. &c. &c. all stand forth as instances of either one or the other. But he might long since have been reminded that

A bard may chaunt too often and too long.

Had he written less, he would have written better, and laid a surer foundation for the future fame, of which he is so desirous and so certain. The Bucolics of Virgil employed that great bard of antiquity seven years; and after eleven, during which his Eneid was under his hands, he regarded it as imperfect. Diodorus Siculus was *thirty* years engaged on his history. These, however, are extreme cases, mentioned rather as instances than examples; since this slow procedure of labour is better suited to the patriarch, than the being whose ephemeral existence counts, perhaps, at the utmost, but three score years and ten. Yet writers should beware of "a fatal facility," and of an unintermitted draught upon the springs of thought, for they hazard injuring the sources, or inducing only shallow streams. Zeuxis, the painter, replied to one who boasted of his fluency, "I paint but a line a day, but I paint for posterity."

RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

By Vicomte de Chateaubriand, *lately Ambassador from the Court of France to Great Britain, and now Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

Were it not that a sublime instinct attaches man to his native country, the most natural state of existence would be that of a traveller. A certain restlessness incessantly urges us to wander from home; we wish to see all, and yet we are dissatisfied, even after having seen all we can. I have travelled through several regions of the globe; but I confess I have observed the desart better than I have observed men, among whom, after all, solitude is often found.

I made but short visits to the Germans, the Portuguese, and the Spaniards; but I lived for a considerable time among the English. As the latter are *now the only people who dispute the dominion of Europe with the French*,* the smallest details respecting them cannot fail to be interesting.

Erasmus is the oldest traveller I know of, who has furnished us with any accounts of the English. When he visited London, in the reign of Henry VIII., he saw nothing but savages and smoky huts. At a later period, Voltaire, in picturing a perfect philosopher, places him among the Quakers on the banks of the Thames. The taverns of Great Britain became the haunts of powerful genius, the abodes of true liberty,

* These Observations on England were written at the time when all the Powers of the Continent had been subdued by the arms of Napoleon, and had acknowledged him as Emperor. They have been considered of so much importance as to have been very recently sarcastically animadverted on in our Senate. We have, therefore, thought them, as objects of curiosity, well worthy our readers' attention.—*(Note of the Editor.)*

&c. It is, however, a well-known fact, that of all countries in the world, England is that where religion is least talked about and most respected, and where those idle questions which disturb social harmony, are most rarely discussed.

In my opinion, the secret of English manners must be sought for in the origin of the people. Being descended equally from the French and Germans, they form a shade between those two nations. Their politics, their religion, their military genius, their literature, their arts, their national character, all may be placed on the intermediate line. They seem to combine the simplicity, mildness, good sense, and bad taste of the Germans, with the brilliancy, grandeur, boldness, and vivacity of the French character.

Though inferior to us in several respects, the English are our superiors in others, particularly with regard to trade and wealth. They also surpass us in neatness; and it is somewhat remarkable, that a people to all appearance so dull, should, in their furniture, dress, and manufactures, evince a degree of elegance in which we are deficient. It may be said that the English impart to their manual works the delicacy of finish that is observable in the mental productions of the French.

The principal fault of the English nation is pride; and this is a fault common to all mankind. It prevails in France as well as in England, though in the former country it is modified by the French character, and transformed into self-love. Pure pride belongs to the solitary man, who disguises nothing, and is not obliged to make any sacrifice; but the man who lives much among his equals, is compelled to conceal his pride, to veil it beneath the more gentle and varied forms of self-love. In general, passion is most vehement and sudden with the English, and most active and refined with the French. The pride of the former seeks to overwhelm all in a moment; but the self-love of the latter undermines every thing slowly. In England a man is hated for a vice or an offence. In France such a motive for hatred is not necessary; the advantages of person or fortune, an instance of success, or even a *bon mot*, are sufficient. This hatred, which is engendered by petty circumstances, is no less implacable than the hatred that arises out of a nobler cause. No passions are so dangerous as those which have a mean origin: for they partake of this meanness, and it renders them furious. They seek to disguise it by crimes, and to produce in the effect a sort of terrible grandeur, which is wanting in the cause. This has been proved by the French revolution.

In England, education is commenced at a very early period of life; girls are sent to school at the tenderest age. These little English girls, blushing when they are looked at, may sometimes be seen in groupes in the streets, generally wearing long white mantles, straw bonnets tied under the chin with a ribbon, and carrying across their arms baskets, containing some fruit and their books. When, on my return home, I saw our little French school girls, with their hair dressed with *huile antique*, holding up the tails of their gowns, looking boldly at every stranger, practising love songs, and learning lessons of declamation, I looked back with regret on the bashfulness of the English children:—a child without innocence is a flower without perfume.

Boys, too, at a very early age are sent to school, where they study Greek and Latin. Those who are destined for the church, or for a political career, are sent from school to the universities of Cambridge or Oxford. The first is peculiarly devoted to the mathematics, in memory of Newton. In general, however, the English are not very fond of this study: they consider it to have a demoralizing tendency, when carried to too great a length. They are of opinion that the sciences wither the heart, break the enchantment of life, lead weak minds to atheism, and from atheism to every crime. The belles-lettres, on the contrary, they say, contribute to our happiness by softening our feelings, inspiring us with full faith in the Deity, and thus leading us by the path of religion to the practice of every virtue.*

Agriculture, trade, the military profession, religion, and politics are the careers which are open to the Englishman on attaining the age of manhood. Should he become what is termed a *gentleman farmer*, he sells his corn, hunts foxes and shoots

* Gibbon.

partridges in autumn, eats a fat goose at Christmas, sings *the roast beef of Old England,* complains of the present times, and extols the past, though they were no better, and vents imprecations on Pitt and the war for raising the price of port wine; finally, he retires to bed tipsey, and rises next morning to renew the same course.

The English army which flourished with such brilliancy during the reign of Anne, subsequently fell into a degree of discredit, from which, however, the present war has raised it. It was long ere the English thought of centering their power in their navy: they wished to distinguish themselves exclusively as a continental power. This was a remnant of those antiquated opinions by which trade was held in contempt. The English, like ourselves, have always had an historical character, which has distinguished them in every age. Thus France and England are the only two nations in Europe which properly deserve to be called nations. If we have our Charlemagne, the English have their Alfred. Their bow-men balanced the fame of our Gallic infantry; their Black Prince disputed the palm with our Duguesclin, and their Marlborough with our Turenne. Their revolutions and ours, have succeeded each other: we may boast of possessing the same glory, and we may deplore the same crimes and the same misfortunes.

Since England has become a maritime power, she has displayed her peculiar genius in this new career. English seamen are distinguished from all others in the world, and the discipline maintained on board English ships is truly extraordinary. An English sailor is absolutely a slave. He is pressed into the service, and is compelled to remain in it, in spite of his inclination; and the man who is so independent on shore, seems to forfeit every privilege of liberty as soon as he sets foot on ship-board. The officers impose on him the harshest and most degrading yoke of slavery. How can men of such haughty spirit submit to this kind of tyranny and ill-treatment? This is the miracle of a free government; in England the name of the law is all-powerful, and when once it has pronounced its decree, there is no resistance.

I do not think that we ever can, or even that we ought, to introduce English discipline into our navy. The Frenchman, who is lively, frank, and generous, is inclined to become familiar with his commander; he regards him as his comrade rather than his captain. Besides, the state of absolute discipline to which an English sailor is subjected, can be produced only by the civil authority. But it is probable that that authority would be held in contempt by our seamen. Unfortunately the Frenchman obeys the agent of the law rather than the law itself, and his virtues are more of a private than a public nature.

The officers of our navy were better informed than the English officers. The latter know nothing but their manœuvres; the former were mathematicians and men of general knowledge. It may be said that we exhibit our real character in our navy, where we appear both as warriors and artists. *As soon as we become possessed of ships, we shall resume our right of seniority by Sea as well as by Land.* We may make astronomical observations, and perform voyages round the world: but I think we must renounce all idea of becoming a mercantile nation. We do every thing by genius and inspiration, but we do not make a point of following up our designs. A great man in finance, or a bold man in commercial speculation, may perhaps arise among us; but will his son pursue the same career? will he not think of enjoying rather than augmenting his father's fortune? With such a spirit, a nation cannot become mercantile. With us, trade has always had somewhat of a poetic and fabulous character, like the rest of our manners. Our manufactures were created as if by enchantment; they flourished brilliantly, and then became extinct. While Rome was prudent, she contented herself with the Muses and Jupiter, and left Neptune to Carthage. The latter deity, after all, had only the secondary empire, and Jupiter hurled his thunderbolts on the ocean.

The English clergy are well informed, hospitable, and generous. They love their country, and assist powerfully in the maintenance of her laws. In spite of difference of opinion, they received the French clergy with truly Christian charity. The University of Oxford printed at its own expense, and distributed gratis to the poor French

clergy, a Latin New Testament, according to the Roman version, with the words, *for the use of the Catholic Clergy, exiled for religion.* Nothing could be more touching and delicate. It is doubtless a gratifying spectacle to the philosopher to see, at the close of the eighteenth century, the English clergy hospitably receiving Catholic priests, tolerating the public exercise of their worship, and even the establishment of several monasteries. Strange vicissitude of human opinions and events! The cry of *a Pope! a Pope!* produced the revolution under Charles I.; and *James II. lost his crown for having protected the Catholic religion!*

Those who are terrified at the very name of religion, know little of the human mind: they view religion under the form in which it existed in the ages of fanaticism and barbarism, without considering that, like every other institution, it becomes impressed with the character of the ages through which it passes.

The English clergy, however, are not without their faults. They neglect their duties too much, are too fond of pleasure, give too many balls, and participate too frequently in the gaiety of the world. Nothing can be more revolting to a foreigner than to see a young minister of the English church, dully leading his fair partner through the mazes of a country-dance. A priest should be a person altogether divine: virtue and reserve should reign around him; he should live in the retirement of the templé, and appear but rarely among men; in short, he should show himself only when his object is to administer relief to the unfortunate. It is thus alone that a clergyman can acquire respect and confidence; he will soon forfeit both, if we find him seated beside us in scenes of festivity, if we become familiar with him, if he participate in the vices of the age, and if we for a moment suppose him to possess the weakness and frailty of other men.

The English display great pomp in their religious festivals; they have even begun to adorn their churches with pictures. They are at length convinced, that a religion without worship is merely the dream of cold enthusiasm; and that the imagination of man is a faculty, which, like his reason, requires to be fed.

(For conclusion see Supplement.)

THE WILD ARAB; OR THE CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

We took leave of our enterprizing hero, while he was buried in sad contemplations at the stone called Agra's Tomb: we must now seek him in the city of Bussora, which he has reached sooner than he anticipated, by paying a trifling sum to the captain of a vessel sailing up the Shat at Arab.* From this man Zenim learned that the cafila, or caravan, mentioned in his instructions from the departed Ghiefna, was already at Bussora, and on the eve of setting forward towards Medina, with a company of merchants and pilgrims; he therefore lost no time on landing at the foot of the boat-bridge, but immediately inquired his way to the house at which the cafila usually halted, and was speedily introduced to the Chcharwadar, a Persian;* with whom he agreed as to the expense of his journey, and was accordingly introduced to the company prepared with himself to cross the desart. As Zenim looked around with an eye of youthful surprise and inquiry, at the group of strangers before him, and witnessed the calm satisfaction which the fumes of opium had infused into the minds of some, and which happy constitutions naturally bestowed on others, as he listened to the lively conversation between them, and noticed their good fellowship, in all probability arising from a very short acquaintance, it served materially to banish from his breast the

* A branch of the Euphrates.

* The master of a caravan.

melancholy that hitherto had not failed to pursue him from the vicinity of his beloved, but deserted Sabla. The place wherein the travellers were assembled was a sort of square, built with white stone, surrounded by an awning in the form of a crescent, beneath which were separately piled the different articles of baggage belonging to each individual, and done on so methodical a manner, that every man had the opportunity of standing centinel over his own property: a basin of pure clear water played in the centre of the square, surrounded by orange trees, and imparted a freshness to the atmosphere which was extremely agreeable. Zenim seated himself beneath the awning; and, after he had gazed a few moments on the persons before him, as the emotions which we have previously mentioned gradually subsided, he remembered that he was a stranger, and felt all those comfortless sensations stealing into his heart, which an absence from home, under peculiar circumstances, is so apt to inspire: he felt himself alone. At that moment the cheharwadar approached him with considerable courtesy, and inquired whether he had no baggage to arrange. Zenim blushed deeply; he was at a loss what answer to make, at length pointing to his javelin and vest of leopard's skin which lay beside him, he signified, by a bend of his head, that he had nothing further to mention. "And is that all?" said the cheharwadar, with a look of wonder not unmixed with kindness; and Zenim prepared to reply as he was interrupted by the approach of a third person, on whose form he recognized the itinerant of whom he had purchased Ascanthe's bracelet, and to whose information he conceived himself so deeply, deeply indebted. The merchant instantly recollected Zenim's features, and coming kindly up to him, and using the salutation of the Mahometans, "save you!" exclaimed he, "I little thought we should so soon meet again, my young Arabian." Zenim's eyes sparkled with new vivacity at the sight of the merchant, and without waiting to make any direct reply, he eagerly inquired whether he was a member of the cafila.

"To be sure I am, and going with it to Medina, and so on to Abyssinia for aught I know."

"Then heaven be praised! I shall neither want a friend nor a director: I feel I shall not, for who, but Alla himself, first directed your lips to unravel the awful mystery of my birth? and will he not temper his heart to aid me in the great purpose that I have undertaken, who led you through the wilderness to direct and encourage my undecided course?"

As Zenim said this, he had risen from his recumbent position, and clasping his hands together, stood gazing with such a degree of tearful earnestness in the stranger's face, as almost led him to believe he was mad, and he looked alternately from Zenim to the cheharwardar for an explanation, while the cheharwadar for the instant felt inclined to believe that the itinerant knew more of the youth before him than he chose to acknowledge.

"Thou'rt wild to talk in this strain!" observed the merchant, suppressing a frown by the counteraction of pity; "I know nothing of unravelling the mystery thou speakest of; and now I remember," continued he, turning to the cheharwadar, "when last I conversed with this boy, his violent agitation of mind neither escaped me nor my companions, or, among the daily faces I behold, how should I have recollected his?"

"But he hath agreed to cross the desart, and hath advanced the money for his journey."

"Then, in Alla's name, return it; what but a frantic project should have drawn a boy like that from the tranquillity of his home, to undergo perils, that men, long inured to hardships and privation scarce dare encounter?"

"Thou'rt in the right!" said the Persian, and at the same time putting his hand into his vest, he drew forth a purse of green silk, and prepared to count out the money which Zenim had paid him. "My God!" exclaimed Zenim, grasping the merchant's arm with a convulsion of despair, "in what respect did I ever injure thee, that thou seekest to break my heart, to ruin me in the outset of my enterprize? Recollect what you said at the village where we first met—recollect the conversation you held there with your companion, touching the fate of the unfortunate Ubantha. I, I am Ubantha's son,—till your lips re-

vealed the secret I knew not my parent's fate: it was my hand that saved the life of Morack in the wilderness—he pledged his honour to grant any request I should hereafter make to him, and I fly to request the liberation of my father."

The merchant eyed Zenim for a moment like one amazed, till observing that the vehemence with which the youth expressed himself, had called together several of the travellers, to inquire into the cause of language so extraordinary, he suddenly put back the proferred money of the cheharwadar with one hand, while with the other he kindly beckoned Zenim to accompany him into an apartment, where they might have the liberty of conversing unnoticed. In a very few words Zenim had indulged the merchant with his whole confidence, and imparted to him the whole story of his life, at which he seemed much concerned. "Yes," cried the itinerant as Zenim concluded, "you are both a good and a brave youth, as your undisguised narrative declares," and although it was my earnest intention to adventure never again across the Red Sea, for your sake I will once more meet the trial, and trust it may prove the most acceptable pilgrimage I could possibly undergo towards atoning for past offences; but, in the mean time, I have a fellow traveller about to seek the village where I so unconsciously imparted to you the circumstances of your father's destiny; write therefore to your mother: it will comfort her to learn that you are thus far on your journey, and not without a friend, who admires equally your filial regard and your fearless enthusiasm." Zenim's heart was too full for utterance; he could only press the hand of the man who appeared so disinterestedly his benefactor, and on being left to himself with materials for writing, his first care was to offer up his full soul to that supreme Deity, who invariably yields comfort to his creatures in the hour of peril and dismay, and from whom the humblest may derive a confidence, which will enable them to support the calamities of this world with unshrinking fortitude, and to encounter human difficulties with a nobleness of mind, not in nature to derive from its own earthly sources. Zenim shed a thousand tears over the letter, the first letter he had ever written to his mother, the first letter he had ever written in all his life; he filled it with a thousand blessings on the head of herself, on Buda, and on his dear, dear Ascanthe, and concluded by imploring their mutual forgiveness for the decided step he had taken, assuring them that he felt confident of speedily returning, in the society of his wronged and noble father, bearing that peace and that happiness to which he had long taught himself to look forward. In the course of an hour the itinerant re-entered the apartment. Zenim had folded up his letter, and in a few moments it was in the possession of the person, who not only pledged his honour to convey it safely, but to deliver it himself into the hand of Dœnira.

"You will see my mother?" ejaculated Zenim, subduing a rising sob.

"I will make it my duty; and what shall I say to her from you?"

"Inform her that I was well when you left me; that I am never unhappy, except when I think on the length of time that must necessarily elapse ere we can possibly see each other again; but that, when I consider how very very happy we shall be when that event does take place, I forget every care in the anticipation of that one enjoyment. Assure her that I go not unsupported, for God is ever by my side, and for my sake he softens the heart of the stranger, and raises me up friends where I am least entitled to expect them."

"True dost thou speak," cried the cheharwadar, who heard this affectionate injunction, "for I, who never in my life did refuse money, do refuse thine, and not one of all my company shall be more free of the cafila than thou: I owe thee this as a peace-offering, take it, and be happy." With these words he slipped into Zenim's hand the little green purse which he had taken from his vest in the square. Zenim looked at the purse with an emotion of exquisite sensibility, while the eyes of the merchant and his friend were moist with tears, which they vainly endeavoured to conceal, and a momentary silence ensued: Zenim caught the hand in which he had just deposited the letter to his mother: "you have witnessed this benevolent action towards me," said he to the unknown, "go and report it to my parent; convey to her this little purse, and never did mercenary gaze with more

eager delight, rivet itself on secret hoard of gold, than her's will constantly dwell upon this inestimable treasure. The merchant's friend promised religiously to observe this desire, and shortly after retiring, left the grateful adventurer to confer new benedictions on his two associates. That night Zenim shared the chamber of the itinerant; his heart was lighter than it had been for some time, and when the tinkling of the camels' bells, as the drivers prepared the caravan, announced the time of departure at hand, it awoke him from a dream of home and joy. On quitting Bussora, the direction of the road they intended to pass was through a place called Grane, because there were several known wells by the way, a circumstance of the utmost importance, and the more especially so, at certain periods of the year, in a country where, for many leagues around the earth presents nothing but masses of hot and moving sand, in which no plant that yields nurture, no blossom that purifies the intemperate air, ever yet implanted its roots; all signs of vegetation disappear. In these wild desarts how awful are the steps of man! yet, led by that adventurous spirit which he possesses, he presumes to find a path through the trackless maze, and to inspect a scene of desolation, which frequently overwhelms his presumption in utter and dreadful ruin: frequently, indeed, the wild gigantic crane, darting her arrowy course as it were from the very clouds, pounces with indescribable avidity on the wandering, deadly reptile, whose venomous folds the intense heat invigorates with terrific strength, and whose existence appears to owe itself to the scorching climate, affords a faint sign that nature, even here, is not without her peculiar creatures: the swift, unpaternal ostrich, too, burying her eggs in those burning sands, leaves them there to be generated by the sun, her offspring to be cherished by the hand of Providence. It was among these wastes, travelling by the side of the cafila, sometimes unconscious of the sound proceeding from the tinkling bells fastened round the necks of the camels, that Zenim traversed miles, buried in the delight of his own reflections, and contemplated with joy the restoration of his father: often did fancy picture to his young imagination the glad surprise with which the countenance of that parent would be lighted up, when he should first learn, that to the daring spirit of his unknown boy he owed his forgiveness and his liberty; the transports with which he would open his arms to receive him; and the ardent ecstacy with which, for the first time, he would fold him to his breast. These meditations, added to the interesting adventures related to him by the good merchant, and encouraging conversation of the cheharwadar, served to beguile the length of his peregrination, till the city of Bussora was left behind at a distance of some hundred leagues. They were now in the very heart of the desart, with still several hundred leagues to cross, ere the cafila could pronounce itself in safety; that is, as far as safety may be supposed to arise from an immediate intercourse with the peopled world, and to attend an existence in a more habitable part of the globe. Their daily or occasionally nightly journey seldom exceeded twenty miles, at the termination of which the beasts were unloaded of their burdens, and the various bales again deposited in the form of a crescent, exactly as Zenim had at first seen them in the square of the caravansery; tents were pitched, and each man took himself to repose, or whatever employment best suited his inclinations, except such as were alternately appointed to watch the property, in the way of centinels. The uncommon heat of the weather had now induced them to proceed only in the night; but notwithstanding this precaution, an infectious wind which suddenly sprung up had such an effect upon the merchants, that many of them fell beneath its baneful influence; among the rest was the cheharwadar himself: in vain did they search for water, not a drop was to be discovered, and Zenim, who submitted to every hardship without one solitary murmur, was now doomed to witness a scene the most terrific—the most appalling that ever the eye of man encountered. It was the morning preceding a sultry and intemperate night, that the now greatly diminished cafila staid, at sun-rise, to pitch its tents as usual, in order to avoid the extreme of those piercing rays which had already afflicted several of its members with insanity, when an intense mist was observed

to arise beyond the mountains of sand, extending themselves towards the south-west. Zenim saw the consternation into which this phenomenon threw his companions, and eagerly inquired of his friend, the merchant, what consequences were to be apprehended from so unusual a circumstance. The itinerant, whose sun-burnt cheek had assumed an unusual degree of paleness, shook his head mournfully. "Alas! my son, it argues that our progress across the desart is likely to be impeded by the approaching sand-storm," answered he; and at that moment the hollow and grating murmurs of the fastly coming evil appeared to affect even the camels, who started and pricked up their ears at the sound, while their dismounted riders gazed upon each other in silent awe. A sort of a pathetic woe seemed for some short space to fix itself in every countenance; this was a state of suffering beyond that of the sea-tossed wretch, who each instant expects to behold the wreck of his disjointed bark separate beneath his feet; from this calamity there was no recoiling, not even by the most desperate means that humanity permits us to adopt. Already the hills of sand were in motion; the vast expanse of earth looked like an undulation of mountainous and foaming water, which obscured the very light of heaven by the enormity of its sprays, and the denseness of vapour which arose from it; while the sun, resembling an immense shield of blood, hung as it were about the gathering gloom, a terrible omen of the catastrophe about to ensue. The good merchant drew near Zenim, where he stood observing the frightful spectacle, and taking him earnestly by the hand, "filial youth," said he, "happy is it for those who, in moments like this, are pursuing, as thou art, the best course of morality; thou have nothing to reproach thyself with. Alla! righteous Alla! decrees that thou shouldst meet thy father in a better world, and in greater happiness than it is permitted mortal to enjoy." Zenim understood the full force of this delicate and benevolent explanation; he studied to be firm and manly—he struggled to set an example worthy of the great enterprize he had adventured to undertake, but his heart sunk within him, as the recollection of his mother and Ascanthe burst upon his mind, and wringing his hands piteously together, "O my God! my God!" he exclaimed, in accents of despair, "and are all my sanguine hopes to end thus?" "Hush!" cried the merchant, throwing a drapery of gauze over his head, to prevent the hot particles of sand from penetrating his eyes: "come with me: let us ascend yon camel, and fly before the wind as long as we have life to endure the exertion." Zenim hesitated not to obey, and saw most of his companions abandoning their baggage, to adopt the same example as himself and friend: "*Alla acbar*," exclaimed a voice, as they hurried forward, and the rolling tide of earth continued to pursue them. Zenim felt his spirits revive at the words; they sounded to him like a voice from a superior deity; it was the sentence which first inspired his heart with courage to the undertaking—it was the motto engraved upon that very ring which he still carried in his bosom, and had received from Morack, as an earnest to grant whatever future boon he should demand. It was nevertheless in vain that our wanderers endeavoured to elude the destiny that pursued them: for though the animal on which they were mounted seemed to outstrip the speed of those it had started with from the cafila, inasmuch as the persons and voices of their companions were no longer distinguishable to its riders, its feet began to plunge into the deepening sand, and its body to stagger beneath the oppressive increase of heat and fatigue, till at length it dropped beneath the weight of its burden and expired. Zenim and the itinerant were now driven to the last extremity of desperation; they almost fortified themselves to sink into a living grave, as doubtless their followers had already done, and standing beside the dead body of the camel without speaking a word to each other, they hastily commended themselves to heaven, and besought alike compassion towards their unhappy fate. Under this extremity, with death staring him in the face, Zenim gazed wildly around, as if to take a survey of the spot on which he expected presently to be overwhelmed; the drifting sand having already risen above his knees, when, at a few paces distant, a chasm formed by a rock which opposed the sand, met his view, and held forth a hope that beneath it friendly shelter himself

and the itinerant might find protection. An emotion of joy that escaped his lips at this discovery startled his companion, who, observing the direction of Zenim's finger, ventured to lift the gauze from his own eyes, an action which was followed by a burst of thankfulness, and an involuntary attempt to reach the only refuge which presented itself. It was in this cavity, with the sand blowing over their heads, that Zenim and the merchant again ventured to address each other, having for some time refrained from speaking, their mouths being dry and festered by the scorching particles which they had inhaled, in spite of their utmost precaution to prevent it. It was here, so far from lamenting their misfortunes, that they united their voices in adoring that all-sufficient Providence, who knoweth " to issue forth waters from the dry rock, and to scatter manna in the lone wilderness."

Towards evening the wind had greatly subsided, and the heat considerably decreased; but the sands were still extremely dangerous to pass over, especially to those whose feet were unaccustomed to trample on them. Zenim climbed up the rock as high as it was possible for him to ascend: all nature appeared one wild and deserted level, except at a distance of some leagues, he thought that he discovered the summits of stupendous mountains; this was a sight which inspired them with fresh hopes, because it implied either inhabitants or vegetation; but how, without drink or food, were our wanderers ever to pass the uncertain track necessary to be crossed? They felt that such a circumstance was impossible, and that they had evidently merely escaped being buried by the sand, to perish on the flinty rock which had sheltered them. It is no uncommon thing for eastern travellers to rip open the bodies of their camels in emergencies of this description, in order to possess themselves of the secret hoard of water, which nature teaches these animals to make a reserve of, but even the camel was too deeply immured to afford this last resource. Zenim observed with sensations of despair, that the strength of his friend was rapidly subsiding for want of nourishment! Alas! thought he, if we remain here, it is only to be immolated; let what will betide me, I am resolved to abandon the spot and seek succour for my forlorn partner in misery. Under that idea he endeavoured to ascertain the extent of their danger by moving from the rock, and in two steps he sunk up to his vest, as the itinerant stretched forth his hand and rescued him. "Even as the son of the righteous patriarch resigned himself patiently to the will of his father, even so let us here await the call of Heaven!" cried the good merchant, as Zenim sat down by his side, and traced the surrounding extent with a look of heart-rending anguish. The mind of youth is ever fertile in emergency, and at this moment a project fashioned itself in that of Zenim; he took from his shoulder the quiver which was still slung there, and dividing it into four pieces, fastened one of each by slits of linen which he rent from his garments to his feet and one of his hands; he then requested of the merchant to fasten the remaining piece to the other hand; and, walking on all fours, he found, to his inexpressible joy, that although he still sunk in the sand to some depth, he had invented the means of passing, with difficulty, the drifted shoal which surrounded the rock. The merchant, who with looks of terror beheld this singular experiment till it was crowned with success, was filled with grateful admiration at the sight, especially when Zenim convinced him that on the high ground there was sure footing. A new obstacle now presented itself: how the merchant was to pursue his adventurous companion; at length, Zenim suggested that he should rend his turban into long strips, and fastening the end to a stone, threw it after him; this being done, Zenim attached the four pieces of quiver, one by one, to the line, which the merchant drew towards the rock; he then fastened two to his feet, and, slipping his hands as it were into clogs, into the other two, succeeded in effecting his singular escape. They now pursued their way with all the caution possible for several hours, till, parched with thirst and exhausted by fatigue, the itinerant declared he could proceed no further; and, sinking on the ground, besought the afflicted Zenim to abandon him to his fate. This was an almost insupportable trial to the youthful wanderer, for although his own strength was rapidly diminishing, he had

cherished an ardent hope of attaining the mountains, where he expected to find a return of vegetation, which he was the more inclined to anticipate, as the forms of several birds had crossed them on the way, winging their flight in that direction; and, at the distance of half a league, he thought he distinguished an object presenting the appearance of one of those sacred wells, which have been erected at various times in different parts of the desart, in compliance with the last testaments of rich men, who hoped, by the fulfilment of so benevolent an object, to attain the approbation of the great prophet, and his good wishes towards their becoming immortal. Zenim shuddered as he heard the hoarse intreaties of the itinerant to be left behind; he beheld that death was making fast havoc in his blood—in vain he pointed to the supposed well, and even offered to bear his companion on his shoulder; a sudden torpor seemed to have taken possession of all his faculties, and he lay without voice or motion. Zenim spoke to him in tones of grief and compassion, but his words no longer produced any effect. Almost frantic with contending agitations, Zenim meditated what course it was best to pursue, in order, if possible, to preserve the itinerant's life; and, after some little deliberation, he resolved to seek the well by himself, and endeavour to procure water: if it could only be conveyed in the drapery of his vest, and wrung into the sufferer's mouth, it might be the means of prolonging his existence; and under this idea he hurried away. But what, and how bitter was his mortification, on discovering the object of his sanguine expectations—nothing more than a rude pile of loose stones, from the shelter of which an ostrich fled screaming away at his approach. Tears rushed into Zenim's eyes: he now felt that every prospect of restoring the merchant was at an end; and he was gazing on the pile before him, at a loss whether to return and witness the last convulsions of his companion, or resign himself to that indescribable wretchedness which was now taking possession of his own breast, as the form of a round substance in the sand arrested his sight, and, on drawing nearer, he perceived it to be an ostrich's egg; Zenim seized the treasure with an eager grasp, and returned thanks to God almost incoherently. Had the mines of Peru been at that moment within his power of disposal, he would not have felt so uncommon a degree of joy; he hastened —he flew to the spot on which he had left the merchant, and discovered him still alive; his eyes deep sunk in yellowness, and his lips purple with heat and lack of moisture. With the point of his dagger, Zenim broke open the egg, and instantly administered part of its contents to the poor sufferer, who was speedily so far relieved by its effects as to be able to speak. All that day and most of the next Zenim continued to comfort and attend him with unremitting assiduity; and while he was still hanging over him, in order as much as possible to screen his head from the sun, what words, what language, what earthly pen can describe the ecstacy which thrilled through his soul, as the sound of a camel's bell tinkled in his ear; and, on hastily looking around, he beheld a party of Bedouins* on horseback conducting several camels laden with baggage, apparently that which had belonged to the cafila previously to the sand-storm. Zenim called to the party as distinctly as his strength would allow, and at the sound of his voice, they rode directly up to him, when, presenting himself nobly to the man who appeared to be their leader, he represented the severe hardships recently undergone by himself and the itinerant, and begged to be received under his immediate protection. The chief of the Bedouins, with an air of generosity for which those people are famous, immediately commanded some of his followers to lift the invalid on a camel, and give him some restorative; then stretching forth his hand to Zenim, "young man," said he, "take courage, your troubles are now at an end; you shall not only be heartily welcome to accompany us, but we will adopt every means of insuring the life of your companion;" at the same time, he pointed to a camel which Zenim hastily ascended, and riding by the side of the merchant, comforting him from time to time, he perceived that they were fast approaching the mountains. Ere sunset Zenim was once again blessed by a prospect of vegetation, which he now witnessed

* Wild robbers.

with double transport; and even the eye of the itinerant resumed its fire, as he beheld the wild tamarinds fringing the sides of the rocks, and found himself once more likely to be restored to the society of his fellow-creatures, from which he had concluded himself for ever summoned. A delightful emotion of gratitude also inspired his heart, as he frequently pressed the hand of Zenim, and looked upon the fearless and benevolent boy as the instrument through which it had pleased heaven to prolong his existence; and a thousand times did he bless that impulse which had first taught him to honour and befriend a being so filial and so noble. After riding about two leagues among the mountains, the Bedouins turned their horses into a cave, which formed a considerable court, and led to several interiors of a smaller description. It was here that the chief of the Bedouins alighted, and giving the reins of his steed to an attendant, caused several others to assist the itinerant from his camel, and conduct him up a flight of stairs, ascending to a second cave of unusual circumference, while he motioned Zenim to accompany the party, himself leading the way. The interior of the second cavern received light from a considerable quantity of small excavations which opened through the roof towards the east, in the forms of suns and stars, and wore the appearance of having been originally one of those rude tombs, in which forgotten generations are thought to have disposed the bodies of their ancestors, and to have described their peculiar virtues by carving innumerable nondescript animals and figures on the surrounding rock. There was nevertheless a degree of comfort attached to this singular dwelling of the Bedouins; but Zenim, as he observed the mausoleum character which it wore, could not but be reminded of the humming birds which build their nests in the sockets of the dead serpent's eyes. A matting of rice straw covered the whole floor, and over that, in the centre, a rich Turkey carpet, doubtless the prize of some recent pillage supplied the absence of sofas, at the extremity whereof a cushion of crimson tapestry appeared to give the chief that distinction and pre-eminence, with which the Bedouins are disposed to honour their leaders. A sort of couch was spread for the itinerant, while Zenim was invited to seat himself on the carpet among the horde; when, after observing the usual forms of the Arabians, they prepared to eat of a variety of dishes that were rapidly placed before them. After the meal, followed opium, dates, and a liquor somewhat resembling sherbet, in which each man indulged as best pleased his inclinations. One or two of the Bedouins played agreeably on the lute, and sung at the same time such ditties as accorded with their way of life, and appeared to impart a considerable degree of satisfaction to the rest of the community. There was an air of hospitality prevailing throughout the horde, which to a stranger could not fail of proving uncommonly fascinating, and could he have ceased to recollect the system by which these marauders obtained their livelihood, it might easily have been possible for him to esteem them as a body of men, whose manners were far from being the least admirable and worthy of imitation. In a few days the itinerant was perfectly recovered; which the chief observing, spoke to him and to Zenim, in a most frank and liberal way: "Brothers," said he, "you have accidentally become acquainted with our way of life, you are now welcome to join it, or to depart at your leisure; we have no slaves here among us, all here are free; our laws are simple, but they are strictly to be attended to." The merchant returned sincere thanks for this act of condescension. "Sir," answered he, "the generosity of your behaviour, independently of the conviction that, but for your timely interference, both I and my companion might ere now have been numbered with the dead, were enough to rivet sterner hearts than ours constantly to your interests; still there are ties in existence, which by fastening themselves to our earliest notions of every thing that is most dear, every thing that is most sacred, every thing that one would wish to have near him if possible, in the hour of dissolution, from which we cannot emigrate to others even of a more captivating appearance. For my own part, I have children who would never cease to regret the length of my absence. I have reared them by the strength of my industry, and they are the more endeared

to me by the very anxieties they have occasioned. God willing, therefore, I would see them once again, and have no better hands than theirs to close my expiring eyes—no sincerer grief than theirs follow me to the tomb of my fathers. For this young man," turning to Zenim as he continued, " he has business of material import to perform at Abyssinia, wherein all the future happiness of his parents, and most certainly himself, may be sacrificed by his delay."

" Enough : I have no wish to intrude upon your private affairs, and since you decline my offer, I am only happy to inform you, that to-morrow we again quit these mountains; and after conducting you to the extent of our own journey in that direction, will put you in the road to Medina, leaving you in a condition not to regret your casual acquaintance with the wandering Bedouins, who if they frequently violate the laws by taking advantage of the rich, sometimes attempt at remuneration, by aiding and protecting the defenceless."

Zemin and the itinerant bowed their heads at these words, and were about to unbosom their mutual sentiments, as the Bedouin with an almost imperative motion of his hand expressed their thanks, and turning towards some of his followers, proceeded to make arrangements for his intended departure.

(For conclusion see Supplement.)

THE ROOKERY.

A TRUE TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

O, FLATTERY! how potent is thy influence, even arising from the humblest sources. It was nothing but blind obedience to the weakness of self-opinion, that induced Lister, in defiance of Geordie's admonition, to visit Wardock, on her abode of abject wretchedness, and to pity that forlorn condition, which she represented to him arose entirely from unmerited persecutions; and in those persecutions Wardock seemed to find an excuse for every enormity. Had she been dishonest, it was the effect of persecution; had she been infamous, it was the result of persecution; and was she steeped in notorious want, still, still it was the consequence of persecution. One fine afternoon, as Lister was riding in the fields, he happened to pass Wardock's cottage; she was seated in the sun at the door: he observed that she was unusually melancholy, and drawing near, inquired the reason: " Out upon them!" said she, rising from the ground; " they refuse to grant me relief, because they will have it that I am strong enough to work in the hay, when my limbs are dried up with long suffering, cramps, and agues; but you, Mr. Lister, you are the man to feel for the miseries of the poor. O, that there was but more of your kind-heartedness displayed, by such as have it in their power to do good; they tell me that I shall not lead the life of a vagabond, but that I shall go into the workhouse. What, afford me no better shelter than this, and want to rob me of it; no better food than the wholesome air in which I was bred, and want to shut me up in their *spinneries* and *sickeries?* God forbid! Mr. Lister; God forbid it! kind Mr. Lister! there's no other gentleman besides yourself in all the parish; do you interfere for me, or I shall be poisoned and *pent* up!! With these words the tears streamed copiously down her sun-burnt cheeks, and she gave way to sobs of the wildest description. The dose of adulation which she had contrived to mingle in her discourse, had its weight with the person to whom it was administered; and, in order to console her, Lister promised that if the overseers to whom she alluded refused to grant her a suitable allowance out of the workhouse, he himself would individually afford such a maintenance as might enable her to support her child till she should become strong enough to accept of some employ-

ment on his own farm. Wardock's tears soon abated at this intelligence, and she was pouring forth a torrent of unmeaning thanks at the very moment when Mrs. Lister, accompanied by Jenny, was taking a stroll towards the hay-meadow. "Do but look, ma'am!" cried Jenny, as she got over a stile crossing the footpath under a hedge, which concealed them from the observation of Natty and Wardock, who were on the opposite side of the adjoining lane; "do but look, if there be'nt Master and Wardock Kennilson together again! There must be a something betwixt 'em: I knows as how if he was my husband——" Mrs. Lister stared at Jenny with surprise, and peeping through the hedge, she indeed saw Natty leaning leisurely over the pummel of his saddle, and conversing very familiarly with Wardock.—"'Tis true," said she, "I see Mr. Lister talking with that poor woman; but what then?"—"What, then! Why, Missus, you gave I an ould gound this morning, and I shoudn't show myself very thankful if so being as I didn't let you into a bit of a secret: people say that master is no more afraid of going into yinder house, than he be into his own: he's always a talking about poor Wardock this; and poor Wardock that: now, nobody ever thought of pitying sich a kreter afore, and I shoud'nt be surprized if she gin him some love powder in the christening ale."

Mrs. Lister turned deadly pale at this discourse; she now saw her husband ride away without the resolution of calling after him, and observed that the eye of Wardock followed him with a leer of exultation which she could not at all understand. "Look how the owld witch grins," said Jenny, in an under-tone, as if afraid of Wardock's agency; "no doubt but the charm works sweetly."

"What is it you mean, fool?" exclaimed Mrs. Lister, pettishly, as if ashamed of the interrogation.

"Fool! well, I likes to be called fool by one that's gotten sich good grounds to laugh at other folk," answered Jenny, with a saucy laugh; "what do I mean, ma'am? lauks, you can't pertend not to know that, when you were a bed didn't I, wi' my own two ears, hear master promise to become a father or a frind to Wardock's brat! a brat that to my mind niver had not no father at all—howsomdever, if you likes these here goings on, why 'tisn't not no business o' mine, only, as an honest servant, I just feels it my duty to let ye into the light o' things, that's all."

Mrs. Lister had proceeded a considerable way, eagerly listening to all Jenny said, yet appearing to avoid it. Jealousy is a dry commodity, which a spark instantly kindles to a violent flame. Ere now, it has made angels demons; no wonder then it should occasion an electric shock, in a mind not eminently above mediocrity. I once knew a person who was jealous of a canary bird, which received too much attention from the hand he estimated beyond all others! and he actually suffered the thing to escape privately from its cage, rather than endure the mortification of seeing it caressed constantly by his mistress. In the course of the day Mrs. Lister had reasoned with herself on the nature of Jenny's suspicions, and, like most people who reason with jaundiced intellects, confirmed their justness in her own mind; the wretchedness attaching itself to Wardock, her forbidding appearance, her repulsive manners, availed nothing: every symptom of recent indifference on the part of Lister was now summed up, and eventually did Mrs. Lister conclude herself a miserable, ruined woman; still, with a philosophy not common to the inconsistencies of a jealous soul, she resolved to have convincing proofs before she proceeded to accusations or reproaches; and, alas! that material point, material to her thinking, was not long in presenting itself, for that very evening the overseers called upon Mr. Lister, as it should seem by his *own* appointment, to consult over a bottle on what was best to be done with the mendicant Wardock Kennilson. Mrs. Lister, who was struggling to stifle the serpent in her bosom, was present at this interview, little dreaming of the subject which required such especial discussion. Geordie Pule was the first to open the proceeding. Mrs. Lister coloured as the name of Wardock met her ear, but remained silent: the overseers were for Wardock's being immediately taken to the workhouse; they instanced her wild and idle way of life as being a pernicious example. Lister, however, objected to enforcing the woman from her own home, as she had called it:

"he would not," he said, "see an *abused* creature so oppressed; to him she had always conducted herself mildly; and if to others she had made use of strong terms, would not a worm turn again, when it was trampled on?"—"Trampled on!" exclaimed one of the overseers, indignantly; "did you know the arts and wiles of this woman, and the trouble she has given us from time to time, you wouldn't talk at this rate." —"But she has met with *cruel* persecutions," said Lister; "which ought not to be continued.—"Persecutions!" observed Geordie Pule; "the old story!" and he burst into a laugh, in which he was joined by the overseers. "I see how it is," continued Natty, suppressing his anger at the laugh which seemed not a little levelled at himself: "but I take an interest in Wardock Kennilson. I have promised to be a friend to her, and will do it out of my own means."—"Why, the old witch has done him completely," roared Geordie: "and all the characters laughed louder than before, except Mrs. Lister; who could no longer restrain her rage, but starting up with the expression of a demon in her countenance, "'Tis all true," cried she; "too true; you are, indeed, the dupe of that base, low-born wretch, or you could never endure these taunts; and is it thus my property must be consumed? But I deserve it, for demeaning myself to marry again as I have done. I'll not bear it; no: I'll quit this house for ever 'ere I'll consent to see a husband of mine made a laughing-stock for the whole village, and myself a laughing-stock, and my poor dear *first* husband a—" Here Mrs. Lister's overcharged feelings were too much for her, and she sunk back into a chair just as Jenny, who had been listening, ran into the room, exclaiming, "ah! poor kreter! I knew she wouldn't be able to keep up her spirits; I couldn't when I was jealous of squinting Molly Perkins. At the word *jealous*, a mutual understanding seemed to take place; Lister appeared vexed, if not ashamed, of the object of his wife's suspicions: but Geordie Pule and the overseers in a half-smothered smile, said "if he liked to keep Wardock Kennilson out of the workhouse it was nothing to them." The next day, however, Wardock Kennilson went to the workhouse, and her ruinous cottage was pulled down, to be rebuilt at the leisure and expense of the parish. The circumstance which the meeting of the overseers had thus decided on, and the scene they had witnessed, lost no weight by being related in the village; nor was Jenny backward in adding a few interesting particulars, by way of enhancing the indignation of her mistress, and the importance of her own character; and, simple as it may seem, this very circumstance served to impart a material alteration to the already tainted dispositions of Mr. and Mrs. Lister, inasmuch as it inspired her with innumerable, general, and petty suspicions, which could not fail of degenerating his indifference into downright dislike. About two months after Wardock's being taken to the workhouse, a law meeting, at which it was necessary for Mrs. Lister to be present, called her, with her husband, several days from home; during which time, the two girls were sent to a friend's house, and the infant Robert strictly confided to the charge of the *faithful* Jenny, with earnest injunctions never to leave him for a moment. Jenny however, thought, now she had become both master and mistress as it were, at the Rookery, this would be a most glorious opportunity to invite one or two of her rustic acquaintance, and treat them with a dish of tea out of the best *real* china, and shew them *all over the house.* Accordingly she issued her requests in due form, and having attired herself in one of Mrs. Lister's lace caps, sat herself down to rock the cradle till her visitors' arrival, which was soon announced by low and half-scared knocks, administered by the knuckles on the back door, a way of entrance which Jenny thought it advisable to retain in force, lest some more unwelcome visitant should encounter the timid maidens, whose superiority might have excited an awkward confusion. Among these secret guests came Miss Molly Perkins, Jenny's former rival, invited perhaps not so much on a renewal of terms, as to bear witness of Jenny's ostentation, a vast deal of which she was studying to display, when Miss Molly, who had lived *almost* a month at a chemist's in the market town of * * * *, asked whether she had ever been fortunate enough to hear a tune fingered by notes on a *hijana fort.* Poor Jenny was so terrified at an inquiry so stupendous,

and so beyond her ideas, that she said she never could bear music by notes: for when Samson Splitroof chaunted at church o'Sundays, she always endeavoured to fall fast asleep aforehand; and, in order to get rid of the subject, began to cut up a smoking hot loaf, which she had provided for tea, though the weather, as Molly had observed, was extremely *sultrous.* After tea, of course, Jenny invited her friends to a walk in the orchard; where, ascending a tree, with rather a lusty shake she continued to scatter apples till all the guests had filled their pockets, with the exception of Molly, who asserted, that since her living at the *chimister's*, she had left off wearing pockets, as it was thought quite *lowlive,* and much more genteeler to wear a *ridiculous.* As Jenny did not comprehend these overstrained expressions, she adopted a means of concealing her ignorance, now very much in use among people of a higher denomination, by giving an assenting and a sagacious laugh. From the orchard they went into the Rookery, and amused themselves for some time by blowing the tops off the dandelions, in order to ascertain how long it would be ere each of them should get married, without wasting a thought on little Robert, whom they had left asleep in the cradle; till Jenny looked towards the house by accident, and thought she saw a person very much like Wardock Kennilson go out at the back-door, and disappear through a gap in the garden-hedge. Jenny trembled from head to foot, and pointing out the figure just before it vanished, to her companions, she lost no time in returning: but what was her consternation on finding the child pale and cold, as if just recovering from some unusual convulsion! "Do but look," said she, "if that ould hag hasn't been trying to strangle my child!" and taking the babe in her arms, she proceeded to rock it violently. During the evening and part of the next day the poor babe appeared to be a great sufferer, from some internal cause, and in vain did Jenny burn a paper effigy of Wardock, strew salt over the threshold, and adopt every means she could think of in practice at Miredeep, to expel witchcraft; nothing seemed to assuage the indisposition of her infant charge.

The next evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Lister were on their way home, having entered a narrow lane leading to the back gate of the Rookery, were riding slowly along, the horse took fright at a noise in the underwood, and obstinately refused to move. Lister, therefore, descended, in order to lead him, while his wife proceeded to walk by a nearer cut to which she was accustomed, through an adjoining enclosure. She had not reached more than half way across the field, when the form of some person enveloped in a long cloak, leaning against an oak tree, and apparently gazing on the rising moon, stood before her. Mrs. Lister started; a cold thrill rushed through her blood; her limbs trembled with fear, as though she had a sufficient cause to apprehend something dreadful. She listened for a moment; the sound of the horses' footsteps vibrated audibly upon her ear; her courage returned, and she again hurried forward. The figure which had occasioned her to falter, now left its melancholy, recumbent position, and starting abruptly into the confined path, opposed her face to face. At that moment the cloak in which she had wrapped herself fell loosely over one arm, and the terrific Wardock, in an attitude of defiance, stood confessed. "Is it you, good woman?" faltered Mrs. Lister, struggling to be firm, and hoping, by a conciliatory tone of voice, to subdue the anger which Wardock's manner evidently betrayed. "Good woman, name ye me?" said the mendicant; "for what am I good, but to be persecuted even by those who call me so; and is it you to fawn upon me in the lone of eventide, whose cursed malice sent me and my poor babe to the workhouse, to bear the jeers and taunts of your petty tyrants, who seek to starve us into our respect for gentlefolks, as ye call yourselves? but I'm not to be bound: the earth is mine—the air is mine; the world is mine! God made it for us all—and there's room enough for us all, is there *not,* proud woman?"—"Plenty! plenty!" ejaculated Mrs. Lister; "you know I have nothing to do with the overseers;" and she attempted to move on. "But a word of your's had kept me and mine from the workhouse," continued Wardock, intercepting her.—"A word of yours sent me there. D'ye think I'm blind that I cannot see? d'ye think, I'm deaf that I cannot hear? You live in your proud

house, yonder; it looks nobly: mine is levelled with the ground—they'll never build it up again for Wardock—well, then, the heath and the hillock shall be my bed and pillow, and I may chance to sleep sounder than you, who have lifted your hand against the bricks of that, which once sheltered me from the storm. You sent my boy to the workhouse, did you?" Wardock's teeth grated furiously as she spoke: "have a care your own comes not there when you least expect it." There was something so demoniac in the features of Wardock as she uttered the last sentence, that Mrs. Lister would freely have given all she possessed in the world to be rid of her. "You tremble!" continued Wardock; "we are alone, quite alone; which now is better than the other? Be not alarmed, I seek not your life; I would stab deeper, much deeper; months, years, nay your whole existence shall not be sufficient to heal the wound I'll inflict: you'll confess it all one day, and think if your time were to pass again, that to drive a poor body into the workhouse would be your last resolve." Wardock now tossed Mrs. Lister's arm from her with an air of scorn, and hastened from the place, while the agitated object of her threats with scarce less speed entered her own residence almost as pale and breathless, as she might eventually expect to be in her coffin. When Lister came to be made acquainted with the conduct of Wardock, although he did not marvel at her resentment, he felt indignant at her temerity, and resolved to inform her, that unless she determined to conduct herself with more humility in future, not only the workhouse, but solitary confinement should become her portion. This remonstrance lost its weight: for Wardock, resigning her child to the humanity of those whom she affected to despise, from that moment disappeared from the village, leaving Mrs. Lister to mourn over the sudden indisposition of little Robert; who, Jenny said, she was ready to take her bible and testament oath, had never been off her lap since her master and mistress drove out of the yard, to go and see after the lawyers.

(For conclusion, see Supplement.)

SNOW HOUSES OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

Captain Franklin, on his expedition to the shores of the Arctic Sea, had two Esquimaux interpreters, severally named by the traders Augustus and Junius. The ingenuity of the former of these has enabled the Captain to give the following very interesting account of the snow houses of at least a part of the Esquimaux nation.

"The winter habitations of the Esquimaux who visit Churchill are built of snow; and judging from one constructed by Augustus to-day, they are very comfortable dwellings. Having selected a spot on the river where the snow was about two feet deep, and sufficiently compact, he commenced by tracing out a circle twelve feet in diameter. The snow in the interior of the circle was next divided with a broad knife, having a long handle, into slabs three feet long, six inches thick, and two feet deep, being the thickness of the layer of snow. These slabs were tenacious enough to admit of being moved about without breaking, or even losing the sharpness of their angles; and they had a slight degree of curvature corresponding with that of the circle from which they were cut. They were piled upon each other exactly like courses of hewn stone around the circle which was traced out, and care was taken to smooth the beds of the different courses with the knife, and to cut them so as to give the wall a slight inclination inwards, by which contrivance the building acquired the properties of a dome (the figure of a cupola). The dome (cupola) was closed suddenly and flatly by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge-form, instead of the more rectangular shape of those below. The roof was about eight feet high, and the last aperture was shut up by a small conical piece. The whole was built from within, and each slab was cut so that it retained its position without requiring support until another was placed beside it; the lightness of the slabs greatly facilitating this operation. When the building was covered in, a little loose snow was thrown over it, to close up every chink; and a low door was cut through the walls with a knife. A bed

place was next formed, and neatly faced up with slabs of snow, which was then covered with a thin layer of pine-branches, to prevent them from melting by the heat of the body. At each end of the bed a pillar of snow was erected, to place a lamp upon; and lastly, a porch was built before the door, and a piece of clear ice was placed in an aperture cut in the wall for a window.

"The purity of the material of which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building; and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple, reared by Phidias: both are triumphs of art, inimitable in their kinds.

"Annexed there is a plan of a complete Esquimaux snow-house, with kitchen and other apartments, copied from a sketch made by Augustus, with the names of the different places affixed. The only fire-place is in the kitchen, the heat of the lamps sufficing to keep the other apartments warm." p. 266.

The sketch annexed to the preceding description exhibits the ground plan of a house containing eight rooms, contained in as many contiguous cupolas, or bee-hives, of different sizes, and of which six run in a straight line. These snow-houses of the Esquimaux of Hudson's Bay are objects of curiosity for more than one reason. In the first place they serve, as appears in a subsequent page, to identify the habits, or, so to say, the domestic architecture, of those people with that of the Esquimaux of Copper-mine River, or the American coast of the Arctic Sea; in the second, they seem to mark a diversity from the practice of the Esquimaux of East Greenland, of whose *subterraneous* winter dwellings a particular account has just appeared from Captain Scoresby;* and in the third, they call to recollection that the building of houses of snow and ice, is attributed to the inhabitants of the Northernmost parts of the Old Continent, not less than to those of the New. The celebrated palace of ice, built for Catharine II., was only characteristic of the country in which it was performed. That palace was made resplendent with numerous lights; and we find, that such is the intense cold of the atmosphere, that the snow-houses of the Esquimaux resist the effects of lamps and fires within their thin and translucent walls.

* It may deserve remark, however, that in the relation of a tradition of the Copper Indians, concerning the escape of a female prisoner of their nation from the Esquimaux, we are told that the former suppose her to have lived among the Esquimaux in a subterraneous house. On the other hand, the statement that the female being stopped on her journey by the winter, "formed a house for herself, after the manner she had learned from the Esquimaux," seems more intelligible, if we suppose a snow-house, such as that built with so much facility by Augustus; than if we are obliged to imagine a cavern, formed of slabs of rock, and earth, and entered by a tunnel, like the houses described by Capt. S. It is to be added, that the Indians build no houses at all, but live in tents throughout the winter.—*Ed.*

ORIGINAL AND FUGITIVE POETRY.

STANZAS

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Yes! once I own I lov'd thee,
With purest flame, with purest flame;
The smiles of beauty mov'd me,
Let stoics blame, let stoics blame;
Aye! let them scorn love's tender theme,
And with cold hearts such lays deride;
One hour of youth's romantic dream,
Is worth an age of life beside!

When Hope's soft voice was singing,
Her sweetest lay, her sweetest lay;
And smiles, like flowers were springing,
Around my way, around my way;
Then first in joyous hour we met,
With bosoms light, from sorrow free,
Nor did I dream that dark regret,
Could ever rise, at thought of thee!

'Twas in youth's summer season,
When hearts were gay, when hearts were gay,
Before the wand of Reason,
Chas'd Hope away, chas'd Hope away;

That first this bosom felt love's power,
And worshipp'd at his fairy shrine;
Nor ever thought that luckless hour
Should be the source of griefs like mine!

That sunny time pass'd over,
And life grew dark, and life grew dark;
And fate soon left thy lover,
A stranded bark, a stranded bark;
Of all his early glories 'reft,
On life's rude ocean, dark and dim,
With not one friendly harbour left,
Or welcome port to shelter him!

Still, in that hour of sorrow,
When fortune frown'd, when fortune frown'd;
His heart one hope could borrow,
To look around, to look around!
It was the blissful thought of thee,
As in life's bright, unclouded day,
That lighten'd all the misery
That track'd the wanderer's weary way!

Yet, this last hope was blighted,
So fate decreed, so fate decreed;
For THOU like others slighted
The bruised reed, the bruised reed.
Yes, thou wert like that faithless thing,
The blue-wing'd bird, of distant isles;
That only spreads its painted wing,
And breathes its song, when Phœbus smiles!

Yes, once I own I lov'd thee,
Alas! too well, alas! too well;
How faithless I have prov'd thee
I will not tell, I will not tell!
Let stoics scorn love's tender theme,
And turn away their eyes of pride;
Give me one hour of passion's dream,
'Tis worth an age of life beside.

TO THE FRONT CURL.

Thou, little wanton, peering elf,
Say, whither hast thou strayed?
Has zephyr spread thee, or has self
Thy jetty sheen displayed?
No doubt thou wouldst, my waving spright,
Attract the worldly grace,
That thus on Lucy's forehead white
Thou hold'st a lonely place.

Too warily thou woo'st the eye
To chain the look to joy;
When graces ask, we must deny,
Yet kneel too, when they're coy.
'Tis not the rustling rich array,
Or fashion's potent law,
Should lead the heart of man away
Mere captive to *boudoir*.

The maiden is as beauteous still,
As much delight imposes,
Though down each ruffle, ne'er a rill
Has flown of "ot. of roses."
The hand's warm pressure cannot hold
More sweetly, or yet faster,
Though to its mistress has been sold
Some "patent alabaster."

The glowing dye that stains the cheek
All lovers count a treasure:
Yet cannot much for value speak,
If taken off at pleasure.
Time soon enough brings on a blight,
And quick each charm dismisses:
If they must fade in winter's night,
Be proof to summer kisses!

And so let parent nature guide
The tenant of her hour,
Adown the narrow rippled tide,
Without a borrowed flower.
To dress the form she carries hence,
Which tempted oft to steal
A weed, in silly vain pretence,
Of fancied blot to heal,

Becomes from frequent robbing, grown
So fashionably gay,
That nature finds its fav'rite flown,
And sighing turns away.
Therefore, dear Lucy, take that curl,
To mix in kindred bands;
Nor, if that thou would'st charm, dear girl,
Displace it with THY hands.

SPEAKING MIRROR.

MISS A. M. TREE.

(BY D. W. JERROLD.)

Yes, I have felt, when melody hath waked
An impulse but to music giv'n,
Spell-bound and charm'd the trembling heart hath quaked,
And ecstacy its core hath riv'n;
But transient as the breeze in summer bow'rs—
Gently ruffling a rose or two;
There rioted no leaf among the flow'rs—
But quick could be relaid by *dew*.

Oft has the swell of harmony mine ear
Enchanted with its syren sigh;
Awhile has pamper'd in its luscious sphere,
That, courtier-like, would still say "aye,"
As long as feeding on the pleasing gifts
Of lib'ral song—but soon as ceas'd—
No inward joy the charmed spirit lifts—
Giver is forgotten with the feast.

Not so thy deep and all-subduing strain,
Mem'ry and that are ne'er apart;
It wraps the sense—it pierces through the brain,
And frequent vibrates in the heart.
There lives a soul within its slightest breath
To people fancy with a throng
Of tuneful cherubs, never meant for death—
Rais'd beings of a fairy's song.—

And oh, that group of inexpressive things
Which sometimes shine upon the day
Of man, like lov'd and loving regal kings
In vast and glorious array;
Hallowing the hour from grosser thought
Which bound by sacred holy chain,
Remembrance feels 'tis passion's magic wrought,
And sees the pageant glow again.

Oh! 'tis a sound at which all feelings stay
Mute, yet deepening—sweetly blessed—
And gaining, beauty-like, some calm-hush'd bay
That holds a sunbeam on its breast—
Dear gift, that yielding brightness yields, too, peace,
Sacred by thee, the slumb'ring wave
Fears not the ruffling tempest's wild release,
Nor lawless winds' loud-sounding rave.

Fair Queen of Song—though other strains may join
In rivalry 'gainst thy control,
For her alone the chaplet would I twine
Who sings not to the ear, but *soul;*
Whose breathings, ardent as that morning bird,
That to the sun prefers his tale
Combine to accents, but ne'er heaven heard
The passion of the nightingale.

THE VOW.

Thy beauty, how bright and bewitching to me!
On which, unalloy'd, I incessantly gaze:
My hopes, my existence, are centred in thee,
Thou pride of my soul, and thou theme of my praise!
Thou hast oft heard me sigh, when fondly perceiving
A smile of endearment encircle thy brow,
And well mightst thou know, that this breast then was heaving
For ever to bind thee to *me* by a vow.

No verbal expressions of love, I confess,
To speak a return, have escaped from my fair,
Yet thy tremblings and looks reveal not the less,
That the passion I feel, thou canst not but share;
Thy cheek, chastely blushing, and thus condescending,
As oft as I urge thee, consent to bestow,
Disclose to me well what emotions contending
Beseech thee to list, and unite in my vow.

Away then thy doubts! cease thy blushing alarms!
Our souls harmonize, and our sympathies too;
Confiding and loving then rush to my arms,
Ever prest to my bosom, and dear to my view;
Oh, heed not the world, which delights but in scorning
All objects as beauteous, as blameless as thou!
Let us haste, even now, in our youth's blooming morning,
To pledge—and, when pledged, keep unsullied our vow.

NUPTIAL REPARTEE.

Charles to the altar led the lovely Jane,
Then to her father's house returned again,
Where, to convey them on their wedding tour
Already stood a landaulet and four.
But, lo! the gathering showers at once descend,
Cloud rolls on cloud, and warring winds contend!
This moves him not, but in he hands his bride,
Then seats himself enraptured by her side;
And to console the Fair he thus begun,
"I hope we soon shall have a little sun."
But she, to whom the weather gave no pain,
Who heeded not the clouds or pattering rain,
But most about her future cares bethought her,
Replied, "My dear, I'd rather have a *daughter*."

LINES TO A LADY.

Thou art dearer to me than wealth untold,
Or a pure gushing spring to a pilgrim faint:
And one glance of thine eye is more welcome than gold,
Or all the gay visions the young pleasures paint!

Thou art sweeter to me than the rich damask rose,
That fragrantly blooms in a far foreign clime;
And fairer than any fair flow'ret that blows,
With the sun and the zephyr to ripen its prime!

Thou art prized by this soul as the light by the day,
And dark would my time be without thee,
For thou'rt the lov'd star that illumines my way,
And sheds a sweet halo about me!

E. S. C——Y.



EVENING [illegible]

London Published 1st [illegible]



MORNING EXHIBITION DRESS.

London, Published 1 June 1824, for La Belle Assemblée N.

FASHIONS

FOR

JUNE, 1823.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—Evening Dress.

Dress of pink *crape lise*, over a white satin slip, the border richly trimmed with figured *tulle;* at the hem is a twisted rouleau of white and pink satin, and on the other side of the tulle a puffing of white crape; full blown Provence roses are placed at equal distances from each other, and are carelessly scattered over the border; a rich, broad ornament, corresponding with this border, falls over the bust and round the shoulders, &c.: it answers exactly to the figured *tulle* on the skirt, only that it is without the roses, and is fastened in front with a brooch, consisting of a fine sapphire set round with pearls. The hair is arranged in the Madonna style, except that two short ringlets, *à la tire-bouchon,* fall just to the tip of the ear. A demi-wreath of roses ornaments the hair, behind which is placed the new Parisian head ornament of a diadem of blond. The necklace worn with the above dress consists of two rows of large pearls twisted. The slippers are pink satin, with rosettes of the same; and white kid gloves, rucked below the elbow, so as to display near half of the lower part of the arm.

No. 2.—Morning Exhibition Dress.

A pelisse of *Gros de Naples,* of a mignionet leaf green, trimmed from the commencement of the bust to the termination of the skirt, down the front, with a kind of open Brandenburgh ornament, formed of narrow rouleaux, and finished at the outward points by trefoils. Down the centre of this novel and beautiful trimming are embossed buttons: at the hem are two wadded rouleaux; above which are embossed water-lilies, spread open, in the division of which is a button; these lilies are laid on separate on the border; the mancherons are simply puckered, and have one small water lily as an ornament in front of the shoulder; and the wrists are finished by a *languette* cuff, with a similar ornament above. The bonnet is of a new and becoming shape, and is of pearl-coloured *Gros de Naples;* the crown ornamented with Bouffont trimming, slightly interspersed with roses, both red and white. A cornette of fine lace of Urling's manufacture is worn under this bonnet, and the pelisse is surmounted by a double frill of the same material. A gold chain with eye-glass, valuable seals, and other trinkets of real worth, finishes this appropriate and charming costume, for the various elegant morning lounges and exhibitions now open to an admiring and crowded metropolis.

A parasol of the lightest shade of Nile-water green, seems an indispensable appendage to this elegant dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FASHIONS AND DRESS.

We flatter ourselves that the summer fashions are now taking some decisive form for the month of June; yet the *demi-saison* articles of the toilet were never, we believe, so long retained. About the middle of May, a rigorous easterly wind made our shivering and delicate belles resort to the fur tippet they had been inclined to throw off, as they hoped, till the next winter; but milder and more genial weather now ushers in the smiling graces, and Fashion pours from her inexhaustless store the light and varied material for the summer garment, the lace-like transparent bonnet of fine straw, the wreath composed of Flora's brilliant treasures, and the plume of gossamer texture, tipped with every tint of the rainbow, to adorn the British fair. A metropo-

lis crowded with rank, beauty, and fashion, presents to the eye a beautiful variety, and enables us to select, for the information of our patronesses, what seems to be most in general favour among the higher orders of society.

The out-door costume, either for the promenade or the carriage, consists much of spencers aud pelisses of *Gros de Naples*, or of double levantine, of bright and spring-like colours, with very full and well fancied *mancherons* on the tops of the sleeves: otherwise the trimmings are remarkable for their simplicity; and some pelisses are made quite plain, but then they are conspicuous for the costliness of their materials, and the beauty of their colours. High dresses of poplin, with *filets de mouches* handkerchiefs carelessly thrown over the shoulders, are much worn in the morning drive; they are only adapted for the carriage; the enveloping shawl of cachemire is more in favour for the promenade.

The bonnets are short at the ears, wide in front, and placed moderately backward; veils still continue in high favour, either over the face, or thrown in negligent and graceful drapery over the bonnet. Open straw, in the most beautiful and lace-like patterns, is a charming material for summer hats or bonnets, and is likely to be in general estimation, particularly for the carriage, for which costume a beautiful plume of white ostrich or marabout feathers, tipped with bright spring colours, gives a distinguished and truly elegant finish. Welch's straw hat manufactory, in Skinner Street, abounds with a diversity of bonnets of this and every other kind of fancy straw, Leghorn, &c. Flowers, as ornaments on straw hats, are as yet but partially adopted, and they are of the most simple kind, chiefly of the hedge flowers now most in season: as their fabrication gives employment to many of the children of indigent industry, we hope to see them soon under more general patronage. Many bonnets fasten under the chin with lappets instead of ribbons, in the same manner as was the mode last summer. Vandyck trimmings are revived, and are seen in satin at the edge of bonnets made of *Gros de Naples*, elegantly figured in the most beautiful and delicate patterns; these are most admired when white, and their ornament is a handsome plume of vulture's feathers; they are in the village shape, and of a most becoming size, shading the countenance sufficiently, without concealing it. A bonnet of slate purple, lined with white satin, and crowned with a beautiful plumage of white round feathers, elegantly drooping, and tipt with purple, is among the novelties of the last week, and was first seen on the head of a lady, as much distinguished for her unrivalled taste, as for the high rank she holds in polished society. A white crape hat, also, in the Mary Stuart style, with a simple wreath round the crown of myrtle in flower, is an admired head covering for young ladies, in carriage morning visitings.

Nothing is more versatile than the manner of trimming gowns: festooned flounces, with rosettes between each space, wheat-sheaves, the Indian lotus, rows of quatrefoils; in short, every device that taste and fancy can form; they are all, however, though sometimes embossed, lightly and delicately disposed over the border of the dress, and, with the exception of satin, which is often made use of in these trimmings to mark them well out, are made of crape, gauze, and other slight materials. Beautifully printed muslins are worn in preference now to white, for morning costume; for half dress, silks of every kind, but the double levantine is most in favour; checquered silks are much in vogue, rose colour or lilac, on a white ground; this is but a *gout passager;* they are generally trimmed with *rouleaux* of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the checquers. Sarsnet gowns are all lined with silk of a slight texture, which causes them to sit well about the form, and may be deemed an improvement. The sashes have very full bows and short ends; these are not lined, but they are bound at each edge with very narrow binding of satin. Light blue or rose-coloured gauze over white satin are favourite materials for ball dresses: a white satin *corsage* trimmed with foliage ornaments across the bust, with very short, puffed-out sleeves, finishes the dress, the gauze skirt of which is trimmed with *rosaces* in satin, embellished with pearls and bouquets of white hyacinths. Evening dresses are of crape, fine net, or lace: rouleaux of satin, or flounces of blond, very narrow and very numerous, form the chief trimming on these

dresses; they are placed double, with broad spaces between each pair of flounces. Gauze *bouilloné* is also a favourite trimming at the borders of dress gowns, between the rows of which are placed flowers, very lightly disposed. Gossamer gauze dresses are generally trimmed with flounces of the same material, set on very full, and lying one over the other; the whole number being usually six. Clear muslin dresses are worn much at friendly dinner parties; some of which are trimmed with coloured satin, and have a corsage the same colour as the trimming.

Little caps of white satin are much worn in half-dress, with one simple flower; loaded with a full bouquet, of about five different kinds of flowers, the same cap is often adopted as a head-dress at the theatre. The hats worn at the opera are beautiful and becoming; they are in the Spanish form, turned up in front, with large white ostrich or vulture feathers, which hang over the shoulder, part of the way down the arm: the hats are of black satin and transparent stiffened net, or of coloured gauze; the feathers are beautifully tipped with a variety of lively colours. The hair is arranged in a very becoming style, parted from the centre of the forehead, *à la Madonna*, with curls on each temple; young ladies, when they ornament their heads with a wreath of flowers, bring the wreath low across the forehead. Ornamental combs are much in esteem in full dress; and Glauvina pins, with very large balls, as heads, fasten, or *seem* to fasten, the rich braid which is now often raised on the summit of the crown. Short Marabout feathers, grouped together to form a wheatsheaf, present a very pretty ornament to a dress hat of coloured gauze. The toques for evening parties are placed rather on one side: Malabar turbans continue to be worn in half-dress, by middle-aged ladies; and opera hats for dress parties. Among the ornaments for the hair, the Inca diadem is much admired; it is made of pure gold, and delicately wrought. Garnets form a favourite article in jewellery, for half dress, and pearls in full dress.

The most prevailing colours are mignionet, tourterelle, celestial blue, pink, and slate purple.

Cabinet of Taste;

OR MONTHLY COMPENDIUM OF FOREIGN COSTUMES.

By a Parisian Correspondent.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

Summer is now rapidly advancing; the evening parties and balls of the French capital are now almost at an end; the days are of a delightful length, and the happy imagination of the young and gay is now looking forward to rural balls and *fêtes champêtres.*

Cachemire shawls, the border formed of coloured stripes, are among our *nouveautés:* it is one of those caprices of fashion which we often see, but it is not an improvement: the short mantles sported by some ladies have a much more elegant appearance, and scarfs of Chinese crape, when the weather is mild, have a light and pleasing effect; these are crossed over the bust. These articles, with a short pelisse lined with white levantine, and made with a pelerine cape, are the only novelties in out-door envelopes that have lately made their appearance.

Broad streamers are displayed on hats, formed of rich ribbon, and are of two different colours. White hats of cotton, in imitation of straw, are ornamented with peacock's feathers, and round the crown, and on the brim, is placed a figured ribbon; feathers of rose colour on a lilac ground; the border is bound with the same kind of ribbon: broad lappets of gauze fasten down these hats. Bonnets of white *Gros de Naples* are much in request; and hats of rose coloured crape, with white feathers, have been seen in several carriages. Chip hats, and those of rice straw, ornamented with lilacs, are much in favour with young people. Leghorn hats are adorned with Marabout feathers, or ears of ripe corn mixed with blue bells and corn poppies: the brims of the Leghorn hats are very large, and the hat itself is placed so backward, that it seems in imminent danger of

being carried away by the wind. On white chip hats the favourite ornament is a wreath of laurel in flower; the leaves are composed of feathers: these hats are often lined with figured gauze of different colours.

A dress of white cachemire, with shoes of the same, is reckoned very tasteful; this dress is beautifully embroidered in jonquil colour, and the bust is ornamented with Brandenburghs of the same lively hue. Dresses of Barége silk, or of plain India muslin, are also in high favour: the silks are striped or checquered in various colours, on a white ground. Narrow full flounces, falling one over the other, form the most approved trimming on these latter dresses; these flounces are disposed *en jabots*. When the sleeves of silk dresses are long, the mancherons are composed of five rows of trimming, which are laid in such very small plaits that they appear as if they were *gauffrée*. Chinese crape is a favourite article for evening dresses: full sleeves are becoming much iu fashion; and linen dresses, trimmed with *bouillons gauffrée*, about two fingers in breadth, and placed in rows about four inches from each other, forming columns, are very prevalent for young people; four additional *bouillons*, placed horizontally at the bottom of the dress, form regular squares. Blouses of a new kind have been sported, the bodies of which are laid in plaits. The sleeves in full dress are remarkably short, very full, and in the form of a barrel; they are ornamented round the arm with a row of lace, or a quilling of tulle; the corsages are very much ornamented with net or gauze. Satin *appliquée*, or puffings of Barége silk, are favourite trimmings on evening dresses. The corsages fasten behind, and have on the back an ornament forming a wheatsheaf; in front, bands of about an inch in breadth supply the place of Brandenburghs. The new blouses are many of them made of clear muslin, embroidered with lilac or celestial blue. Rose coloured crape dresses, also, with *rouleaux* of satin of the same colour, are much admired.

A plume of four feathers, all of different colours, was seen very lately at the Opera, on a dress hat, and made a very singular appearance. The feathers, also, that were worn lately at a public concert, were all of them party-coloured; one half of the feather was white, the other rose colour, or blue; some hats, however, were ornamented with white marabouts and ears of corn, others with flowers, the rose of Jericho, or lilacs; the brims of the new dress hats have the appearance of a spread-out fan. The hair is raised on the summit of the head in an Apollo's knot, and in full curls on each side of the face; the forehead is however becomingly exposed. Spiral flowers, in full bunches, ornament the heads of young persons; or a wreath, formed of golden mulberries, ears of corn, and wild roses. A diadem of blond is also become very much in favour, and reminds some old courtiers of the reign of Louis XV. The cornettes are ornamented with large bows of satin ribbon; diamonds, instead of being placed on the hair, are now put on a large cockade of royal blue. Basque toques are of lilac crape, in full plaits, and a branch of lilac, with its foliage, falls carelessly over the left ear. Hats *à la Jean Bart*, placed very much over the right side, and ornamented with eleven feathers, form also a very favourite head-dress; they are large, heavy, and unbecoming.

The handles of the new parasols are of polished steel.

The belts are now fastened in front by a clasp, representing a butterfly, which is of polished steel or gold.

The shoes are puce colour, dark blue, and black satin.

The favourite colours are rose, blue of every tint, hermit brown, Ipsiboe yellow, and lilac.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY;

CONTAINING

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, MUSIC, FINE ARTS, THE ENGLISH AND FOREIGN DRAMA, &c.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1819, 20, 21, *and* 22. *By John Franklin, Captain R.N., F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition. With an Appendix on various Subjects relating to Science and Natural History. Illustrated by numerous Plates and Maps. Published by Authority of the Right Honourable the Earl Bathurst.* London, 4to, pp. 768.

(*Continued from page* 233.)

In order to reach the mouth of Coppermine River, Capt. F. and the officers under his command were first to make the voyage to York Factory, in Hudson's Bay, from which place they were left free to proceed by such inland route as Capt. F. should be led to think most desirable; and for this purpose the whole of the party embarked at Gravesend, on board the ship Prince of Wales, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, on Sunday the 23d of May 1819. On the 30th of August, after a voyage in which, in Davis's Straits, there had been great danger of shipwreck, the Prince of Wales anchored in safety at York Factory, an establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, which is situated in latitude 27° 00′ 3″ N. longitude, 92° 26′ W.

The relation of the journey is comprized in eleven chapters, of which the first nine, though abounding in attractive materials, only conduct us over ground already trodden by others. In the tenth chapter we are presented with the narrative of the whole of Captain's F. voyage, and in the Arctic Sea, in canoes, along the North coast of America, from the mouth of Coppermine River eastward; in the eleventh and last, with the afflicting and impressive history of the sufferings of the entire party, during their winter's journey, on foot, from Bathurst's Inlet across the barren grounds to Fort Enterprize and Fort Providence; the last, situate on the Great Slave Lake, being the northernmost of the trading ports subsisting in that direction.

It had been left to the discretion of Capt. F. on landing at York Factory, to proceed toward the mouth of Copper-mine River, either by advancing directly northward toward the sea, and then going coast-wise and westerly to the river, or by taking the known route to that point by Cumberland-house, an inland post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and then making his voyage eastward. In Hudson's Bay he found the opinions of all whom he consulted so decidedly in favour of the latter arrangement, that he determined on adopting it. Accordingly, on the 9th of September, the expedition commenced its inland voyage up the stream of Hayes's river. The distance to Cumberland House, situate in lat. 58° 56′ 40″ N., and which was reached on the 21st of October, is about six hundred and ninety miles. Here Capt. F. resolved on proceeding northward during the winter, to one of the trading posts, for the purpose of forwarding his summer arrangements; and, in pursuance of this design, he left Cumberland House on the 19th of January 1820, accompanied by Mr. Back and Hepburn, an English sailor; while Dr. Richardson, Mr. Hood, and all the other persons engaged, remained at the post, and were not to follow till the spring. On the 26th of March Capt. F. reached Fort Chipewyan, or Lake Athabasca, a trading-post of the North-west Company. This fort is distant from Cumberland-House eight hundred and fifty-seven miles, and stands in lat. 58° 42′ 38″ N. On the 11th of July Capt. F. was joined by Dr. Richardson and Mr. Hood; and by the 18th the spring was sufficiently advanced to admit of the departure of the expedition on its still more northern route. "Early this morning,"

says Capt. F., "the stores were distributed to the three canoes. Our stock of provision unfortunately did not amount to more than sufficient for one day's consumption, exclusive of two barrels of flour, three cases of preserved meats, some chocolate, arrow-root, and portable soup, which we had brought from England, and intended to reserve for our journey to the coast next season. Seventy pounds of mooze meat and a little barley were all that Mr. Smith was enabled to give us. It was gratifying, however, to perceive that this scarcity of food did not depress the spirits of our Canadian companions, who cheerfully loaded their canoes, and embarked in high glee, after they had received their customary dram. At noon we bade farewell to Mr. Smith. The canoes commenced a lively paddling song on quitting the shore, which was continued until we had lost sight of the houses." p. 193.

On landing in Hudson's Bay, and during his stay at Cumberland-House, Capt. F. had found himself among the Cree, or Knisteneaux Indians. At Fort Chipewyan, on Lake Athabasca, the territory was that of the Chipewyans, a nation of the Northern Indians, speaking a language wholly distinct from that of the Crees; and at the Great Slave Lake, to which he was now advancing, the natives are the Copper, Red-knife, or Yellow-knife Indians, of the same race with the Chipewyans. These are the last Indians in Capt. F.'s direction toward the sea, for beyond them are Esquimaux, called by the Indians, "Strangers;"* a portion of that singular people, who seem to have taken possession of all the northern coasts of America, from Labrador to Greenland, and westward along the Arctic Sea. Among the Copper Indians, Capt. F. was to obtain guides and hunters; and from Hudson's Bay he received two Esquimaux interpreters, to be his companions on the coast.

On the 28th of July 1820 the party arrived at Fort Providence, on the Great Slave Lake, already mentioned as the northernmost of the white establishments, and from which post, in consequence, a final departure was to be made. Fort Providence lies in latitude 62° 17′ 19″ N.

* Or Foreigners."—Rev.

Leaving Fort Providence on the 2d of August, the expedition, in three canoes, besides a smaller one to carry the women, proceeded to the northward, along the eastern side of the Great Slave Lake, of which the name is derived to the furtraders from the Crees, who give the name of "slaves," "strangers," or "enemies," to the Thlingehas, or Dog-rib Indians, inhabitants of the western shores of the lake, and formerly the objects of Cree warfare. On entering Yellow, or Red-knife, or Copper Indian River (called Beg-ho-lo-tessy, or river of the Toothless Fish, by the natives), they found the camp of the Copper Indians, by whom they were to be attended as hunters, and who quickly surrounded them in a fleet of seventeen Indian canoes. On the 19th, after having passed through several rivers, lakes, and over several portages or carrying-places, the canoes embarked on a small stream, running to the north-west, which brought them into the lake on the banks of which Acaitcho (the Copper Indian Chief) proposed that they should pass the winter. The situation was soon found to possess all the advantages to be desired. It was determined to place the buildings on the summit of a bank which commanded a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country. The lake received the name of Winter Lake, and the establishment that of Fort Enterprize. The total length of the voyage from Fort Chipewyan had been five hundred and fifty-three miles. It is to be observed, that from the time of leaving Fort Providence, the route of the expedition had been one never before explored by Europeans, because, though Mr. Hearne visited the Copper Mine River, he reached its banks from the eastward, in another direction.

Though Capt. F. had contemplated the station at which he was now arrived as his wintering-post, still he had promised himself to press forward to the mouth of Copper-mine River, and to return before the winter should set in. This project the Indian leader obstinately opposed; and although some angry discussions followed, the Indian appears to have been perfectly in the right. Winter very speedily set in; and Capt. F. was contented with short excursions by himself, and others, merely to visit the head of Copper-mine River. In

his absence great progress was made in the buildings, which, when completed, formed three sides of a square. In the centre was a log-building, fifty feet long and twenty-four wide, divided into a hall, three bed-rooms, and a kitchen. The walls and roof were plastered with clay; the floors laid with planks rudely squared with the hatchet; and the windows closed with parchment of deer-skin. "The clay," says Capt. F., "which, from the coldness of the weather, required to be tempered before the fire with hot water, froze as it was daubed on, and afterwards cracked in such a manner as to admit the wind from every quarter; yet, compared with the tents (in which the party had previously been lodged), our new habitation appeared comfortable; and having filled our capacious clay-built chimney with faggots, we spent a cheerful evening before the invigorating blaze." This was on the 6th of October. "We took up our abode," adds Capt. F., "at first on the floor; but our working party, who had shewn such skill as house-carpenters, soon proved themselves to be, with the same tools, the hatchet and crooked knife, excellent cabinet makers, and daily added a table, chair, or bedstead to the comforts of our establishment. The crooked knife, generally made of an old file, bent and tempered by heat, serves an Indian or Canadian voyager for plane, chisel, and auger. With it the snow shoe and canoe timbers are fashioned, the deals of their sledges reduced to the requisite thinness and polish, and their wooden bowls and spoons hollowed out." On one side of the principal building was a secondary one, thirty-four feet in length, appropriated to the use of the men; and on the other a storehouse. The position of Fort Enterprize was in latitude 64° 28′ 24″ N., longitude 113° 6′ 00″ W.

(For conclusion see Supplement.)

The Loyal and National Songs of England, for One, Two, and Three Voices; selected from Original Manuscripts and Early-printed Copies, in the Library of William Kitchiner, M. D. Folio. Pages of Music, 130. Letter-press, 20. London, 1823.

An engraved page, beautifully designed, and printed in colours, according to the invention of Sir William Congreve, contains a dedication to the King, of "this Grand Selection of Loyal and National Songs of England, published in Commemoration of the Coronation of King George the Fourth;" and the work fairly claims to be regarded as a musical monument of the loyalty and patriotism of the country; as also of the taste, talent, research, and honourable feelings of Dr. Kitchiner, its compiler.

Another critic, in a weekly publication of general high pretensions to merit, has given rather a blundering account of this work, both as to the person of its author, and as to a part of the language which it holds. Desirous of doing justice to the diversified pursuits of Dr. K., it sets out with attributing to that gentleman an Essay or Essays on Marriage (published some few years since), the writer of which (*Thomas* Kitchener, we believe) does not even bear either of the same names, surname nor proper, with the renowned promulgator of the Cook's Oracle, whose musical production is now before us, and with whom it is attempted to identify the writer on Marriage.* Our fellow-labourer, in the mean time, omits to variegate his catalogue with the name of a little work on "Telescopes," which really belongs to Dr. Kitchiner. In reality, there will be little risk, we believe, in stating as follows the circle of those pursuits to which our author has hitherto more especially addicted himself: namely, Music, Medicine, Astronomy, and Cookery. The reader is aware that we owe to Dr. K., besides the Cook's Oracle, the popularity of which is daily gaining ground, and which has already reached its fourth edition;—besides the Cook's Oracle, we say, and the little work on Telescopes, the reader is aware that we owe to Dr. K. the "Art of Prolonging and Invigorating Life;" "Peptic Precepts;" and the "Pleasure of Making a Will."

But the next mistake of the critic alluded to regards a branch of doctrine which he erroneously represents Dr. K. as advancing in this work, and then takes infinite pains to overturn! "The Editor," says Dr. K., "has often regretted, that while the Welsh, Scotch, and Irish airs and *songs* have been collected and preserved, those of England have been so much neglected! that some

* The error has been since acknowledged.

have even said, 'The English have no national *songs*.'"

We must confess, that, upon a nearer inspection, there appears to us some little ambiguity in the terms of the foregoing proposition. We understand Dr. K. to speak of national *songs*, and not of national *music*; but it is of national *music* that our critic imagines him to discourse, and then asserts, that he has failed in proving that the English have any national *music*.

"This first number of the Loyal and National Songs of England, (continues Dr. K.) will be a sufficient answer to those who have heedlessly said, 'the English have no national *songs*;' and prove the proud fact, in direct contradiction, that 'no nation in the world has half so many loyal, nor half so many national *songs*.'"

Now our own difficulty, in deciding between our author and our critic, consists in this: that while, on the one hand, we consider Dr. K. as speaking of national *songs*, and not of national *music*, on the other, it seems to us, according to the idea which appears to have filled the mind of the critic, it is the absence of a national English *music*, and not that of national *songs*, which is usually objected. In other words, we have often heard it said, that the English have not, like the Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and most, if not all other nations, a national *music*; but we do not recollect ever hearing before of the complaint challenged by Dr. K., namely, that we have no national *songs*.

We must leave it to Dr. K. and his critic to settle between themselves which of the two questions is really put at issue; but in the mean time we must observe, first, that if the English possession of national *songs* is the point disputed, then the present work of Dr. K. is indeed "a sufficient answer;" and secondly, that as to an English national *music*, the existence of which has so often been denied, and which the critic has now denied once more, we are much inclined to the opinion that we have as really an English national *music*, as we have English national *songs*.

There is a broad distinction to be taken between national *songs* and national *music*. National *songs* (at least emphatically so, as the phrase is used by Dr. K.) are songs upon national subjects; songs that relate to the king, to the country, to war, to peace, to public events, to political sentiments, to loyalty, to patriotism, &c. We are not to confound *songs* with *airs*. Songs are poems, sets of words; and it is the topic, the subject, that makes them national or otherwise. But national *music* is quite another thing. It has no reference to topic or subject; it can neither be loyal nor disloyal, patriotic nor unpatriotic. It is only a style, a manner of musical composition. Now it appears to us, that there exists as decided an English style or manner of musical composition, that is as decided an English national *music*, as a national music of Scotland, Ireland, Italy, Turkey, or any other country.

Who, for example, that has heard Dr. Crotch play in succession the characteristic music of different countries, can entertain a doubt there is, among the rest, a music characteristic of England? In reality, how could we decide that any particular style of music is not English, if there were no English style with which to make the comparison? Do we say that such an air is Scotch, and not Irish; and are we not, at the same time, equally sensible that it is not English? But if English music had nothing characteristic; if it were, as some would tell us, a mongrel mixture of all styles; if it had nothing peculiar, nothing to constitute a character, how could we undertake to say of any style, that is not English? An English ear readily distinguishes Scotch music: do we suppose that a Scotch ear does not as readily distinguish English music? When a Scotchman determines that an English air is not Scotch, do we think that he is in any danger of mistaking it for Irish; do we suppose that he cannot as readily distinguish Irish from English, as we distinguish Irish from Scotch? But if so, is there no characteristic English music; no style of musical composition which is strictly and exclusively English, and which constitutes a true English national music?

But this national music, as we have said, has no connection with the question of national songs. We might have a decided national music, and many national airs, and yet no national songs. Airs, or tunes, express the passions of the mind; a national music is a peculiar mode of expression;

but national songs are those which, instead of referring to the occasions of individual and private life, are devoted, as before remarked, to national or public objects. We contend, then, that England has a national *music;* and we agree that Dr. K. in the work before us, has abundantly shown that we have national *songs*. But Dr. K., as we understand him, is not asserting that existence of an English national music of which the critic repeats the denial; and as to English national songs, it has never happened to have their existence questioned.

The public value of national songs is so great, that we cannot but think Dr. K. extremely fortunate in the idea of thus bringing those of England into one collection, and giving them, as it were, importance and duration by their union. The existence of such songs is so natural, and the practice of cultivating them so universal among mankind, that England would be a singular country if she were without them.

But Dr. K. assures us that no other nation than our own has "half so many." This, perhaps, is a bold assertion; but it may, however, be well founded. If, indeed, any thing really national could, at this early day, be expected from the United States of America, their example might be strongly cited, as showing the compararive affluence of our own country. The United States are so poor in national songs, as well as destitute of national music, that they even borrow the English air of "God save the King," calling it "God save great Washington;" though, as far as we are informed, without accompanying it with any words to that effect.* The United States has a patriotic or national song, beginning, "Hail! Columbia, happy land;" but this has little popularity, and the only real national song of the country is "Yankee-doodle-dandy," apparently of Negro origin, and which, though lively, is, if not vulgar, at least without dignity; without any thing that either springs from or inspires an elevation of soul.† We recollect expressing our opinion, in conversation, to a member of Congress of the United States, that it was unfortunate for a country to have either no national songs of its own, or none of a solemn or dignified character. The member of congress did not see the matter in the same point of view; but we retain our opinion, and have pleasure in pointing to the volume of Dr. Kitchiner for examples of the masculine and lofty genius of the "loyal and national songs of England."

Dr. K., with perfect propriety and good taste, has put at the head of his collection our magnificent "Coronation Anthem," by Handel.

"This immortal musician (says Dr. K.) has left us several Coronation Anthems; the Anthem here printed is that commonly called, by way of pre-eminence, 'The Coronation Anthem,' and was composed for the Coronation of King George II., in 1727. When Dr. Boyce was applied to to compose a Coronation Anthem, he said, "No; Handel has given us such a one as no man can hope to surpass, and which I will not pretend to produce any thing equal to." Introduction, p. 12.

Next in order we find a portion, at least, of what we shall call the various *convivial* songs that, at different eras, have been sung in honour of our reigning princes, and of which "God save the King" is the latest and best. The number of the songs of this

* In the province of Lower Canada, French words, expressive of the sentiments of the English song, have been adapted to the English air.

† Though we have suggested that "Yankee-Doodle" may be of Negro origin, yet we are not sure of the fact, and we should be pleased by acquiring positive information. It makes against this derivation, that the air certainly belongs to the northern parts of the United States, while the Negroes are more numerous to the south. On the other hand, it has the lively and careless character of the Negro; a circumstance which so far recommends it as a war-song, as (to our ear, at least) it breathes a *saucy* disregard of the foe. Of its *triviality*, a judgment may be formed from the subjoined words which are sung to it:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Sukey Sweetlips found it;
De'il a thing was there in,
But the border round it."

The *popularity* of "Yankee Doodle," may be guessed from an anecdote jocularly related in the United States. Words without end have been put together to sing to the tune; and a young lady having been asked for the song, declined to give it, "because," as she said, "she and her brother (who was in company), together, knew but a hundred and twenty-six verses."

description exhibited in the collection before us, and including No. 36, (Hail! star of Brunswick,) is fourteen; for we exclude Nos. 5 and 15, as of more miscellaneous character. Of the song of "God save the King," it is not a little worthy remark, that though its date is by no means remote, neither the author of the words nor the composer of the music is known! Dr. Ward, in his lives of the Gresham professors, has stated that "one of John Bull's organ books contained a composition of his, which he entitled 'God save the Kinge;' and hence a notion has obtained that the music thus referred to must have been the original notation of the song at present known. It so happens, however, that the identical book mentioned has lately come into the possession of Dr. K., who finds the "God save the Kinge," which it contains to be "a sort of ground or voluntary for the organ, of the four notes C, G, F, E, with twenty-six different basses;" and "no more like the anthem now sung, than a frog is to an ox." "The Editor's opinion," adds Dr. K., "is, that, as of the Letters of Junius, there remain no documents which satisfactorily prove either when, or by whom this composition was produced;" and that there is nothing beyond mere hearsay evidence and vague conjecture to contradict an assumption, that neither the words nor music of "God save the King," as now sung, were ever seen or heard previous to the month of October 1745, when the earliest printed copy that Dr. K. has met with appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the title of "God save our lord the King, a *new* song."

As to the score of Dr. John Bull's "God save the Kinge," which is supposed to be of about the date of 1616, "an accurate copy" forms No. 2 of this collection; Mr. Edward Jones, Bard to the King, having been so obliging as to transcribe it for Dr. K., from the original in the Doctor's library; putting it, at the same time, into our modern notation:" Dr. Bull's music being on six-line staves, with a multiplicity of cleffs, in its original form was illegible, except by a musical antiquary, and too complicated to be playable without such an arrangement."

All the evidence extant concurs, we think, in giving the date of 1745 to the origin of "God save the King," and in demonstrating that it was the Scotch rebellion of that year which elicited this effusion of English loyalty; but still the wonder continues, that of so popular a production, of so very recent a date, the authorship, as well of the words as of the music, should be wholly unknown. We recollect, indeed, to have some where seen the song represented as of Jacobite origin, and as having, as first written, begun with the words, "God save great *James* our King;" but it is just as possible, that after having been written in honour of King George it was applied by Jacobites to their King *James*.

Among the loyal songs of an earlier date, produced by Dr. K., our eyes are attracted, as to a literary curiosity, to "words by Shakespeare," "a beautiful trio," as composed by Shield:

"Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
added to that;
An olive-branch and laurel crown;
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend:
All good angels preserve the King."

The reign of Charles II. (Jer. Savage, 1672) affords us a loyal glee:—

"Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a Fa la la la;
Conversion to his enemies,
With a Fa la la la;

And he that will not pledge his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself,
With a Fa la la la."

George I. (Jer. Clarke, 1700) was the theme of the following well-written and excellent song stanza:—

"Here's a health to the King, who has said
from his throne,
That his heart is true English as well as our
own;
And the church fixed by law is resolved to maintain,
Through the course of his life, and the course
of his reign;
Thus we need not to fear any danger to come,
While our arms rule abroad, and our King
reigns at home."

The following, of the same era, is by Dr. Blow:

"God preserve his Majesty,
And for ever *send him victory,*
And *confound all his enemies:*
Take off your hock, Sir.—Amen."

Dr. K. attributes the following, which is anonymous, to the year 1700.

"Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace;
May the factious be hanged, and discord cease:
Come, let's drink it while we've breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he that will this health deny,
Down amongst the dead men let him lie.

Let Bacchus' health round swiftly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to love;
Let charming Beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found;
And he that will these healths deny,
Down amongst the dead men let him lie, &c."

The subjoined was set by Dr. Harrington:

"Here's Rex, Lex, and Pontifex,*
A toast no honest heart rejects;
The King in safety all protects,
The Church to future bliss directs;
Knaves, who plot the state to vex,
May Laws provide for all their necks. Amen."

On the origin of "God save the King," we make the following further quotation: In the Gentleman's Magazine for December 1745, there is another song in three verses, and a fourth chorus verse, entitled, "An Attempt to improve the song of God save the King;" this the Editor has given, with the music, (No. 6), and called it, from its burthen, "Great George is King." This song, No. 25, beginning "Welcome to Britain's Isle," and God save the King, No. 3, are of the same measure, same style of music, and there is such a general similarity in them, that the Editor's opinion is, that perhaps they were all three the production of some loyal subject, who, satisfied with having "done the state some service," desired no other reward, than the gratifying consciousness of having served his country."—p. 9. On the whole, the history of "God save the King" appears to be plainly this, that it was written and composed in the year 1745, and that its author and composer are both unknown. But what an anecdote in English literary and musical history, that in the same year when Handel composed his "Long live the King," for the volunteers of the City of London, the person or persons who gave such a production as "God save the King," should have lived in a concealment never to be removed!

No. 4, in this collection, is a complete score of "God save the King" for a full band, vocal and instrumental. Lastly, Dr. Kitchiner has adapted the air to each verse, so as to make the notes fit the words: to accomplish this, he has taken very little liberty with the melody. The words being marked with proper emphasis, it is presumed will infinitely heighten the effect, and may be a standard for the performance of it; and *ensure* the *proper pronunciation* of the words, *and the effective expression of the music;* and derive that harmonious combination of them, the want of which has long been deplored by all who have faculties to comprehend how great is their power when united, and sound is married to immortal verse.

At this part of his Introduction, Dr. K. presents us with some very useful remarks on the "pronunciation," [accentuation ?] of the words of songs in general, and their distinct articulation: "In singing God save the King," says Dr. K., "if every syllable be sung as it commonly is,

"Gŏd săve grĕat Geŏrge oŭr Kĭng,"
these words are pronounced as if they were spelt—

Gaw-od say-eev grey-eat Jaw-orge ow-er Kee-ing;
thus making monosyllables into disyllables.

If the proper pronunciation be preserved, it must be thus—

"Gŏd! săve greàt Geŏrge our King: the only syllables in this line which should be sung, the time indicated by the notes, are "Gŏd! săve"—and—"Geŏrge."

This solemn invocation to the Almighty! as commonly sung, sounds more like a Song of Triumph, than a Prayer for the preservation of our Sovereign.

For almost the whole of the remaining remarks on *expression* in singing, an art in which we have the pleasure to know that Dr. K. personally excels, we must refer to the work itself; but the following summary we cannot omit to transcribe: "Briefly, the art of singing effectually, is to sing every

* The King, the Law, and the Church.—Rev.

word with the same accent and emphasis as you would speak it." The words "God save the King," in this volume, are accented according to the Doctor's system.

The portion of the "Loyal and National Songs" now under review, constitute one half of the entire collection which Dr. K. proposes to publish. The second part is to "comprize the remainder of our National Songs, the Naval Victories and Sea Songs of England."—"By compressing the notes," we are told, "which usually fill *three* lines into *two*, the Editor has the pleasure of presenting them to the public at one-third less than the usual price; and most of the songs being so arranged [as] that they may be performed as a *solo;* or, by judicious singers taking the base, as a *duet;* or, by taking also the small notes under the treble, as a *trio;* so there are, in effect, not only fifty-seven *songs*, but likewise fifty-seven *duets*, and fifty-seven *trios*. The editor adopted this mode of arrangement, in order to bring these Loyal and National Songs easily within the reach of the Good Subjects of Great Britain." That the "Good Subjects of Great Britain" will be anxious to avail themselves of the loyal and patriotic labours of Dr. K., we cannot entertain a doubt, more especially when the collection shall be completed, by the production of our *National* Sea Songs, including those which celebrate our naval victories, together with the "remainder" of our National Songs in general.

(For conclusion, see Supplement.)

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

KING'S THEATRE.

The vocal branch of that splendid establishment has received a powerful reinforcement last month, by the return of Mr. Garcia, who, some years ago, had already displayed his great talents in this country. He has appeared several times in the character of *Otello*, in Rossini's Opera of that name; and it is but justice to say, that his action is not inferior to his singing. His last scene, particularly, made a strong impression on the audience. Still, as *Otello* constantly reminds us of our own great actors, to whom it would be unfair to compare him, we wish to see him in some other serious Opera.

The ballet master, Mr. Aumer, has been recalled to the *Academie Royale de Musique*. Before his departure, he produced a new ballet under the title of *Aline, Reine de Golconda*. The subject, which is taken from a tale written by the Chevalier de Boufflers in his youthful days, has been already treated by other more eminent choregraphists, and with better success. Mr. Aumer has contrived to render *Aline* very uninteresting, although the part is performed by a most active and captivating dancer, Madame Ronzi Vestris; and the story soon becomes unintelligible in the confusion of the incessant evolution and marches, or rather races, of the whole *corps de ballet*. But, if the fable is meagre and the pantomime obscure, these defects, which are observable in all the other works of the same master that we have seen here, are somewhat compensated by novelty and richness of the scenery, by the freshness and variety of the dresses (although the blood-red trowsers of the female dancers are almost offensive to our taste and fancy); and by the dancing of Madame Anatolie, Madame Varennes, and Messrs. Chas. Vestris and Coulon. There is nothing new or pleasing in the music of the ballet.

THE NATIONAL THEATRES.

Notwithstanding all that Jean Jacque Rousseau in France, and Jeremy Collier in England, have formerly written against the policy of *National Theatricals*, and all the little temporary evils that may have sprung from the partial abuses of their establishment, there is no public amusement (and every great community must have some) that a people can less spare, nor any from which, if they choose, they may derive more useful, that is, more moral instruction, than from the drama. If we always entertain this opinion, much stronger are we impressed with its correctness, now that the stage, without resigning any of its ancient spirit, is chastened to a degree of purity that excludes offence to the most delicate ears, and without forfeiting its pretensions to wit, glows with the noblest and most generous sentiments.

But besides the *positive* benefit of mak-

ing a taste for pleasure subservient to the interests of virtue, and all the better qualities of the heart, the national theatres may boast of their *negative* utility, in continually diverting from frivolous and idle, if not vicious pursuits, the thousands who are determined to seek that gratification abroad which they cannot or will not find at their fire-sides, and who, without the resource for rational entertainment provided for them by the dramatic muse, would be in constant danger of purchasing amusement at the expense of their morality, and of yielding to those criminal indulgences, which gaining every moment upon the too natural inclinations of the susceptible heart, would at length exercise over it an absolute dominion, and defy every admonition of reason and prudence. These arguments alone ought to be sufficient to persuade our readers of the advantage and eligibility of an authorized establishment of the drama; but we should further contend, that over and above its useful direction of our moral sentiments, and its benefit in drawing our attention from less worthy diversions, that it is greatly calculated to heighten and refine the public taste; to qualify the mind for intellectual enjoyments, and, by consequence, to raise the national character. Convinced of the truth of these observations, we have resolved to make the national theatres and their exhibitions, the principal actors and their respective personations, pointed and conspicuous objects of our future remarks, to render our critiques commensurate with what we conceive to be the real importance of the subject; and to hold out lights, by which those who are not too confident in their power of deciding for themselves, may be guided in forming their opinion of the defects and the merits of what, from time to time, the managers submit to their judgment.

During the past month the principal objects presented to the public attention have been confined to three: the appearance at Covent Garden of a young lady in the interesting part of *Rosalind;* the production (at the same theatre) of a new opera, under the title of *Clari*, or *The Maid of Milan:* and at Drury Lane, the revival of *The Travellers*, or *Music's Fascination*. The new *Rosalind*, whose name we understand to be Jones, was generally successful in her arduous attempt; she manifested much knowledge of the stage, and an accurate conception of the character, which certainly was given with considerable force and impression, and merited the warmth with which it was received by the audience. The play (of course on the young lady's account) was announced for repetition, and the applause with which her second personation of the character was universally hailed by a crowded house, accorded with our opinion of her deserts, and commanded our best wishes for her future success on the London boards. The new opera exhibited in its dialogue and poetry more of good authority than is generally found in modern musical dramas; and by the aid of some tolerably good music (by no means Bishop's best) and a judicious curtailment of its scenes, it has been enabled to keep the stage. But even further abridgment would be a further improvement. Were the author, or rather the translator (Mr. Howard Payne) to follow Johnson's advice to Robertson—go over his work (of French origin), and obliterate without mercy all the passages, which to him appear particularly fine, he would considerably augment its value, and increase its living period, which otherwise, whatever we think of its general merits, and the ability with which it is performed, will not, we are confident, be of long duration. We cannot dismiss this piece without observing of its scenery, that it is very beautiful, and that, although we think but moderately of the music, taking it in the aggregate, still there are a few highly pleasing airs; and that, on the whole, *Clari*, if not a brilliant composition, is by no means despicable, and is at least worthy of eking out the season. Of *The Travellers*, we must say that we never thought very highly; its *writing* is poor and spiritless, and its music no way honourable even to Corri. Charged, overcharged—as it is with clap-traps and national compliments, it makes but a weak appeal to the hearts of an English audience, and while that sycophantic strain of dialogue is no longer valuable to an enlightened age, a musical taste has sprung up, as new, as it is little concordant with that of the time when this opera was first produced. However, the combined powers of Braham and Miss Stephens have proved adequate

to its support, in spite of its defect of attractive and genuine melody, and that ingenious and scientific richness of instrumental accompaniment, without which no opera now, whether Italian or English, can possibly bring fame or profit, either to its author or composer.

VAUXHALL GARDENS.

Our limits this number preventing us from entering into an analysis of the amusements which this delightful summer region proffers, we are compelled but to speak generally of their merits, which cannot command too much praise. Every thing that fancy could suggest and industry complete has been effected to render this place deserving of patronage. The well-arranged plan of distributing amusements, whilst it caters for the taste of every one, prevents the disagreeables ever attending the gratification when attracted but by one source; here is a concert, here a ballet, here the evolutions of dance, and again the blandishments of song; and, in short, every spot boasts some beauty, which altogether form a fairy-ground of continued pleasures.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Messrs. Wilkinson and Reeve are still amusing their audiences with their humorous display of caricature. The former gentleman enhances his allotted personations by his characteristic drollery, and shifts with equal nicety from " solemn sadness" to the foolish trifler. Reeve is also indefatigable in his exertions to make the evening's amusements relishing.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

Theatre Royal de l'Opera Comique.—Le *Muletier*, Opéra en un acte.

La Fontaine has written a tale under that title. He certainly is a very good guide; still it is not always safe to follow him. The reason is obvious: a man who reads a novel may be seduced by his imagination into a smile at the *Bonhomme's* indecorous pictures; but at a theatre, the pubpres..always nice in regard to morality and constain, and their ears are never offended actors, to nity. The author has taken some pains to omit whatever might be hurtful to his audience; still he is not quite free from blame in that respect, and the pit now and then took notice of it.

The charming piece of the *Pâges du Duc de Vendôme*, which was acted first at the Vaudeville, and afterwards naturalized with great felicity at the Opera, is known to every body. M. Koch has made use of it in this way: *Rodriguez* (a sort of Bartholo) has married *Inesia*, a simple innocent young girl, and he is anxious to avoid her being seen by those who surround him. A jealous man is afraid of his own shade. He shuts her in a remote pavilion, which has not been inhabited for some time. Unfortunately this same pavilion has been chosen also by *Henriquez*, a handsome mulateer, to meet *Zerbino*, the pupil of *Rodriguez*. He comes during the night, and knocks at the door, and *Inesia*, thinking that it is her husband, opens it. There is here a scene which nearly startled the pit; but the mulateer, perceiving his mistake, soon goes away, and lays down on some straw among several of his companions. *Rodriguez* comes then to the pavilion, and his wife remembers him of his first and pleasing visit. He is in a rage, and being convinced that the first visitor must be one of those men who are stretched down before the pavillon, he goes and feels the pulse of each. The quick motions of the blood soon betray the guilty, but the night being very dark, how is he to know them again? He takes away his belt. In the morning he has all the mulateers brought before him: but is astonished to see them all without belts. *Henriquez* had carried them away. He confesses it afterwards, and threatens to divulge the whole story, unless *Rodriguez* consents to his union with *Zerbino*. After some hesitation, the latter assents; this is evidently a plagiarism and a *tour de page*.

The great success of the piece is entirely owing to the delightful music, composed by Mr. Herold. There may be in it some imitations of Rossini, but they are cleverly disguised.

Gymnase.—*Le Chevalier d'Honneur*, Vaudeville.

An old naval captain, whose manners

and language are rough, and who, from spite or from a disappointed ambition, becomes a philosopher, has chosen as the constant objects of his sarcastic remarks the courtiers, though he does not know them; the court though he has never seen it; its customs which he is ignorant of; in short, he censures every thing and every body. To cure him of this mania, some friends tell him that he has just been appointed to an important situation, that of Chevalier d'Honneur to a reigning Princess. Our philanthropist awakes immediately, and dreams of nothing else but dignities, honours, &c. What he blamed and ridiculed before, has become the object of his admiration. Add to this feeble ground some pretty scenes, several good tunes, some excellent acting, and you will easily conceive the success that the piece obtained. It is the work of several collaborators; two have been named — Messrs. Gersein and Severin, and another has been vaguely mentioned.

FINE ARTS.

PREVIOUS to entering into any discussion of the merits of the various pictorial exhibitions which are now open in the metropolis, we cannot avoid saying a few words upon one which has closed. The British Institution was established for the advancement of British art, and the encouragement of British artists, and the gallery is annually opened, according to the advertisement, for "the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists." The period, however, during which the Directors choose that the gallery shall be open for this purpose is precisely that in which such a purpose is least likely to be attained; the most cheerless and gloomy months of the year, when all the patrons of art are absent from the metropolis. The town is *now* crowded with the aristocracy and opulence of the country, *and this Exhibition is closed.* The public opinion on the merits of the Exhibition has been expressed very decidedly. It contained, perhaps, not so large an aggregate of good pictures as some former exhibitions: but there were some works in the gallery which at least *indicated* talent of the very highest order, and *claimed*, we will venture to assert, the notice and patronage of the Directors. The latter, however, have not only deprived the artist of all chance of their pictures being sold, and even of being properly seen and *known*, but have not expended a shilling in premiums or rewards to any of them, although the exhibition of their works has added £1200 or £1500 to the funds of the Institution.

These observations are intended not as accusations against the Directors, to whom individually, if not as a body, the arts are so much indebted; but are thrown out as suggestions for their guidance, in the perfect conviction that the present system has the injurious effects of which we have spoken, however contrary it may be to their intentions and wishes.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE gallery of this Institution is now open for the exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of the Flemish, Dutch, Italian, and Spanish schools. The works of the father of the English school of painting occupy the north room; those of the Flemish and Dutch masters the middle room, and those of the Italian and Spanish masters the south room.

We believe we speak the feelings of all those who are best qualified to judge, when we say that this exhibition furnishes to an Englishman abundant matter for pride and exultation. The power and grasp of the mind of Reynolds are here seen and felt; seen too in most dangerous juxtaposition with works which have stood the test of centuries, and have been crowned with the applause of all nations. In one respect, indeed, there is a striking and melancholy contrast—the productions of the old masters have been mellowed and improved by time, while the colours of Reynolds are fast vanishing; and works which were once the perfection of beauty, seem likely in the course of another half century to become "without form and void." The works of Reynolds, when they came from off the easel, are said to have been among the most perfect specimens of colour of which the art can boast, and to have resembled in tone that rich and mellow effect, which the slow touch of time has given to the works of the old masters. But the latter painted for immortality, while

Reynolds was contented to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. The applause of his contemporaries was all which he seemed to care about, and is nearly all, we fear, which he is likely to retain. Experience has proved that the means to which he resorted to rival the effect of ancient pictures, while they produced that effect for a season, contained within them the principle of destruction, beneath which his pictures are fast withering away.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is, too often, looked upon as a mere portrait painter; but if he had, indeed, painted nothing but portraits, the exquisite specimens which he has left shew a feeling and an elevation of mind and fancy, which belong to the highest departments of art. The portrait of General Tarleton is full of character, expression, and vigorous intellect, and we do not know what it wants to entitle it to the appellation of an historical picture. A soliloquy is as much dramatic as a colloquy between four or five persons, and a single figure appears to us to be as much historical as a groupe. If it happens to be a likeness of a celebrated individual, so much the better. The portrait of the present King, when Prince of Wales, is another splendid effort of the same sort: that of the Countess of Bute is above all praise; and the beautiful landscape in the back ground adds to the reality and fascination of the picture. The exquisite fortune-teller, so well known by means of the engraving, occupies a prominent situation in the gallery. The sun-burnt intelligent features of the artful gipsey, are finely contrasted by the open laughing countenance of the girl, affecting incredulity, but visibly delighted by the tale to which she is listening. No. 53, is the Infant Academy, also too well known to need more than the passing tribute of our admiration. The fearful and soul-harrowing Ugolino attests the power and genius of its author by the intense interest which it excites. The calm despair of the father, the childish and involuntary appeal to him for help from the boy who is clasping his arm, the dreadful agony of another of the children who is supported by a third, himself scarce able to bear his own torture; and the mute and melancholy resignation to his inevitable fate of another, who is hiding his face in his hands, altogether form a powerful and dreadfully faithful picture of the effects of that most tremendous of human calamities, famine. A fine study of a head for the principal figure in this picture, hangs just below. No. 5, The Captive, is a masterly head, and well represents the squalidness and misery of the subject, while the pensive intellectual forehead seems, as Fuseli has somewhere said, "an abyss of thought." The portraits of Sterne, Warren Hastings, the elder Colman, and Mr. Beckford, are full of character and expression.

The beautiful Laughing Girl, and the exquisite Puck, the Piping Boy, the Infant Samuel, a sweet picture (62) of the Countess of Harewood and Child, and a numerous collection of portraits and fancy subjects, in all 64, from the pencil of this master, occupy the whole of one room, and furnish a rich treat, not only to the artist and the professed amateurs, but to all who have eyes to see and understandings to appreciate the efforts of taste and genius.

Specimens of the Flemish and Dutch school occupy the middle room. The broad but coarse humour of Teniers is seen in (69) Boors Smoking; (67) Interior with Figures Smoking, and (115) a Village Feast. In comic force and powerful expression, this artist leaves little to be desired: but he wants the refinement and delicacy of later artists. He is, however, a keen observer, and perhaps an original thinker, and is also a proficient in the mechanical parts of his art. There are some fine Sea Pieces of Vandevelde and Ruysdael, as well as some exquisite landscapes of the latter, particularly (106) a Woody Scene on the Banks of a River, and (109) a Water-fall. Cuyp's true and natural landscapes are quite refreshing to the eye. This artist is a sort of *prose* Claude. He evinces the same verisimilitude, the same fond eye for nature, without the same elevation of mind and fancy, and deep and refined feeling. The splendid pencil of Rubens cannot be mistaken in (122) Hippolytus thrown from this Car, and (117) Juno transferring the eyes of Argus to the Peacock's Tail: but we dislike the subjects, especially the latter. Rubens employing his powers on such a subject is like Shakspeare penning an enigma or an acrostic. This room also contains several beautiful specimens of

Both and Rembrandt, as well as selections from the works of Berghem, Jordaens, Jan Steen, Wouvermans, A. Ostade, F. Halls, &c. &c.

The south room contains a rich assemblage of the productions of the Italian and Spanish masters. If there is any thing to detract from the feeling of delight experienced in going round this room, it is "the thought of 'Raphael,' *for he is not there*." There is, however, Lord Egremont's matchless Claude; a gallery in itself.—What a miracle of art is this picture! The artist has transfused his whole mind into the canvas. Some superior intelligence seems still brooding over it; so mellow and pearly are the tints, and such a holy and solemn repose seems to pervade the whole composition. We do not know whether the erudite critic of old, who found out that the slippers of Venus made too much noise, could pick a fault out of this picture; except, indeed, that the figures in the foreground are disproportionately large. Opposite to this splendid work hangs another which is worthy of the rivalry—Murillo's Virgin and Infant Saviour. The face of the Virgin is, perhaps, not handsome, but it is exquisitely painted, and beaming with intelligence, and all the inspiration of devotion. The flesh of the child is also finely painted; and the drapery, and all the accessories, display the very perfection of the art. No. 174 is one of Salvator Rosa's superb Banditti Scenes. Poor Salvator is sadly punished for the freebooty of his early days, by now having goods foisted upon him which never were his, and which he never would wish to appropriate to himself. Such are Nos. 162 and 163. 151 is "Christ bound to the Column," by Morales, surnamed El Divino, and well he deserves the surname, if he has produced many such works as this. 156, Flora, by Leonarda da Vinci, is an exquisite work. 141 is a beautiful Sun-set Scene, by Claude; and 128 and 134 are worthy of the same matchless pencil. 171 is a fine Rocky Scene, by N. Poussin, with the figures of Arcas and Calisto. 129 and 133 are two delicious landscapes by G. Poussin. In addition to the pictures we have particularized, there are several landscapes and portraits by Titian; some fine specimens of Velasquez, and numerous other attractive works by Correggio, Vassari, Domenichino, P. Veronese, Sel Bourdon, Albano, &c. &c. &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Although the Royal Academy was, at the period of its establishment, fully adequate to the purpose for which it was instituted, yet it seems quite clear that the arts have advanced so rapidly in this country, during the last thirty or forty years, that other and more extensive measures must be resorted to, to support and foster them. A fact which speaks this truth more loudly than any observations of ours could do, is, that after 260 pictures had been accepted, as sufficiently meritorious to occupy stations in the exhibition, they were all afterwards rejected for want of room. We cannot help, however, suspecting that if merit had been the only consideration, and favoritism out of the question, many of the pictures thus gallingly returned upon their authors' hands, would have occupied the situations now filled by their more fortunate competitors. Every one entering the room is struck with the gross partiality evinced in the hanging of the various works. Pictures which can scarcely boast of mediocrity, nay some which absolutely sink below it, monopolize the best situations, while the landscapes of Nasmyth and Linton, the humorous "Gilpin" of Witherington, and the sweetly coloured pictures of Vincent, Wilson, and Burnet, (not to mention numerous others) are hung in obscure corners, or elevated far above the eye. This is a system which surely should not be suffered to continue. "It is not, nor it cannot come to good." If the Academicians choose to make a close borough of their rooms, and return none but themselves and their favourites, we do hope that the artists who are unconnected with the junta will unite for the protection of themselves, and form an exhibition of their own, which the inconvenience of the rooms at the Royal Academy, as well as the practices to which we have alluded, render indispensably necessary.*

* Since writing this we are glad to find that the artists have met together and united for the purposes above mentioned. A new institution

The present Exhibition is certainly, on the whole, a bad one, although there are many pictures of great merit. Clint's "*Scene from the Spoiled Child*" seems to be the most attractive picture, and it deserves to be so. The expression of Tag's countenance is irresistibly comic, and Miss Pickle is the very being which the author intended. We congratulate the fortunate possessor of this picture (Lord Liverpool, we believe) on the gem which he has added to his cabinet. Hilton has disappointed us sadly in his "Comus with the Lady in the Enchanted Chair." The face of the lady is tame and unexpressive, and the flesh of Comus looks as obdurate as adamant. The artist has been most successful in painting the rabble crew: but they are plagiarisms from his own and Poussin's satyrs. Wilkie has a fine portrait of the Duke of York; but his "Parish Beadle" is not, we think, likely to add to his reputation. It is black and unpleasant in colour, and the characters, with the exception of the grave part of them (the Monkey and the Beadle), are by no means successfully pourtrayed. Howard's "Solar System" is a showy and attractive picture, but we confess that it is not to our taste. It is the fashion to call allegorical abstraction of this sort poetical; but we think we discover more of the soul of poetry in pictures, which give us a vigorous representation of the face of nature, or powerfully embody some part of the history of humanity. Allan's "John Knox admonishing Mary Queen of Scots" is a fine specimen of the last sort. Knox, indeed, seems an emissary from a higher and nobler nature than our own, and the countenance of Mary is full of beauty and of melancholy, of sweetness and of sorrow. Turner's "Bay of Baiæ" is a fine conception, but nerveless and feeble in execution, and outrageous and unnatural in colour. Constable's fresh and natural landscapes are fine contrasts to the extravagance of Turner. T. Daniell, R. A.'s pictures this year have sunk in talent and improved in situation. The view of Arundel Castle from the Hampton road is a bad picture, and its equally obtrusive companion, the Court Yard of Arundel Castle, may be very interesting to the Duke of Norfolk, but, in the name of taste and talent, what business has it in the Exhibition? These, together with other pictures by the same artist, especially a sea-piece in the anti-room, which baffles our comprehension; and also a miserable production of another Daniell, also a R. A., occupy the most prominent situations in the exhibition. Some offensive portraits of R. R. Reinagle, R. A., and Northcote, R. A., are equally bad and conspicuous. Pickersgill is making rapid strides in his art. His "Improvisatore" and "Portrait of Mr. Barber Beaumont," are as fine as any thing of their kind in the exhibition. His portrait of Judge Best is also a striking likeness, and admirably painted. We are sorry that Phillips's splendid portrait of the Duke of York is his only picture in this Exhibition. Sir Thomas Lawrence has five portraits, all beaming with the grace and power which have been so long characteristic of his admired pencil. Sharpe has contributed a picture of Garrick's Jubilee, in which he has given portraits of the principal performers of the Covent-Garden Company. The likenesses are good, and the whole picture very interesting. Hofland's "Ullswater," is a very sweet and pleasing picture. Calcott's "Dutch Market Boats," and Collins's "Fish Auction," "Walmer Castle," and "Borrowdale," are worthy of the high reputation of those artists. Cooper's "Battle Pieces" are as fine and spirited as ever. Wood's "Adam and Eve lamenting over the dead body of Abel," does great credit to the talents of a very young artist. Linton's "Scenes from Harrow and Northwick" are exquisite pictures, and contain a promise of the highest excellence. His "View of Hampstead Heath" is not hung with its face to the wall, but it is as effectually removed from the eye of the spectator, being placed at the very top of the Great Room. Stephanoff's "Reconciliation" is clever and interesting. Drummond's "Bacchantes" is full of fancy and talent. A very poor performance of a Mr. Rogers (a View of Campbelton in the Hebrides), is placed on a level with the eye in the Inner Room, evidently as a foil to another of Mr. Daniell's portraits of Arundel Castle. Nasmyth's

is to be formed on broad and liberal principles, for the encouragement of the rising as well as the more advanced artist. It has our most cordial wishes for its prosperity.

"View on the Road to Tunbridge Wells" is a beautiful landscape, hung where nobody can see it. Witherington's humorous picture of "John Gilpin" is subjected to the same injustice. Wilkie has a fine chalk drawing of a gentleman in the dress of a Dutch Farmer. This artist's "Duncan Grey" is exquisitely copied in enamel by Muss. Denning's miniatures are pre-eminent. In the Sculpture Room are many fine works. The finest bust in the room is that of J. Barber Beaumont, Esq. by Baily; and "Affection," a beautiful groupe, by the same artist, is (we need not praise it more) equal to his Eve. Westmacott's "Cupid" is a mistake. Canova's "Danzatrice" is of that fantastic French school, to which this celebrated artist belonged. Art and nature are well contrasted in this statue and Baily's groupe. We can admire the grace, the fancy, the *ideality* of Canova.

"But yet, oh! Nature, is there nought to prize,
"Familiar in thy bosom-scenes of life?
"And dwells 'neath day-light truth's salubrious skies,
"No forms with which the heart may sympathize?"

WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

The Society of Water Colour Painters are adding every year to their reputation, and appealing by their works strongly, and, we are glad to find, not fruitlessly, to the patronage and encouragement of the lovers of art. This Society appears to be what every association connected with literature or art ought to be, a pure democracy. We observe no favouritism in the disposition of the pictures; the best works occupy the best places. The consequence is, that inferior artists do not presume, and men of talent do not hesitate to send their productions to this gallery. The pictures exhibited display great and varied talent. Varley's little landscapes are very beautiful, but we do not admire his large picture of "Thomson's Tomb." Barrett and Fielding are eminently successful in their rich and glowing transcripts from nature. Cristall's chaste and classical pencil is as usual conspicuous. This artist knows the difference between the refined and the fantastical. His pictures of Scottish and Welsh peasantry are imbued with truth, nature, and intellect; but he does not attempt to elevate them beyond their sphere, and introduce, as Puff does in the Critic, a prince in the disguise of a beef-eater. Richter exhibits a duplicate of his masterly and humorous picture of "The School in an Uproar." Prout and Wild are admirable in their delineations of foreign architecture and street views. Robson, Cox, Harding, and others, have enriched the gallery with numerous and splendid landscapes.

Vocal Anthology; or the *Flowers of Song:* being a Selection of the most beautiful and esteemed *Vocal Music of all Europe*, with English Words. Also an Appendix, consisting of *Original Vocal Composition*, and a Catalogue Raisonnée of the Contents. John Gale, Bruton Street, Bond-Street.

Good *Vocal Music*, in every style, both ancient and modern, is more justly appreciated in England than in any other country of Europe. This is a fact, which may, in some degree, be accounted for from the well-known partiality of the higher classes of our nation to what has been, not inaptly, termed the "*vie vagabonde*," by means of which British travellers becoming accustomed to hear the best foreign music performed with its full national effect, are subsequently led to diffuse its beauties through British society, thus imperceptibly amalgamating our musical taste with that of other countries, especially Italy, Germany, and France. So far as Italian music is concerned, the King's Theatre also contributes, in a great degree, to this concentration of European musical taste, on our own happy shores; and the English stage ought to, and would operate much more forcibly towards the same result, were it not for the existing monopoly in the composition of Opera music at our national theatres; in consequence of which, the town is glutted, season after season, with the spun-out effusion of a few patentees, instead of luxuriating in the wide expanse of European melody, and forming a British school of dramatic music, by the natural progress of fair competition. We mean not, by these remarks, to express invidious opinions respecting the individual merit of the composers employed at our great theatres.

That Mr. Bishop, for instance, is both a pleasing and scientific musician, highly creditable to British genius, we should be among the last to deny; but still we will never assent to the postulate, that "*because* Mr. Bishop is able and eminent, there is no need of any adjutory musical talent at Covent Garden Theatre;" from such a sweeping monopoly we are altogether averse. The advantages which our national theatres thus neglect to take, of the facilities they possess for combining and bringing before the Public the efforts of native musical talent, as also the beauteous flowers dispersed in the foreign gardens of melody, the editors of the Vocal *Anthology* propose, in some degree, to secure to their countrymen; they will endeavour, "*omnes undique flosculos carpere atque delibare*," to collect together the flowers of melody, culling out and offering to the Public the sweetest of their *bouquets*, whether of foreign or British growth.

The divisions of the *Vocal Anthology* are as follow:

1st. Biographical and Critical Notices relating to the contents of each part as published, intended to form a very complete catalogue *Raisonnée* to the whole work.

2d. The most highly approved "English Vocal Music."

3d. Scotch, Irish, and Welsh ditto.

4th. Handel's ditto.

5th. Italian ditto.

6th. German ditto, with English words.

7th. French ditto, with original and English words.

8th. National Music of various other nations with English words.

9th (or Appendix) original music.

Having thus stated the outline of the different divisions of the work, we shall now examine the contents of the 1st part, which is just published.

The first specimen given of English music, is the sweet and expressive ballad, *The Mansion of Peace*, composed by the late Samuel Webbe. This little cantata was often sung in public by the late Mr. Harrison, and probably gained him more general approbation than any other of his performances.

SCOTCH MUSIC.

"*I'll lay me down and die.*" This duet is one of those vocal gems which have unaccountably escaped observation, being very little known in England, and never, to our knowledge, published singly. There is a bewitching plaintiveness in the part where the two voices unite, that can hardly fail to prove attractive.

GERMAN MUSIC.

"*The Setting Sun*," by Himmel. This was originally composed to the English words from Ossian, as also to German text. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the beauty of this composition: if well performed, it never fails to gratify the most inexperienced amateur, at the same time that it enthusiastically charms those more skilled in music. The whole of the song is rich in modulations. The exquisite transition on the word "beauty," cannot be imagined by any description—it must be heard. We own it is very much out of the common way; but is not beauty itself so?

"*O! Beware*," by Himmel. This air, though only one page long, will find many admirers; the playfulness of the symphony is beautiful.

"*The Violet*," by Mozart. This canzonet was composed by Mozart when about twenty-eight years of age, two or three years after his marriage. The popularity of this song is so great in Germany, that there is scarcely a piano-forte by which it does not find a place. It is hardly requisite to make any comments upon this *bagatelle* of the illustrious composer: it is genuine good music in the ballad style; and, as far as it goes, worthy of its author. There are several unexpected modulations, which accord remarkably well with the original words; and the same effect has, in a great degree, been preserved in the translation.

VARIOUS NATIONAL MUSIC.

"*The Spring Ranz des Vaches of the Alps*." This pleasing Swiss air is not a perfect *Ranz des Vaches*, but is rather a ballad in imitation of that style of rural music, and much easier to sing than the genuine *Cattle-calls* of Switzerland, which require almost magical changes from the pectoral register of the voice to the *voce di testa*, producing a sort of exhilirating scream, that no one can give effect to

without practising it, like the mountain peasantry, from an early age.

(Appendix.)—ORIGINAL MUSIC.

"*Burial of Sir John Moore.*"—Elegiac Glee for Three Voices. According to the prospectus, this glee has been preferred to various other musical pieces of merit which have been offered to the editors, chiefly from the extreme interest and beauty of the poetry. The music we consider as expressive, and in proper keeping with the words. We observe two fifths, which, were it not for the first voice falling a seventh, would be faulty; but as they are constructed particularly on the word "dead," they have a solemn effect.

The price of the *Vocal Anthology* is six shillings.—As relates to cheapness, it will be observed by the first part that seven vocal pieces are given, and some are rather longer than usual, therefore they do not exceed one shilling each, besides other instructive matter. In respect to the selection, the editors seem to be fully aware that every part of it cannot give equal satisfaction: such an expectation would be absurd. In our opinion, the *Vocal Anthology* will form an unrivalled collection of masterly compositions, on which the fashion of the day can have little or no influence. No passing criticism or other ephemeral matter has been introduced. *The Vocal Anthology* will be completed in eighteen parts.

"*The Lady of the Lake*," a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, composed and inscribed to Miss Bell, by Fred. Hill. Clementi and Co.

"How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide on the lake the lingering morn."

In the first bar we find three square notes of a novel description (forming a sixth), intended to be pressed down with the left hand, without the hammers touching the strings; the keys thus constrained lift up the dampers, and the open strings form a secret connection with the notes of the horn for the right hand, with which the piece commences, seemingly contending with the darkness of the lingering morn, and dying away on the water.

The next movement represents a picturesque and truly romantic scene: Mr. H. conveys the imagination to the lake through a series of modulations, beginning from early dawn, before daylight has displayed the scene to mortal eye, through the dark recesses and awful windings beneath the bold promontory, until the morning dawns, when the movement *sets* like a morning planet on the margin of the horizon, as the god of day is rising in his car. Page 2 diffuses morning light, which gradually increases into the full blaze of day, and the golden rays of the sun beaming on the rippling water, and reflecting its lustre amid the windings beneath the promontory; the horn, also, at intervals, blending its cheering notes. The *March* of *James Fitz-James* well accords with his bold, generous, and attractive mien; and the *Trio* marks him a true Caledonian.

The Chase, page 6, is of an original conception.

"Then heard the clanging hoof and horn."
"The dew-drop from his flanks he shook."

The first line is finely drawn in the bass, whereas the treble apparently sprinkles the dew-drop alluded to in the second strophe. We regret to find in the third stave, first bar, last quaver, an ugly blunder of the engraver: the bass should have been D and B flat instead of F and D. After the third double bar, the Chase assumes a different course, and while the theme changes from bass to treble, the air is applicable to the first line, and the expanding of the bass is at the same time rendered highly characteristic of the second.

"With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
"And stretching forward free and far."

The movement, page 7, now becomes very active, both hands are full of work, and the harmonical bustling coincides charmingly with

"An hundred dogs bray'd deep and strong,
"Clatter'd an hundred steeds along."

An Andante *affettuoso* moves this descriptive piece gracefully to the end.

This *Divertimento* does Mr. H. great credit. As a piano-forte lesson, it cannot fail to afford pleasure, amusement, and instruction; imparting those qualities which, in the *Fine Arts*, are termed *lovely*, *chaste*, and *fair*.

[For want of space we are obliged to defer our criticisms of many interesting productions till our next.]

BIRTHS.—MARRIAGES.—DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

In South Audley Street, Mrs. F. Weedon, of a daughter.

At Brighton, the lady of W. H. Armstrong, Esq., of a son.

At Whitehaven, the lady of L. Adamson, Esq., of a daughter.

At Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, the lady of T. Moore, Esq., of a son.

In Upper Bedford Place, the wife of N. Ellison, Esq., of a son.

At his Lordship's house, Grosvenor Place, Lady Sullarmore, of a son.

The lady of W. Assheton. jun. Esq., of a daughter.

At Swinnerton Park, Staffordshire, the lady of S. Jervis, Esq., of a daughter.

The lady of F. S. Syms, Esq., of Craven Street, Strand, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Chelsea, Emily, eldest daughter of Major Gen. Sir J. Cameron, to J. Schneiber, Esq., of Winchelsea Lodge, Hants.

At St. Pancras New Church, W. Brade, Esq., of Liverpool, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of J. Barnes, Esq. of Tavistock Square.

At St. Luke's, Chelsea, Lieut Col. Sherwood, of the Bengal Artillery, to Miss E. A. Howell.

At St. Mary-le-bone, J. O. Herbert, Esq., of Dolforgan, Montgomeryshire, to Harriet, daughter of the Rev. C. Johnson, of Southstoke, Somerset.

At Brighton, W. Curtis, Esq., of Finchley, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late W. Soppilt, Esq.

At Mary-le-bone, D. Macnamara, Esq., surgeon R. N., to Francis, eldest daughter of G. Fennel, Esq.

At St. James's, the Rev. W. King, eldest son of the Bishop of Rochester, to Anne, third daughter of Dr. Heberden.

At Airly Castle, Angus, J. Wedderburn, Esq., to lady Helen Ogilvy, sister to the Earl of Airly.

At Aberdeen, H. Boyd, Esq., to Mary, second daughter of the late J. Towen, Esq.

J. Caufield, Esq., son of Lieut. Col. Caufield, to the Hon. Agusta Crofton, youngest daughter of the Baroness of Crofton.

At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Capt. D. E. Johnson, of the 5th regiment of Foot, to S. Ellis, eldest daughter of the late Isaac Bates, Esq., of Kennington Common.

At Great Yarmouth, T. Steward, Esq., of Norwich, to Lucy, only daughter of J. S. Tuthill, Esq., of Heigham Lodge.

At Gibraltar, J. L. Cowell, Esq., to Harriet Mary, eldest daughter of E. Cresswell, Esq.

At Epsom, Richard, eldest son of R. Carrington, Esq., of Thomas Bank, to Esther Clarke, fourth daughter of Christopher D'Oyly, Esq., of Addenbury, Oxfordshire.

At Mary-le-bone, J. R. Barker, Esq., of the 3d regt. of Guards, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late W. Bosanquet, Esq., of Upper Harley Street.

At Mary-le-bone, Dr. Gibbs, of Old Quebec Street, to Sarah, eldest daughter of T. Armstrong, Esq., of Baker Street, Portman Square.

DEATHS.

At his house in Red Lion-square, Doctor Haworth.

On the 27th of March last, after a few days' illness, in the 56th year of his age, at Fredericton, New Brunswick, North America, Major General G. S. Smyth, Lieutenant-Governor of that province. He died as he lived, a sincere Christian, and was buried, by his express desire, in a vault under Fredericton Church. By his death, the various institutions for the benefit of the inhabitants of that province, and particularly for the education of their children, which he had established, and most liberally and zealously promoted, have sustained an irreparable loss.

At his rectory, in South Ormsby, in the county of Lincoln, the Rev. W. B. Mossingher, M. A., aged 66 years.

At Canton, in the 20th year of his age, Mr. H. Chaplin, of the Hon. C. Ship Balcarras, 2d surviving son of the Rev. Edw. Chaplin, of Camden Town, Middlesex.

At Hatfield, Herts, after a long illness, aged 36, Mrs. Pigeon, daughter of the late Robert Caufield, Esq., Serjeant-at-Arms to his Majesty.

At Camden Terrace, Camden Town, after a lingering illness, Jeremiah Stockdale, Esq., of High Holborn, mill-maker to his late Majesty.

At her daughter's residence, Fair View, Ellennere, aged 70, Alicia Maria, relict of the late J. Young, Esq.

At her house in Mecklenburgh-square, Mrs. Dowding.

At Chester-place, Lambeth, Mary, one of the Society of Friends, relict of E. W. Phillips, aged 78.

THE UNIVERSAL ADVERTISING SHEET

OF

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE;

For June 1, 1823; *and to be continued Monthly.*

NOVELTIES.

In this age of exaggeration and deception, few announcements like the present are heeded; but DISON, WILLSON and Co., without arrogating to themselves any unusual claim to notice, merely remind their Patrons, the Nobility, Gentry, &c. of the many novelties they have produced during the last month, from their sale of which, joined to a daily increase of distinguished patronage, offers a proof that strict attention to probity, in never advancing more than they can perform, and selling their goods for what they *really are*, will ever meet with encouragement from a liberal British Public.

THE VERONA TIPPET,

continues in great demand by ladies of taste and fashion; of the

PELERINE ECHARPE,

they have but a very limited number remaining; they have been induced to make two more of the admired

STUART BONNET AND SPENCER,

which are so elegant for Promenade Costume at this season.

LA BONNET A LA JOLIE FEMME,

having appeared at the Opera, &c. on several distinguished *belles*, is in great demand, as its becoming shape can only be appreciated as worn.

THE REDINGOTE DU MATIN,

has been greatly admired for its elegance and novelty; over a pink satin slip, nothing can be more dressy for public breakfasts or morning visiting costume; these, with several new designs in

COLONADE AND FLOUNCED DRESSES,

offer to the admirers of perfection in British manufacture an opportunity for the display of taste, never before equalled.

They have just received from their manufactory at Brussels, an entire new assortment of

REAL BRUSSELS SPRIG'D VEILS,

Squares, scarfs, &c. at unprecedented low prices. Foreign and British Lace Warehouse, 237, Regent-Street; and Rue Notre Dames aux Nriges, No. 447, à Bruxelles.

REPERTORY OF ARTS FOR APRIL 1823.

(*See article Hall's Patent Starch.*)

"The object of this important invention is to extract all Colouring Matter from the Wheat, in the manufacture of Starch, which has hitherto given a yellow dye to linen, &c. An effectual remedy for this evil was never before discovered, and as the addition of Blue has become a general expedient, to conceal rather than to remove it, a perfect White has neither been obtained or expected by ordinary means. The White or French Starch, (that is, simply Starch without blue) is got into disuse, being of a dirty yellow colour, whereas the Patent Starch is of an almost dazzling whiteness, and being purified from all grosser substance, is, when dissolved for usual purposes, exceedingly clear and beautiful, and of superior strength. The patentee was led to this discovery in reference to URLING & Co's. LACE CONCERN, (in which he is a partner) and they have found it of incalculable use in preserving the Colour, and giving a transparent quality to their lace, as it does to Muslin, Linen, &c."—To be obtained of every respectable dealer in Town and Country, or in convenient packages at G. F. Urling and Co's. only Lace Warehouse in London, 147 Strand, near Somerset House.

RHEUMATISM AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

REMOVAL.—DR. HART begs to announce to his numerous medical and other friends, that he has *Removed* from No. 25 to No 7, Red Lion Square, where he has opened a Repository of the Portable Dry Sulphureous Fumigating and other Baths, for the inspection of the Public and use of Patients.

Dr. HART thinks it unnecessary to say any thing in favour of his Baths, as their virtues are so well known, during the five years they have been imported into this country; he therefore begs only to caution the Public against spurious advertisements, having seen some from a Mr. C. Troward, who stiles himself administerer of his Baths for upwards of five years, when in truth Dr. HART sold it to him on the 11th of October last, 1822, and previous to that period every Bath was administered personally by Dr. HART.

Dr. HART'S Portable Baths can be conveyed with the greatest facility to the patient's bed-

PARISIAN DEPOT.

At this Establishment Ladies will find the most truly Elegant and Fashionable assortment of Fancy Dress articles that can possibly be obtained, even in Paris, as the Proprietor is in the constant receipt from thence of whatever appears calculated to please the admirers of tasteful and ornamental appendages of superior Dress.—In the present importation, the *Court*, *Ball* and *Evening Tulle Dresses* are preeminent and distinguished, particularly those *à Colonnes, et avec montant,* which are of the immediate taste, and in great variety.

Plumes of feathers of a novel character; pearl-bead bandeaux; wreaths of bouquets of unique designs; a large and well selected choice of dress combs, Aigrettes and Epingles; Pelerines, Echarpes, and Handkerchiefs à Tricot; Blond Lace, Furs, Gold Wreaths and Bouquets, and the most extensive variety of Artificial Flowers ever imported; and by those Ladies who are curious in their selection of Bouquets or Wreaths, the fabric cannot fail to be admired. 29 Regent Street, near Piccadilly.

ORIGINAL SULPHUREOUS FUMIGATING BATHS,

Established upwards of Five Years, at 25, Red Lion-square, Holborn, under the direction of Mr. CHARLES TROWARD, for the Cure of Diseases of the Skin and Rheumatism, &c.—This sort of Bath, which is patronized by the most eminent Medical Gentlemen in the Metropolis, s the most powerful remedy known for the Cure of the different Diseases that affect the Skin; diseases which have long been the scourge of a great part of the human race, and for which, till the nvention of the Fumigating Bath, the art of medicine possessed no certain and effectual remedy; whereas this new method of treatment peedily eradicates from the Skin diseases of the nost obstinate and inveterate description—such s the Leprosy, Scorbutic Eruption, Ring-worm, nd other Eruptions of the Skin, which have esisted the customary applications of medicine; t the same time the operation of the Bath is far rom being unpleasant: by many it is even considered a luxury. It is also worthy of remark, that when once the disease is made to disappear it is ever afterwards liable to return; for the heat of he Bath, by stimulating the Vessels of the Skin to ncreased action, causes them to throw off all temporary obstructing matter, leaving the Pores of he Skin open to receive the Fumes of the Sulphur with which the Bath is strongly impregnated, which speedily destroys the diseased cuticle, a ew skin is produced, and thus are its healthy unctions completely re-established; whereas the pplications usually resorted to, being applied locally, but too often drive the eruption from one art of the body and cause it to break out with creased rigour in another, and thus is every effort to subdue the disease, by topical applications, nerally found to be totally ineffectual, but not till e patient has been disgusted with the tediousness and filthiness of the applications employed; whereas, on the contrary, this new method effects a speedy, certain, and permanent cure, unattended with any inconvenience of this sort. For Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, &c., without overrating its effects, this Bath may be considered a specific; nor is it greatly to be wondered at, as it is well known that the chief cause of Rheumatism is an obstructed perspiration, and a want of due circulation in the parts affected, both of which are entirely removed by the operation of this Bath. There is also another very considerable advantage attending the use of this Bath: it invigorates the Constitution, and, by strengthening the tone of the system, improves the general health of the Patient; and so powerful are its effects upon the Nervous System, that many, who have been in a most low and desponding state, have, by the operation of a single Bath, been immediately rendered tranquil and active.

The incalculable advantages that have already, and the still greater that may be expected to be derived from so powerful a remedy, renders it an imperative duty in me, as the Proprietor, to give all the publicity in my power to its beneficial effects, being fully convinced, from the great experience I have had in its administration, that Sulphureous Fumigation is the only and certain known remedy for many diseases, which neither the utmost skill, or length of time, has been able to effect. Such, therefore, as may be afflicted with any of the above-mentioned diseases, may rely upon having them permanently removed by the Sulphureous Fumigating Baths; and if they will call at my Establishment, 25, Red Lion-square, I will give them every further information they may require concerning them; and still further, for their own satisfaction, I would recommend them to procure two Pamphlets on Sulphureous Fumigation, written by two eminent Medical Gentlemen at Dublin—namely, Sir Arthur Clarke and Mr. Wallace, which may be had at any of the Medical Booksellers, and by which they will find I have by no means overrated the astonishing effects my Baths are capable of producing.

The expense of the Baths I have made as moderate as possible; and in order that the poorer classes may be enabled to partake of the benefit of this valuable remedy as well as the rich, I have fitted up separate Rooms and Baths for them, and regulated the charges accordingly. I also administer Baths gratis to such poor persons as are particularly recommended by Medical Gentlemen, or by such as are themselves taking the Baths.

For such Ladies and Gentlemen as prefer having the Baths administered to them at their own homes, I have portable ones, with which I attend for that purpose; and those who reside in the Country, and are desirous of being benefited by a course of the Baths, will meet, at the Establishment, every accommodation they may require. A short Treatise on Sulphureous Fumigation may be had gratis, on application at my Establishment. CHARLES TROWARD, 25, Red Lion-square, Holborn. Mercurial and Chlorine Fumigation administered as usual.

SUPPLEMENT

TO VOL. XXVII.

New and Improved Series

OF

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

CONTAINING

THE CONCLUSION OF SEVERAL INTERESTING ARTICLES, A RETROSPECTIVE DIGEST OF THE FASHIONS, AND A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED AND INTERESTING WORKS OF LITERATURE FOR THE LAST TEN MONTHS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

By M. LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND, *lately Ambassador from the Court of France to Great Britain, and now Minister of Foreign Affairs.*

(*Concluded from page* 247.)

THE emigration of the French clergy has contributed greatly to the diffusion of these ideas. It may be observed, that by a natural leaning to the institutions of their ancestors, the English are fond of representing the Catholic religion on their stage, and in their works of fiction.

Latterly, Catholicism having been brought to London by the exiled French priests, has appeared to the English, as in their romances, surrounded by the charm of antiquity and the force of recollection. Crowds assembled to hear the funeral sermon on the remains of a daughter of France, which was delivered in a stable in London by an emigrant priest.

In the performance of funeral rites, the English church preserves most of the honours which Catholicism renders to the dead.

In all the principal towns in England there are men called *undertakers*, whose business is the management of funerals. Over their shops are frequently inscribed the words *King's Coffin Maker*, or *Funerals performed here:* which latter phrase being literally translated, is *Funerals represented here.* Unfortunately we have been too long accustomed to behold in society only the representation of grief; and we are reduced to the necessity of purchasing tears for the dead, since nobody gives them. The last duties rendered to human nature would be sad indeed, were they stripped of religious ceremony. Religion took birth in the tomb, and the tomb cannot dispense with her aid. It is consolatory to hear the voice of hope ascend from the coffin; it is gratifying to behold the priest of the living God escort the ashes of man to their last abode; it is in some measure immortality that conducts the funeral train.

The political life of an Englishman is well known in France; but the nature of the parties which divide the English Parliament are not so generally understood.

Besides the Opposition and Ministerial parties, there is a third party*, which may be denominated the *Anglicans*, at the head of which stands Mr. Wilberforce. This par-

ty consists of about a hundred members, who adhere strictly to old manners, and particularly to religious observances. Their wives dress like quakeresses, and the members themselves affect the most rigid simplicity, and distribute a great part of their incomes among the poor. Mr. Pitt belongs to this sect. It brought him into the ministry, and maintained him there; for by voting either with one side or the other, Mr. Wilberforce's party is almost sure to determine the majority. In the late Irish business, they became alarmed by the promises which Mr. Pitt made to the Catholics, and they threatened to go over to the Opposition. The minister then adroitly gave in his resignation, in order to preserve his friends, with whose opinions his own coincide, and to extricate himself from the embarrassing circumstances in which he had become involved. Should the bill pass in favour of the Catholics, the Anglicans cannot lay the blame on Mr. Pitt; and if, on the contrary, it should be thrown out, the Irish Catholics cannot accuse him of having broken his word. In France it has been asked whether Mr. Pitt lost his credit when he lost his place; one single fact will serve as an answer to this question: *Mr. Pitt is still a member of the House of Commons.* When he may become a peer, and take his seat in the upper house, his political career will be at an end.

In France it is erroneously supposed that the opposition party possesses some degree of influence. The fact is, that it is absolutely fallen in public estimation, and is destitute either of great talent or real patriotism. Even Mr. Fox can do nothing more for it; he has almost lost his eloquence, through age and excess in the pleasures of the table. It is well known that wounded vanity, rather than any other cause, has kept him so long from Parliament.

The bill which excludes from the House of Commons every member who has taken holy orders, has been very much misunderstood in France. The sole object of this bill was to exclude Mr. Horne Tooke, a man of talent, and a violent opponent of Government. He was once a clergyman, and afterwards became refractory. He was formerly such a partizan of power, as to call forth an attack in the letters of Junius; but he has since become the apostle of liberty, like many others.

The English Parliament lost in Mr. Burke one of its most distinguished members. He was an enemy to the French revolution; but, to render him justice, no Englishman ever shewed more attachment to the French individually, or more highly extolled their valour and genius. Though by no means rich, he founded a school for the children of French exiles, where he frequently spent whole days in admiring the intelligence and vivacity of the pupils. On this subject he often related the following anecdote. Having brought the son of a nobleman to the school, the poor orphans wished to play with him: the young lord, however, did not shew himself inclined to become their playmate. "I hate the French," he said repeatedly, in a tone of ill-humour. One of the little boys of the school, finding he could procure no other answer from him, said, "That is impossible: you have too good a heart to hate us. Does not your lordship mistake fear for hatred?"

I should now say something of literature and men of letters, but this would carry me too far, and would require a separate article. I shall, therefore, content myself with mentioning some of the literary judgments of the English, which very much astonished me, because they are in direct contradiction to our received opinions.

Richardson is but little read in England; he is reproached with insupportable tediousness and meanness of style. Hume and Gibbon, it is said, lost the genius of the English language, by filling their writings with numerous gallicisms; the former is accused of being dull and immoral. Pope is regarded merely as a correct and elegant versifier; and Johnson asserts that his *Essay on Man* is only a collection of common-place ideas clothed in elegant verse. Dryden and Milton exclusively enjoy the title of poets. The *Spectator* is almost forgotten. Locke, whose name is rarely mentioned, is looked upon as a feeble metaphysician; and Bacon is read only by professional learned men. Shakespeare alone preserves his empire: the reason of this is obvious from the following circumstance.

I was once at Covent Garden Theatre,

which derives its name from being built on the site of the garden of an old convent. A very well dressed man, who sat next me, asked me what theatre it was. I looked at him with some degree of astonishment, and replied that it was Covent Garden. *A pretty garden indeed!* he exclaimed, bursting into a fit of laughter, and handing to me a bottle of rum. He proved to be a seaman, who passing the theatre accidentally, and seeing a crowd round the door, paid his money and entered, without knowing what he was to see.

How can the drama of the English be tolerable, while their theatrical audiences are composed of judges from Bengal or the coast of Guinea, who witness a performance without even knowing where they are? With such a people, Shakespeare may be expected to reign everlastingly. They think they justify every fault when they affirm, that the absurdities of English tragedy are natural. Even admitting this to be true, still it may be remarked, that the most natural incidents are not always the most affecting. It is natural to fear death: and yet a victim deploring his own fate, dries up the tears that would otherwise be shed for him. The human heart wishes for something superior to itself; it seeks above all for something to admire: it has within itself an aspiration for an unknown virtue, for which it was perhaps at first created.

A people who have been almost constantly barbarians in the arts, may continue to admire barbarous productions without any ill consequence to themselves; but I know not how a nation possessing masterpieces in every department of art, can return to the love of the monstrous, without compromising their moral character. Thus the taste for Shakespeare is far more dangerous in France than in England. With the English, it is merely the result of ignorance, but with us it is depravity. In an enlightened age, the morals of a polished people are more closely connected with good taste, than is generally supposed. Bad taste with so many means of correction, can then only arise out of a natural bias of ideas: for as the mind acts incessantly on the heart, it is difficult to conceive that the ways of the heart should be upright when those of the mind are crooked. The love of deformity is not far removed from the love of vice; he who is blind to beauty may easily be insensible to virtue. Bad taste and vice, almost always go hand in hand; the former is but the expression of the latter, as language is the medium of thought.

I shall close this notice by a few remarks on the face of the country, the sky, and the monuments of England.

But few birds inhabit the fields of England. The rivers are small, but their banks are agreeable on account of their solitude. The verdure is of a very lively tint. There is little or no woodland; but each field being surrounded by a ditch planted with hedges and trees, the surrounding country, when viewed from an eminence, almost presents the appearance of a forest. At first glance England somewhat resembles Brittany, being alternately heaths and fields surrounded by trees.

In England, the atmosphere is heavier than in France. The azure of the sky is more brilliant but less transparent, and the accidents of light are more beautiful on account of the multitude of clouds. In London, I frequently enjoyed the picturesque spectacle of the sun setting behind the groves of Kensington. The immense column of smoke rising above the city, resembles those dark hills tinged with purple which we see represented in the scenes of Tartarus; while the venerable towers of Westminster Abbey, crowned with clouds and gilded by the beams of the setting sun, are seen rising above London; and the palace and park of St. James's, like a huge monument of death, reigning over the monuments of men.

St. Paul's Cathedral is the finest modern edifice, and Westminster Abbey the most beautiful gothic edifice in England. I shall perhaps describe the latter at another opportunity. Frequently, on returning from my excursions round London I passed the back of Whitehall, where Charles I. was beheaded. The scene of execution is now a solitary court-yard, where the grass is springing up between the stones. I have often stopped to hear the wind howl round the statue of Charles II., who with his finger points to the spot where his father perished. I never saw any one in this place except workmen employed in cutting

stones, and whistling at their work. I one day asked them whom the statue represented: but some could not inform me, and others seemed not to comprehend what I said. Nothing could have impressed me with a more just idea of the transitoriness of human events and human existence! What has become of the men who were so distinguished during their lives? Time has taken a stride, and the face of the earth is changed. Those generations which were divided by political hatred, have been succeeded by generations indifferent to past events, but excited by new animosities, and those in their turn will be forgotten by generations to come.

THE ROOKERY.

A TRUE TALE.

(*Concluded from page 259.*)

FROM this period we must pass over a lapse of fifteen years, during which Mr. Lister had almost ruined himself in law expenses, about a lost estate which we have mentioned in an early part of the narrative. Robert had received as good an education as a very idle boy, indulged to the utmost extreme by both father and mother, is capable of attaining; while William Kennilson had been taken from the workhouse by the minister of the parish and placed in the charity-school, where, by the mildness of his manners, and the persevering industry with which he studied to accomplish the daily lessons of his preceptors, he taught them to forget that he was merely the son of Wardock Kennilson. At an early age he quitted the school, and entered an attorney's office as writer, where he was shortly after articled at the expense of his employer, to whom he not only continued to prove useful, but extremely essential. In more instances than one poor William had seen his mother, who always contrived to meet him in a clandestine way; she generally demanded all his little savings, sometimes murmured that he had no more to bestow, and always refused to form a settled residence, or to abandon the gypsey-like way of life wherein she persevered. If William ever felt an emotion of sorrow oppress his heart, it was when he meditated on the habits of his mother, and the disgrace which had overtaken his father; but even this reflection was sure to give way to a sensation of gratitude, when it taught him to remember, that it remained for his own integrity to wipe away the blot with which his name was corroded. In the mean time Richard, who cared little for the vexations arising from the untoward circumstances of his father, took great delight in dogs, horse-racings, and bettings. From a child he had evinced a cruel disposition, which Mrs. Lister said was quite natural to his age: his sisters were under the necessity of giving way to his humours upon all occasions, unless they expected to endure a severe lecture from their mamma. The dear boy's courage was not to be damped by them; what if he strangled the cats, shot the fowls, or plucked all the feathers off the young rooks which he climbed to pull out of their nests, he had *such a spirit!* till at last that spirit seemed likely to plunge the whole family into ruin. Always eager to be the king of society, young Lister only chose to mingle with such persons as had an interest in making him believe himself so; of course those persons' aims were constantly levelled at his purse, which was perpetually demanding a *fresh* supply. He had become acquainted with a notorious set of horse-jockies at N********, who were regular gamblers, and while they flattered his vanity in one way, they regularly fleezed him in another; till Natty was at length compelled to acknowledge that he was too much encumbered to supply any further extravagancies: which was followed by · brutal retort on the part of Robert, whose heart appeared to require every susceptibility of filial affection. Frequently, when Natty heard the praises of William, he would heave a sigh of regret that his own son was so unlike him; and

more than once expressed his chagrin that a boy brought up in a workhouse should be able to command a greater degree of respect than a youth surrounded by Robert's advantages. Mrs. Lister always rebuked these repinings with an uncommon flow of bitterness, declaring that she didn't want her child to resemble a vulgar pauper; for if Mrs. Lister hated any one person more than another, it was William Kennilson, not so much because he was Wardock's child, as because he was said by every body to wear such a striking likeness of Natty; which, singular as it might seem, was actually the case. Natty had blue eyes and an acquiline nose, so had William Kennilson; Natty had auburn hair, so had William Kennilson; while Robert possessed a dark, ferocious looking countenance, with grey eyes, unlike any part of the family. One evening Natty staid rather late at market, where he had been for the purpose of receiving upwards of a hundred pounds belonging to the parish: it happened on that very evening William had promised to meet his mother, for the purpose of resigning to her all the money he was able to collect; she had pretended to be in some immediate danger, from which nothing less than the amount of twenty pounds could extricate her: this was an immense sum to poor William, and far beyond his means of supplying. Wardock had insinuated that he frequently held considerable monies in his hands. William shuddered at the idea, for although his sense of filial duty was strong, his sense of honesty was equally so: he felt a sincere inclination to confer every thing on Wardock that was his to afford; but the sound judgment he possessed, taught him that, although she was his mother, his superior education had given him a right to decide for himself, and to remonstrate even with a parent, whose notions of honour must have been derived from sources infinitely inferior to his own. William, therefore, with a considerable degree of hesitation, ventured to solicit the loan of twenty pounds of his master, which he purposed to pay by weekly stipends out of the little salary allowed him to purchase clothes with. It so happened, William's employer had a purchase to make that day for a gentleman which required a considerable deposit; and deeming the young man's demand not very urgent, though singular, put him off with a brief answer, resolving to inquire into the nature of his necessity at a more convenient and less busy period. Thus disappointed, William stole out at dark to meet his mother, from whom he had received some severe reproofs, and was returning with a heavy heart, as the sound of some person groaning in great agony arrested his ear; and directed by the voice, he hastily rushed across the road just time enough to perceive the dark form of a man bending over another, whom he had dragged from his horse, and was threatening to dash out his brains if he made any further noise or resistance. "Hold, villain!" cried William, "for heaven's sake think what you are about to commit!" At these words the unknown started from the menacing attitude which he had assumed, and instantly disappeared through the adjoining hedge. William soon discovered that the person on the ground was no other than Mr. Lister: who had received so violent a blow on his temple, that he now lay senseless and bleeding on the earth. The terrified youth raised the wounded man in his arms, and strove by every means he could invent to succeed in restoring his benumbed faculties, but in vain; and he endeavoured to bind up his forehead, from which he felt the warm blood trickling across his hand, as he gently continued to chafe it: still Lister returned no answers to his anxious enquiries, and William, lifting him in his arms, attempted to place him across the horse, but the animal was too restive, and too much frightened at the unusual load, to submit to such an experiment. What was to be done? not a voice or an approaching footstep disturbed the stillness of night; the village lay at the distance of half a mile, and seating the unfortunate Lister in as upright a position as possible, he mounted the horse and was galloping off for assistance, when a variety of persons, turning an angle of a lane in the back ground, assailed him at the same time, with "stop thief! stop murderer! we know ye! we know ye!" and as William checked his rein, several sturdy hands immediately seized it in so brutal a manner, that he began to apprehend his own life was about to answer for the interest he had taken in that of another. "Rose, bloodthirsty villain!

it shall fare hard with you for this!" exclaimed a hoarse voice, which William immediately recognized to be that of Robert. "What have I done beyond my duty, in attempting to save the life of a fellow creature?" inquired William, in some surprise, not unmixed with alarm. "What have you done?" answered Robert, "and talk of saving a fellow creature, when you are caught riding away on his horse; didn't I see you on the ground attempting the life of my father? and didn't I immediately turn round and call these good people? 'Tis well they were on the way from market, and that you loitered to secure your booty, or I had not seen you taken after all."

"Gracious God! what is this you utter? It was not my hand that knocked down Mr. Lister."

"That remains to be proved," said Robert, "so I insist that you immediately come along with us;" and then, for the first time noticing his apparently lifeless father, he desired that he might be put into a gardener's cart, while those who had seized William, deaf to all remonstrance on his part, continued to hurry him towards the village. By the way they were not a little surprised to encounter Wordock Kennelson. "There!" cried Robert, snatching a lanthorn and holding it up to her features, "I thought the old devil was not far distant: who doubts her having a share in this affair."—Wardock made no other reply at first than by laughing scornfully. "You may laugh now," exclaimed Robert, but we shall see how you'll laugh at the gallows, by the side of your precious son, ere long."—"Go thy ways for a fool," said Wardock, "ere I hang, thou'lt sing to another tune; but get thee hence, and tell *Madam* Lister, her malice has had its swing—Wardock's son is going to the fatal tree for her husband's sake; let her sing and rejoice as she may do, till the day after his hanging, and then bid *her* think of the workhouse! 'tis a fine place, a rare place for poor people's brats." As she concluded the latter sentence, she went laughing wildly away, without taking the least notice of William: who was even more hurt at her unnatural conduct, than by the unfortunate situation in which it had pleased Providence that moment to place him. Nor were the spectators unmoved as they listened to the expiring and denunciative tones of Wardock's voice, which now, tremulous with extreme age, seemed issuing from the boundary of another world. Robert only breathed a curse after the beldame, as he termed her, and proceeded with William to a lock-up house, while Natty was conveyed away by another party.

When Robert came home, his mother's fears on his father's account were materially abated. Mr. Lister was recovered from his swoon, and the blow he had received proved not likely to turn out dangerous. Robert did not welcome this intelligence with that expression of delight which Mrs. Lister had anticipated, but a frown of savage disappointment hastily overshadowed his features This Mrs. Lister attributed to the loss of the hundred pounds of which his father had been robbed, and of which not a shilling had been taken in the prisoner's possession; and it was concluded that he had thrown it into the neighbouring ditch, in order to escape detection, previously to the time of his being secured. The handkerchief bound round Natty's head, so far from tending to exculpate the unlucky William, went to prove that, having committed the robbery, he wished to save his victim's life under an idea that the punishment for highway plunder was not equal to that of murder. The next day William was conducted before a magistrate; his master, indeed, came forward to give him an undeniable character, but when he called to mind his embarrassment on the preceding morning, and his request of twenty pounds, there was something so uncommon in it that his good opinion became staggered; besides, what had William to do on the high road, where no business required his attendance, at that late hour? He had been also found covered with blood, riding *away* from the body supposed to be murdered; and his bad mother, who seldom appeared in the village, that night was present to threaten and confront the detectors of his guilt. These circumstances were strong enough in the opinion of a country justice, to convict twenty assassins, and William, the degraded, the wretched William, was unceremoniously dragged, in the presence of all those who had once respected his modest deportment, from the place of his birth to the confines

of a country prison, there to wait till the arrival of the ensuing assizes should decide his fate. In the mean time strict search was making for Wardock Kennilson, in order to arrest her as an agent in the late robbery; this detection was effected by Robert himself, who, in company with one or two of his companions, discovered her in a wood breaking the branches from the trees. He immediately insisted on her going with him to the village: and on her obstinately refusing, struck her several times smartly with his whip. At this treatment Wardock's lips turned white with fury, her eyes flashed fire, and wildly grasping the collar of Robert's coat, "thou worse than savage!" cried she, "and is it come to this? Stay till William is dead; stay till I've fulfilled the bitterness of my revenge upon yon proud woman; and thou, thou shalt rue the day that sent thee hither to chastise one, that hath it in her hand to sink thee lower than the dust." Robert only laughed at these menaces,—he and all the village looked upon Wardock as a mad woman, and without hesitation he called to two labourers who were passing, and desired them to convey Wardock to the same room in which William had been confined. On being conducted to the justice, Robert of course appeared, and when Wardock heard her committal to prison, she exhibited such symptoms of indignation as made the whole assembly tremble; and taking out a knife from her pocket, "who is he that shall bind me?" inquired she desperately, "and unbound will I not do your bidding. Well may ye start, ye pale-hearted wretches! Is this the end of your *persecutions?* is this the end on't? But who is the man shall prevent my walking forth? show me who he is?" and she held the knife on high, in an attitude of rancorous defiance, laughing horribly at the same time.

"I am the man!" exclaimed Robert, moving a step towards her, as she assumed a look almost supernatural. "Thou, thou shouldst have been the last," continued Wardock; "but, come on, boy, I can but die with the secret of my heart buried in it; approach, fool, and learn thy fate." At that instant the door opened, and a person came to inform Robert that his mother had suddenly expired in a fit. The knife dropped from Wardock's hand; her whole frame seemed to relapse into immediate old age; "and is that proud woman gone to her last account?" faltered she; "I am satisfied, then: take me away to prison, now then take me to prison, *convicted as I am by the hand of my own son;* yes, there he stands, God is my witness this stern-hearted boy is mine; do but look at his forehead: when they branded me with the mark of thief, the impression was also on my unborn infant. I swore to be revenged on Lister's wife for sending my child to the workhouse; I was so, for I exchanged the infants: William is the son of Lister: Robert, the unfeeling Robert, is the son of Wardock Kennilson." Robert stood like one petrified, as the assembly seemed to ask if it were likely all this could be true; and as they thought it possible, a shudder invaded every heart when they meditated that such a disclosure, made but a few days sooner, had prevented the enormity rendered still more so by this development, for which poor William was now a captive.

"You look," said Robert to the justice, whose eyes were rivetted on the mark in his forehead, which Wardock still continued maliciously to point at, "you look as if you gave credit to the words of this mad woman; let her be dispatched immediately to bedlam, or to prison, while I return and console my father for his unexpected loss."

"I am ready to depart," cried Wardock, "thou false-hearted boy; and for the truth of all I have declared there is one can answer. Let her be questioned; I give her free leave to speak now."

"And who is that one?" inquired the justice.

"Jenny! Lister's trusty servant, Jenny, whom he left to protect and nurse his only son, while he and *madam* went after their law affairs; I give *her* leave to speak *now*."

The justice here dismissed the assembly, and immediately went himself in quest of Jenny, who had long since quitted Mrs. Lister's service, and had for years been labouring under some internal complaint, at the cottage of her father. When the justice communicated to her the nature of his visit, she fell upon her knees, and acknowledged that she knew Wardock had changed the child, but believed it to be the effect of witchcraft. A fear of betraying her own conduct, had induced her to inform her

mistress that Robert had been seized with dreadful convulsions, which accounted for the paleness of his appearance; she soon after met Wardock Kennilson by accident, who in a most fearful manner had threatened to torment her all her life, if ever she communicated a suspicion of that woman's having laid spells upon the baby; "and, in truth, I do think she has punished me as it is," continued the weeping penitent; "for I am never well with fretting about the disaster, which occurred chiefly through my neglect."

The justice now resolved to make all these communications to Natty. He well knew, neither the loss of his wife nor of his supposed son, were likely to break Lister's heart, however much it might shock his feelings; besides, he wished to concert the best method of befriending poor William, who, something whispered to his thoughts, was innocent of the charge alleged against him. Lister was yet to be informed of every thing that had transpired respecting the examination of Wardock; and when the justice had unfolded every particular, he rose in a hurried manner from his chair, and raising his eyes to Heaven, "My poor boy *is* innocent!" said he, "for look ye here, it was this that killed my wife!" And he drew from the bureau the corner of a figured neck-handkerchief marked R. L. which he had torn from the robber's throat, and held in his grasp till he recovered from insensibility." "These initials," observed he, "were marked by my wife, herself, and as soon as she perceived them, she knew that they indicated *Robert Lister;* and a conviction smote her that it was he who had attempted to rob and murder me; it was too much for her spirits, and she sunk under them: she is dead. Let me not see Robert again—I cannot but remember that I have looked upon him as my son: I would not be his accuser."

The justice understood the meaning of what Lister said; and sending for Robert into another room, he informed him that every thing had been discovered: and giving him a few pounds, all Lister had in the house, told him to add them to the hundred which he must also have about him, and make the best use of his time till day-break, after which period nothing could save him. At first Robert conducted himself in a very imperious manner, till, finding his insolence had no influence over the temper of his admonitor, he went deliberately into the stable, saddled his horse, and rode furiously out of the village, in which he was never seen afterwards.

A few words will now bring us to the conclusion of our narrative. Of course William was acquitted, and welcomed by every demonstration of affection to his paternal home, and succeeded, not long after, in recovering, by his own talents, that very considerable estate which had occasioned his father so many law expenses.

For Wardock Kennilson, her vigour seemed to expire with the death of the object towards whom she had directed her vengeance; an air of imbecility or indifference followed her from the prison, which it was necessary she should inhabit till William's acquittal; she never even inquired about the fate of her son; perhaps her heart was too proud. William offered her a maintenance, but she treated the benevolent overture with scorn; and, contriving to escape from the hands of those whom the law had directed to protect her apparent insanity, she fled into the woods and fields, in order to renew the wandering course of life wherein she ever most delighted. She had been some time missing from the village, when a shepherd boy, exploring the briary labyrinth of a stream, in search of a strayed lamb, discovered her on her knees, as if in the act of reaching for watercresses, dead as the withered branch round which one of her arms entwined, and cold as the melancholy stream that murmured past.

THE WILD ARAB; OR THE CHILDREN OF THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 255.)

Often, during his long and adventurous wanderings, did the mind of Zenim dwell with fond regret on the home he had left behind, and on the delightful vallies wherein his happier moments had glided smoothly past, like sportive sunbeams down the gurgling waters of Roknabad; and while he meditated on the beloved society of Dœnira, Ascanthe, and Buda, a deep melancholy would frequently infuse itself into his soul, which could only be expelled by the bright image of his father, who, like the transcendent luminary of Persian idolatry, seemed to disperse each accumulating cloud of sorrow, and to fill his whole breast with the golden rays of hope and joyous enthusiasm. Then it was that Zenim's young and filial heart throbbed quick with ardour, his nerves acquired new vigour, and the perils and fatigues of his pilgrimage appeared like morning roses scattered on his path, yielding no thorn but such as terror fashions. As the Bedouins were mounting to pursue their intended route, the chief, calling the itinerant and Zenim aside, pointed out to them a part of the baggage which had left Bussora with the cafila; "observe," said he, "these bales we obtained, *not by plunder*, as you perhaps would term it, no, we discovered them in the sand, presented equally to the grasp of man, or to the ruthless destruction of the uncertain elements; enough—they became our right, since no one appeared to dispute the claim; nevertheless, should any particle of that merchandize belong to either the one or the other of you, let him not deny it; we have taken compassion in the hour of distress, and would not re-abandon ye to the world's frowns, divested of your little substance, which if here we shall be happy to restore." The merchant looked amazed; at length, feeling assured that the captain of the Bedouins was serious, "this," answered he, touching a parcel of fine muslins, "this was once mine; I purchased it of a dealer from Japan, at eighty pieces, and the only favour I would ask is, that it may be wound into turbans for the generous-hearted band, to whose interference I am even indebted for the pleasure of soliciting such a gratification."—"Flatterer!" replied the chief, "I see thou knowest the cunning of thy trade, and how to beguile thy customers with smooth words;" then drawing forth his purse, "here are a hundred pieces," continued he, "take that for thy bargain; thou wilt find them less cumbersome than the bale of muslin." The merchant would feign have excused himself, but the chief would hear no reply; and turning to Zenim, "and now," exclaimed he, "my young Arab! which part of the spoil falls to thy share?"

"Not any part; I am but an unfortunate youth, on my way to Abyssinia, to solicit the liberation of my father from slavery!"

"Indeed! what offence has that father been guilty of, that he leads so ignoble a life? for thy appearance convinces me thou art free-born."

Zenim answered in the affirmative; while the itinerant, perceiving that he wished, yet feared to unfold his own story, related each particular without referring to the name of Ubantha. The itinerant conceived, that to the breast of a person, so noble-minded,* at least as he had evinced himself towards them, there could be no danger in confiding the circumstances of his young friend; it also occurred to the merchant, that the chief, who doubtless was a man of intrigue, might possess some power of promoting the filial cause in which Zenim was embarked: the disclosure might be injudicious, but it was benevolent, and addressed to the feelings of an individual who had evidently all the requisites of real worth.

* When a numerous horde of Bedouins, living together, encounter and pillage caravans, their exploits are considered deeds of honourable warfare: they never attack a solitary individual, but are allowed to possess an uncommon share of generous

"There are so many criminals in the various mines, and not a few of them men of distinction," observed the chief, as the merchant concluded, "I might guess in vain for the name of this youth's father."

"Ubantha!" ejaculated Zemin, and then paused abruptly, his heart palpitating with emotion, and his eye rivetted on the features of the Bedouin, as if he hoped to read there what passed in his mind; and he thought that the chief *did* struggle with some emotion. "I know that name well! I know too that Morack has ere now sacrificed his pledge and his word, where their fulfilment was less likely to inflict danger on himself, than by maintaining the promise of fulfilling an unlimited request to the son of Ubantha; however, far be it from me to discourage an undertaking so worthy of that name. But bring you no letters? Are, indeed, the friends of Ubantha so few, or so fearful?"—"I have some," replied Zemin, producing those he had received from the grandfather of Ascanthe; "of their tendency I know nothing."—"The cipher of Ghiefnar Ali!" exclaimed the chief, looking at one of the packets with attention. Zenim started with surprise; "is it possible you know the name of my departed friend?" enquired he. "I have heard of the family, which was once powerful; their cipher is familiar to me. I knew the late representative, if he be now dead, by the name of Ghiefnar Ali; your letters, I observe, are directed to persons in Abyssinia; proceed, therefore, to present them; but should the correspondents of Ghiefnar Ali prove too infirm for your purpose, you may yet find a friend in the wandering Bedouin, who, despite his rough way of life, may chance to do the cause of struggling virtue much good service. A present of money which the chief here pressed upon Zenim concluded the conversation, and they were presently accompanied by the horde on the road to Medina. At length, arriving at the foot of a mountain, where a number of pilgrims on their way to Mecca, had halted during the extreme heat of the day, the chief took leave of Zemin and his companion, after commending them to Heaven, and expressing a conviction that he should meet them again at no distant period, and turned away with his followers towards a valley which led in a direct angle to the great desert. The pilgrims, who appeared of various countries, expressed no reluctance to receive the strangers into their community, and speedily after commenced their ascent round the mountain. On the sides of these gigantic steeps Zemin suffered extremely from the fitful air, which changes alternately from the piercing blast to the scorching vapour; yet he could not but be wrapt in admiration at the sublime grandeur of the scene; and sensations of delicious awe infused themselves into his breast, as he witnessed the perilous height to which the little party were gradually attaining, and listened to the foaming cataract, which, sweeping above their heads over a thousand pointed rocks, fell roaring into the ample valley far, far beneath. That valley too, which now appeared rich and fertile, presented a striking contrast to the bleak and bladeless summits, many of them covered with snow, of the winding mountain top. Through a renewal of scenes similar to these it would be tedious to follow our youthful hero and his companions; we shall, therefore, abridge the length of space necessarily devoted to travelling on foot over a vast number of fursengs,* and continue our narrative with their entry into Medina, where they arrived about sunset, through an immense plain of luxuriant palm-trees, to which they were obliged to return and pitch their tents, the city being crowded to an excess with the many thousands of pilgrims, who proceed annually towards Mecca, but pass through Medina, in order to offer up prayers at the tomb of Mahomet. The itinerant, who had now no business to transact in this place, felt himself so attached to Zemin, that he resolved not to desert him till he should have seen the termination of his enterprize, and accordingly proposed to him, after visiting the blessed tomb, to set forward immediately to Mecca; and in order to facilitate this design, he purchased a camel with part of the money given him by the Bedouin chief, and accompanied by Zemin, a vast concourse of religious travellers and continued his journey. From Medina to Mecca the distance is calculated at two hundred and twenty miles; yet they contrived to reach that place, on account of

* A *furseng* is equal to four English miles.

the auspiciousness of the season, in a shorter period of time than the road generally occupies. Instead of entering Mecca, as was their original intention, finding the town even fuller of visitants than Medina, they took up their abode for the present among the cool hills by which the venerated spot is surrounded. It was here Zenim learnt that in the course of a few days the magnificent spectacle was to take place of offering the silver veil from Cairo, which is annually brought from that place to be presented to the temple of Mecca.* At this ceremony a vast concourse of people of rank were to be present; and among the names mentioned as of importance by the multitude, what ecstacy did it impart to Zenim, when he heard that of *Morack*, the chief favourite of the Emperor of Abyssinia! "Now," said he to the itinerant, thrusting his hand into his own bosom, as if to ascertain whether the precious ring were still safe in his possession; "now let us exclaim, *Alla Acbar!* God is, indeed, most mighty! I shall once again behold Morack, even at this consecrated and holy place; I shall throw myself before him, and here, where the spirits of departed saints mingle with the air to unite with me in my supplications, he cannot refuse to aid in the liberation of my father, unless he would destroy the life which has been the means of restoring his own; unless he would commit a crime by the violation of a sacred promise; a crime which, on a spot so hallowed, would assuredly draw down upon his head the vengeance and execration of every immortal power." The itinerant almost trembled, as he beheld the extraordinary enthusiasm that seemed to animate the mind of Zenim as he spoke; nevertheless, he was unwilling to shed a damp on sentiments so filial and so noble, accordingly he continued to devise the best method of Zenim's presenting himself to Morack, so as to be soonest recognized; but Zenim, like a true pupil of nature, deemed it impossible that any human being could cease to recollect the form and features of another who had snatched him from destruction, while the remembrance of the man he had only preserved, was so indelibly and deeply written in his own mind.

On the morning of the procession Zenim and the itinerant were up long before the sun, and not a pilgrim that offered his prayers to heaven on that day, exceeded the devotion of our youthful hero. As it was utterly impossible for such an immense assemblage and confusion of persons as were present, to enter indiscriminately the square of the Caaba; those who accompanied the silver veil were the first to be admitted, and the itinerant having discovered that Morack was to be amongst them, thought it advisable for himself and Zenim to take their stations at the gate of peace, from which the devotees were expected to emerge immediately after the consummation of their solemn rites, and drinking of the water of Ismael's well.* At the gate of peace then, whose very name seemed auspicious to his dearest hopes, Zenim waited long and anxiously for the return of the procession. Owing to the crowd, he had been utterly unsuccessful in attempting to distinguish the features of those who composed it as they entered the square; but now he stood, or rather knelt amongst the foremost of the multitude; a thousand unquiet emotions occasionally filled his breast, as he occasionally meditated on all that had been related to him respecting the remorseless disposition of Morack: but when he contemplated the scene around, and beheld the lofty summit of Mount Ararat,† exalting itself to heaven before him, a sensation of mingled awe and rapture imperceptibly stole into his breast, which almost assured him, that he who had tasted of divine consolation, or abandoned himself to God within the pale of Abraham's consecrated dwelling, could not enter therefrom to execute a deed of injustice. While he was thus communing with himself, footsteps and silver sounds were distinctly heard approaching from within, and the itinerant speaking in low accents to an Abyssinian, whom he had engaged to point out Morack

* Long before the time of Mahomet, the temple of Mecca, or the Caaba, was held sacred by Musselmen. Some traditions assign its foundation to Ismael; some to Abraham, and many assign it even to Adam himself.

* The holy well is said to be built on the spot where the water sprung up for Ismael.

† Mount Ararat, where Abraham would have sacrificed his son.

as he passed, in case Zenim's agitation should overcome his memory, and render him incapable of distinguishing the features which he sought, now pressed closer to his young companion. The gate slowly unclosed, and as slowly came forth the noble pilgrims. Not an eye was there but it beamed mildly, and seemed lit with holy rapture; many a voice uttered blessings, and many a blessing was breathed in return. "He is here!" at length whispered the Abyssinian. "I know him well, 'tis he, 'tis Morack!" and he pointed out a conspicuous person in the train, who now entered from the peaceful gate. "Which? which?" inquired Zenim, eager to start forth and present the ring. "There, there; he comes often enough into public at Abyssinia—that, that is Morack, the man whom you seek," and at the same time the Abyssinian pointed again towards the figure. Zenim's eye ran along the procession, till at length it rested on the person alluded to. Zenim trembled—his lips quivered with convulsions, that alarmed the merchant to whom he endeavoured to speak; his eyes glared wildly, and, unable to support the oppressive nature of his agitation, which evidently owed itself to despair, he fell prostrate on the earth, exclaiming, "mother! father! oh!" like one whose whole faculties are suddenly arrested by the icy hand of death.

Stunned by a sight so unaccountable, the itinerant raised Zenim in his arms, and endeavoured for some minutes to restore him to animation, without the least prospect of success. At length he opened his eyes, and seeing the crowd which had suddenly gathered about him, "take me away," said he to the merchant, in a tone of wild agony, "the Morack I have seen is *not* the person I saved; conduct me from this spot to one where I may indulge in the wretchedness that has taken possession of my soul." At these melancholy tidings the itinerant put forth his hand to keep back the people, who were rudely pressing forward to gaze in Zenim's face, when a person of majestic statue, enveloped in the habit of a pilgrim, suddenly placed a packet in his possession, and as suddenly disappeared. Not knowing what to make of an action so mysterious, the merchant cast his eye on the superscription of the letter, and perceiving it was directed to himself, slipped it hastily into his vest, and slowly conducted Zenim to the tent which they occupied together. When they were alone, Zenim gave free access to his misery: "alas! alas!" cried he, "here then all my high-flown hopes of returning to Sabla with my father vanish for ever, and I have only to remember that, in opposition to the will of my mother, I undertook this luckless enterprize; and as a punishment for my disobedience, if ever I return to her again, it must be covered with disgrace and shame!" Here he wept bitterly; while the good itinerant endeavoured, by every means in his power, but vainly, to afford him consolation; at length he recollected the mysterious packet, and hastily unfolding it, found that it contained a second paper, sealed, and accompanied by the following lines. Every thing has transpired as I expected; let it not discourage the heart of filial affection; surely it would be some consolation for the son of Ubantha to behold his father: if so, proceed immediately to Abyssinia, deliver the enclosed, and fear not to confide in the friendship of the chief of the Bedouins. As the itinerant read these lines aloud, they were heard by Zenim, whose heart caught its original warmth at the sound. "Yes!" exclaimed he, "be the intent of that writer whatever it may, I will pursue my course to Abyssinia; at least, I'll endeavour to behold my father, and to bear back his blessing, if only his blessing, to my dear mother; but *thou*, my friend"—and he paused abruptly, gazing with an earnest expression of regret at the merchant. "I understand," answered the itinerant; "but it is not my intention to turn aside now, as I have all along followed thee."

"But the family thou spok'st of to the Bedouin."—"But for thee they had never more beheld me; I'll endeavour to apprize them of my existence by the return of the caravans at Mecca; and as we have begun, so will we terminate thy adventure together." Zenim caught his friend in transports to his relieved bosom, and pressing his hand to his lips, bathed it in tears of thankfulness. The very next day they departed for the sea-port of Jodda, where they again disposed of their camel, and entering a small vessel, sailed down the Red Sea, landed on the opposite shore, from

which they continued to proceed by the easiest means, to the place which Zenim had long thirsted to behold. The persons directed to by Ghiefnar were absent from Abyssinia; and it was not long, therefore, ere Zenim pressed the merchant to seek the individual to whom the Bedouin's letter was addressed, and hastening to comply with the request, they found that he was no other than a person of high trust in the emperor's service, and keeper of the secret mine. This information startled the merchant: he began to feel apprehensive for the safety of his young charge; perhaps, thought he, this Bedouin chief, notwithstanding the opinion I have taught myself to entertain of him, may be some agent of Morack, who intends to immolate the innocent son of Ubantha: yet why, reasoned he, at the same time, restore to society the victim he had so easily sacrificed in the wild and lawless desart, where his will is power? Zenim guessed the cause of the merchant's inquietude: "you tremble," said he, "for my safety; I am prepared to suffer every thing for the sake of my parent; let us, I beseech thee, lose not an instant in complying with the request of the Bedouin, who, though a robber, may be an instrument commissioned by Alla to assist me." The itinerant did as Zenim desired, and hastening to the habitation of the governor of the secret mines, sent in the packet, which immediately procured himself and Zenim an interview. As the governor fixed his eyes on Zenim, scarcely noticing his companion, "you," said he, "are the youth mentioned in this letter, who have lately been in company with the captain of the Bedouins?" The merchant looked at Zenim, and Zenim at him; they understood each other's apprehensions, but the governor immediately relieved them by saying, "if you are he, I am under particular obligations to the Bedouin, and at his request will secretly grant you an interview with Ubantha."—"I, I *am* that youth!" ejaculated Zenim eagerly; "whatever be the result, lead me to behold the unfortunate thou speakest of, and I will bless thee, for ever bless thee."—"You shall be immediately indulged," answered the governor. "Immediately?" interrogated Zenim, "is not Ubantha confined within the mines of the mountains of the moon?"—"Not so: but follow where I shall direct, and presently I'll bring you to him."—"Come then, my friend," cried the delighted youth, taking the itinerant's hand, "come and witness the ecstacies of my heart, as I shall sink, for the first time, at the feet of ——."—"Hold!" interrupted the governor to Zenim, "this paper merely requests the admission of yourself, and I am by no means inclined wantonly to violate the regulations of my office. Not only my means, but my existence is at stake."

"But this is my friend, my benefactor; we have travelled, toiled, suffered together."

"All this avails nothing; if you would go, it must be attended by me alone."

"Alas!" sighed the itinerant; "what am I to think! Should aught of harm befal my companion, it will teach me to curse the hour that ever I abandoned him to another; he hath strangely wound himself about my heart, and I can ill support the terrors which at this moment assail me on his account."

"Then return from whence ye came; I have said enough to convince you that I *dare* not admit a follower: therefore depart together."

"O! no, no;" cried Zenim, "I am ready to go alone!" and almost wildly embracing the itinerant, he bade him farewell till they should meet again.

"But when will that be?" asked the merchant, addressing himself firmly to the governor.

"At sunset you can seek the youth in this house, and you will find him, unless some sudden calamity attend him, which I can neither prevent nor foresee."

This assurance comforted the merchant; with a considerable degree of irresolution in his manner he grasped Zenim's hand—held him a moment to his breast, and then, his eyes filled with tears, retired in silence. The governor now motioned Zenim to follow, which he did, through a long range of apartments conducting to the extremity of a considerable garden, highly walled, and spiked on all sides. At the termination of this garden they entered a building of extraordinary strength and magnitude, in which stood several guards protecting an iron door, at the threshold of which the governor took a key from his robe, which

he even concealed from the soldiers, and applying it to the lock, desired the men to draw back the immense barrier, which several of them performed with the utmost difficulty; and Zenim beheld a gloomy spacious chamber lighted by lamps, and tenanted by several blacks, who hastily stepped forward and silently saluted the governor on his entrance. The governor made no return to their courtesy: all was still; so still, that when the iron door closed gratingly after him, the sound made Zenim shudder; and a faint smile played on the rigid features of the governor as he noticed his agitation; and, waving his hand to two of the blacks, he gave Zenim to understand, that he must now consent to pursue the rest of his way blindfold. Refusal would have availed nothing; and, so far from being disheartened, Zenim reflected that if his return had not been meditated, there would have existed no reason for all this precaution; he, therefore, cheerfully complied, and presently after, conducted by the two slaves, continued to pass through other doors, which he distinguished by the heavy groans of their hinges. He felt himself sinking step by step, into the bosom of the earth; a number of unusual sounds assailed his ear; he felt himself let down to an immense depth in a car or basket, as the warmth of a strong light, like a torch, flashed across his face; at one time, he heard the rippling of water, and was sensible that he moved forward in a boat. At length his journey was at an end, and on being permitted to gaze around, he discovered himself by the side of a stupendous fragment of rock, massy piles of which were formed into rude galleries, and lighted by innumerable torches, whose twinkling fires, scattered largely through the immense gloom, seemed like stars hung in a night of darkness. Zenim's blood turned cold as he contemplated this abode of horror. "What, thought he, would be troubles of thrice the magnitude I have undergone, compared to passing a solitary month in this hideous den!" The governor, who stood near, guessed at the sentiments of his bosom, and interrupted them by observing that Ubantha approached. Zenim now heard a low footstep, and the clank of a chain. "'Tis he!" said the governor, as a tall emaciated figure, wearing a form almost unearthly, stood before them. It was Ubantha. Zenim endeavoured to throw himself at his father's feet, but his strength failed as he gazed on the melancholy object, and he sank against the rock for support. "For what am I summoned?" inquired the captive, in a tone that seemed to shut out every mortal comfort. "I have brought a stranger who can only speak with you in my presence: I suppose he's a friend." Ubantha repeated the word *friend* with a sepulchral laugh, which added an indescribable horror to the place; then directing his sunken eye to Zenim, "what art thou?" asked he, faintly, "that seek'st this everlasting night in quest of Ubantha, who deemed himself forgotten of all mankind?" "I am thy son!" sobbed Zenim, "I am thine only son, whom heaven hath inspired to seek and comfort thee," and with these words he threw himself on the earth and embraced Ubantha's knees.

"What mockery is this! hence cruel scoffer! Ubantha never had a son."

"Thou hadst a son unborn when first these cruel caves enclosed thee from the world; and Dœnira, thine own Dœnira, in order to escape the persecutions of thine enemy, fled from Abyssinia to Sabla, with no better protector than her faithful slave Buda."

"Then my Dœnira preserved her truth unsullied! but she, alas!—"

"Still lives, and every morning that beams upon her eyelids but awakens to pray for thee."

"Canst thou indeed be my son, *mine?* O come near this torch, that I may gaze upon thy features.—Ah! she was fair, thou art sunburnt; yet in thine eye I trace a beam of tenderness—yet hast thou brought nothing to convince me?"

Zenim hesitated; "yes, this sabre—'twas the gift of my mother on my birth-day; it was once thine."

Ubantha gazed at the sabre, then drew it from its scabbard. But hast thou no letter—not a word from her to prove thou art my son?"

Zenim recollected a prayer which he carried in his vest, it was his mother's hand-writing, and he hastily drew it forth. Ubantha pressed it to his lips, then folding his arms around his son, "if deceived," sighed he, "mighty prophet let it be thus

for ever; or thus deceived, let me sink at once into eternity."

A slave now entered, and, speaking to the governor, he withdrew, leaving Ubantha and his son to converse by themselves. In a few words Zenim's little history was related, while on the other hand he learned all the particulars of his father's history. He had been condemned to the mines for heading, as it was supposed by the emperor, a conspiracy formed by a party of refugee Guebres against his own life: in which conspiracy there was a tincture of the blackest ingratitude; for the emperor had sheltered those very individuals from the pursuit and persecutions of their enemies, deeming them a noble and unfortunate race. This was the outward circumstance which led the emperor to sentence Ubantha by a solemn vow made to Alla (for the emperor's religious opinions savoured materially of Mahometism) perpetually to toil in the secret mines: but the true motive was the treachery of Morack, who had been himself the inventor of the conspiracy. Morack had loved Dœnira previously to her union with Ubantha; she had preferred Ubantha to him. It was enough; he swore to be revenged—and his revenge was a dreadful one.

Three hours passed rapidly away 'ere the governor's return. Zenim grasped his father's arm, and wept at the idea of separation; but Ubantha was more firm; after embracing his son with tenderness, "go, my child," cried he; "go and comfort your mother; tell her from me that this interview has restored me to peace, since it has not only assured me of her fidelity, but of your worth. We shall meet hereafter, where there exists no malice, and where the virtuous shall be repaid for every suffering they endured on earth. He now once more pressed Zenim to his heart, and then, in order to spare their mutual feelings, vanished among the rocks. Zenim followed the sound of his retiring footsteps with his ear, then turning with a deep sigh to the governor, attended him from the mine in the same way as he had entered it. But what was his surprise on reaching the garden, to find not only himself, but the governor, arrested by order of the Emperor, and commanded instantly to be dragged before him; the one for presuming to enter the secret mine, and the other for permitting the presence of an individual, who had solicited no authority of the state to penetrate the abode of woe and darkness.

It was in vain Zenim, from a motive of gratitude towards the governor, endeavoured to implicate himself alone; in vain he begged that his friend the itinerant might be informed of his situation; not the least attention was paid to his supplications, and he was moreover desired, if he expected mercy, to observe an implicit silence. In a short time Zenim saw himself conducted in chains through a sumptuous apartment, the walls of which were hung with rich silks, embroidered with fringes and devices of gold. Officers in magnificent attire thronged the place, at the extremity whereof a throne of gold, placed on steps covered with purple, and powdered with gems, stood near a recess which was concealed by curtains of the finest Persian silk, curiously embroidered with gold, pearls and rubies. On each side of the throne were curtains of silk, which evidently overhung recesses of a similar description. Near the throne Zenim beheld his friend the itinerant, loaded with chains like himself. They eagerly ran towards each other but were immediately separated by the guards, and a strain of luxuriant music was heard. "He comes! he comes! 'tis the emperor—he will decide the fate of the malefactors!" exclaimed a confusion of voices. At that instant the silk curtains of the centre recess were rapidly drawn aside, to the flourish of a hundred silver trumpets, and, supported by his principal officers, the emperor himself approached. Zenim gave an involuntary burst of joy as he beheld him, and plucking from his breast the cherished ring of Morack, throwing himself at the same time prostrate on the steps of the throne, he cried with a loud voice, "*Alla acbar!* it is he! Mighty emperor, behold me at your feet the child of the wilderness, to whom you gave this sacred ring, and O in mercy redeem the promise you there made; restore, I beseech you, the freedom of my unfortunate father!" Several of the officers here attempted to drag Zenim away, but the Emperor, with a gracious smile, interposed to prevent it. "Rise, son of Ubantha," said he; "independently of the good service thou hast done me, thy tried

virtues, pure as the dews of Nechtabar, which rust not the brightest scimitar, deserve the boon thou askest. Disguised as the minister Morack, whose very ring on that occasion I wore, I first witnessed by accident thy magnanimity; secondly, as the Bedouin Chief, I became more sensible of your filial worth and honour; thirdly, as the Emperor of Abyssinia, unseen, I witnessed the interview between Ubantha and his child. Recent investigations have thoroughly convinced me of Ubantha's wrongs and Morack's infamy. Son of Ubantha, return to the arms of your father, and be happy. Ubantha, receive an unexampled son, who forgot not to solicit thy life when covered with confusion and chains; self-preservation might rather have prompted him to sacrifice the promise of his monarch, by demanding his own preservation." At these words the curtain on the Emperor's right hand was drawn back, and Ubantha rushing forward, received the almost convulsed Zenim to his breast, from which he unloosed himself only to throw himself at the Emperor's feet. Their chains, together with those of the good itinerant and the governor, were here taken off, and shouts of joy and approbation filled the apartment, which were only interrupted by the entrance of Morack, closely guarded, from the third recess. It was then the Emperor's features assumed a frown of deep displeasure: "behold!" said he, "the victims of thy malice; they are decreed to rank even higher than thou hast done in my esteem, while thou art condemned to assume the place of Ubantha in the secret mine."—"Pity, my liege!" faltered Zenim, again sinking on his knees; "whatever the crime of our enemy, let us not purchase, I beseech you, the joy of a day like this, by committing even the most cruel of individuals to such a terrific and horrible abode." The Emperor was not displeased at the request. "I hope," said he, coldly addressing himself to Morack, "this shaft pierces sufficiently deep—retire for the present: perchance I may mitigate thy punishment to distant exile—of that hereafter." Morack now withdrew without daring to look around, while the Emperor, extending his hand to Zenim, amid the renewed flourish of trumpets, lifted him graciously from the earth, and in the presence of all the nobility restored the name of Ubantha to its former honours and glory.

It was a beautiful and serene evening at Sabla, when Dœnira and Ascanthe, seated beneath the old acacia tree in the garden, were conversing as usual on the merits of their too long absent Zenim, that some travellers, richly attired, who had come in a vessel all along the Arabian Sea, and up the Persian Gulf, suddenly halted at the little gate of the cottage. Ascanthe uttered a piercing scream, as she beheld them; Dœnira almost fainted with joy; their own altered Zenim apppeared—he was once more returned to bless them; returned too with his father, restored to life and honour! In an instant they were locked in each other's arms. Buda and the itinerant witnessed the rapture of the occasion, and the transports of that delicious *moment* amply compensated for *years* of sorrow.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's-Inn; collected by Young Mr. Jefferson, of Lyon's Inn. The First Series. London, 2 vols. 12mo. 1823.

THESE Tales are three in number: *The Welch Cottage, or the Woodman's Fire-side; Mandeville, or the Voyage; and the Creole, or the Negro Suicide.* The first of these, the author informs us, "is more completely the invention of 'his' fancy than either of the others; but the most pathetic, and the most improbable scenes of it are simply matters of fact; occurrences of real life, with little or no deviation from truth, further than giving the parties a higher rank in society than it was their fate to enjoy, and placing the retirement of the family in Wales instead of nearer to the metropolis."

In the second Tale, which is far the best

of the series, we are told "that the object of the author is to correct a system, and not to afford amusement or to gratify malevolence at the expense of personal feelings."

The scene of the third Tale is laid in the island of Cuba. The story of the "Negro's Suicide," the author observes, "was too revolting to be told as a tale of pathos, or of mere fact; it has therefore been told in a style of humour, rendered broad to adapt it to the taste of the Creoles; the sole, or at least the principal object of publishing it, being to produce amongst them that species of reformation which our nature is always disposed to derive from witnessing the portraiture of our errors."

For the honour of human nature, we would fain hope that the scenes and circumstances delineated in this sketch never had any existence but in the imagination of the author. We dare not dwell upon them.

The Welch Cottage will be found to possess considerable claims on the attention of the reader. Its fable, indeed, is not very regularly constructed; it exhibits little of what may be termed the dramatic in writing, nor is it so conducted as to indicate superiority of skill in the author. Its pathos, however, is deep, and some of the descriptive passages are of a respectable class. The chief incident, perhaps—an amiable father, with his beloved son, perishing in a snow storm—will by some be thought of a nature too painful to be pleasing.

It is in the second tale, *Mandeville*, that the author's talents are displayed to most advantage. It is written with considerable power. Some of the characters are very forcibly drawn, and as ably sustained; the scenes are vividly and glowingly painted; and, particularly towards the close, an intense interest is excited in the mind of the reader. We shall offer one or two extracts.

The subjoined scene is impressively pathetic, and its moral is not less important. Mandeville had conceived an affection for Emma, the daughter of Lord and Lady Belton; but, unfortunately for the lover, and for the fair object of his attachment, the latter had fallen a victim to the seductive artifices of Captain Montagu, who, shortly after, was summoned into the presence of his Maker, to answer for his deep and numerous crimes. Emma, under an assumed name, retires with her father and mother to a sequestered cottage.

By the invitation of the mother, we entered the adjoining room. There was a cradle with a sleeping female infant, and on a small tent bedstead, with dimity curtains as white as the driven snow, lay the once innocent and happy, but the now lost, pale, and emaciated Emma Belton. My heart ached at the sight.

She was asleep, and looked like a statue of faded loveliness. I held my breath in silent sorrow, lest I should disturb her. In a few minutes she uttered a deep sigh, and starting in her dream, exclaimed, "Great God, forgive—it was my youth's error." Again she was calm and placid. Her night-gown was close to her chin; the shadow of its frill was reflected upon her mouth, or else her lips were slightly convulsed. The tear-drop fell from the mother's eye. I was absorbed in sorrow. Heavens! thought I to myself, what a sad contrast to a few months ago, when you were the picture of youthful loveliness! Life's brightest scenes were in prospect for you—all was joy and hope; now, scarce eighteen, an outcast, a sacrifice, flying from infamy, dying under a fictitious name, in solitude, in secresy; and that poor hapless infant, with the stigma of its birth, doomed never to feel a parent's caresses, a parent's care. I turned to a door leading to a second bed-room; the door was opened, and through it I first perceived Lord Belton. He was sitting in an arm-chair. His legs straight and stretched on the ground, his hands clasped, and between his knees: his body was bent forward, and his eyes were to the ground. He seemed in the deepest sorrow.

We remained in this state for about five minutes, without a breath being heard. Emma gently opened her eyes. She first caught a sight of me: her face was immediately suffused with crimson I retired a few steps backwards as if by instinct; she stretched her arm from the bed-clothes, and gently took my hand.

"Sit down," said she, "Mr. Mandeville. I did not expect to see you here. I know you do not come out of curiosity, nor to triumph over me. My kind and worthy friend, Mr. Upton, has brought you here, judging, I suppose, that I should be glad to see you. Ah, Mr. Mandeville," said she, with a deep sigh, "I know the grief which my folly hast cost you, as well as my dear parents and my family. Had I been prudent and virtuous, I might now have been dear to you; we might both have been happy."

I could not speak for grief. I pressed her

hand to my lips, and kissed it repeatedly, fervently. She continued:

"My affectionate mother would console me, by arguing that it was the error of my innocence, of my youth and inexperience, of her own neglect of me, of Captain Montagu's accomplished powers. These arguments I know are meant well—they are meant to make my few remaining hours happy; but I know they are fallacious. No man has powers to beguile, unless the object beguiled is criminal and faulty in disposition. The promise of marriage for such a purpose has been given under every form, and with every possible pledge, and never yet was it kept—this is a well known truth · she, therefore, who relies on such a promise, has only her own folly to blame for her ruin. As far as I have injured society, and afflicted my parents and friends (looking at myself and Mr. Upton), I trust my death will expatiate; [expiate], as far as I have offended my God, I have implored forgiveness. I go before my Judge."

"A just and righteous Judge," said I.

"A merciful one, I trust, or I am lost."

"Look, Mr. Mandeville," said she, pointing with painful earnestness to the cradle, "look at that sleeping innocent. Hard, indeed, will be its fate in this life. You are aware that Captain Montagu left his estate to me; the bequest has of course pointed me out to the suspicion of the world. I would not accept of the legacy for myself, but I thought this hapless child was justly entitled to it; in the event of her death, I have made it over to Captain Montagu's sister. But oh, my child, what will be your fate? No tenderness of a mother, no guiding care of a father will it be your lot to receive. My parents can only notice you by stealth. Alas, alas, a female child so desolate, and with its mother's fault hereditary, perhaps, all the infamy at least will fall on you.

"Mr. Upton, that kind and generous man, my more than father, has promised to be its guardian—to love it for its mother's sake. Mr. Upton makes no oaths, but his promise is sacred, and he would not, I know (looking wishfully at Mr. Upton), deceive his dying Emma. But, ah, Mr. Mandeville, our friend Mr. Upton is now old, and, ere my child's of age, may expect to be in those regions of joyful eternity, from which I fear my crime has excluded me. If, Mr. Mandeville, you can so long remember your once beloved—alas, your once esteemed Emma—oh, let me conjure you to foster, to befriend, to guard this now sleeping innocent. When I, my parents, Mr. Upton, shall be no more, oh, extend a father's care to this poor babe." (Tears stopped her utterance, she was overcome. Reviving, she raised herself in the bed,) "Give me," said she, to her mother, "oh, give me my child."

Lady Belton took the child from the cradle, and held it to the bed.

Emma raised herself on her pillow. "Oh God, my child," exclaimed she, stretching out her arms to take the infant, and in that action fell back and expired.

The character of Mr. Upton, who is mentioned in the preceding extract, is an interesting sketch; but the finest portrait in the piece is that of a naval officer Captain Vallerton. Formerly, we fear, whatever may be the case now, too many of the abuses deprecated by our author were prevalent in the naval service of the country; and, loth are we to admit, that, even in our own day, the navy has been disgraced by characters bearing too great a resemblance to that of Sir John Fadladeen.

Some time after the death of Emma Belton, Mr. Mandeville, tired of mere garrison duty, volunteered his services on an expedition then fitting out for the Indian Ocean, obtained a captain's commission, and embarked in the commodore's ship, the Britannia, with three lieutenants and one hundred and fifty men. The squadron consisted of the Britannia, the Lion, an old sixty-four, and a small frigate. Circumstances led to the removal of Captain Mandeville into the Lion, commanded by Captain Vallerton, an officer of high talent and most determined valour; but whose services, however, from a deficiency of interest, had been cruelly and shamefully neglected. The hopes of the veteran have been blasted, and his heart is almost broken. A French squadron appears in sight; but the English commodore, Sir John Fadladeen, shuns the anxiously wished-for conflict. Captain Vallerton, disgusted with the cowardice of his superior officer, indignant that the honour of his country should be stained, and rendered desperate by his own situation, most gallantly, though imprudently, determines to bring the enemy to action himself. In this object he succeeds, and a desperate engagement, described with uncommon force and spirit, ensues. The carnage on both sides is dreadful: Captain Vallerton is mortally wounded; but the French are defeated, their ships are taken, and their captains surrender their swords to the heroic victor. The general battle,

with its numerous personal conflicts, are described with a pen that may almost be termed Homeric. The principal French ship was a noble vessel of ninety-three guns. "She had carried a crew of nine hundred men, and had on board of her rather more than five hundred soldiers; of these fourteen hundred souls, eleven hundred and ninety odd had been killed or wounded in the fight; and, as each party fought under infuriating circumstances, the wounds were all serious or fatal: for injury that was only slight was quickly dressed in the cock-pit, and the man returned to his quarters. We had boarded her with about three hundred men, of whom rather more than two hundred now lay on her decks. The scene that these decks presented was truly shocking. We were up to our ancles in blood, thickened by brains and troddened entrails, mangled limbs, severed features, scalps and pieces of skulls floated in the gore, and every time the ship rolled, they dashed against our legs, the blood washing to our boot tops."

Ultimately, the victors and the vanquished all perish in a storm. The fate of the shipwrecked wretches is not less forcibly painted than the battle scenes; but we have no room for the details of either. The boats of the Lion foundered with all her crew. Mandeville, who remains on board, is the sole survivor. The Lion was driven into a bay, over breakers, and thrown high and dry upon rocks which, for miles around, rose perpendicularly from the water. Not a foot of beach, not a chasm was to be discovered. In this dreadful situation, without hope of relief, Mandeville remained for three months.

"I now (says he) fell into a state of stupidity. I dragged myself listlessly along the decks, seated myself for hours in one position, and gazed unconsciously on one single object, without its having any thing peculiar to interest or attract. For a fortnight I amused myself with walking round the decks, and counting the shot-holes, and fancying them arranged in a thousand different shapes. At last a feverish energy seized my mind; I raved about the decks, fancying myself on the summit of the rock, enjoying the country and converse of human beings. In despair I resolved to attempt to scale this terrific barrier; the attempt was too wild and forlorn to admit of reflection, and the hour of its conception was therefore the time of its execution.

"I put a pair of double-barrelled pistols in my belt, with my coat pocket full of ammunition, and a sabre by my side. I carried also a flask bottle of spirits, binding canvass round my knees to protect them from the rocks, and putting on a pair of thick gloves, to guard my hands from the sharp projecting points, I rapidly descended the sides of the vessel, and struggling over the breakers, I came to the foot of the rock. A moment's reflection, and my attempt would have been given up. Without pausing an instant, I began rapidly to ascend, sometimes in a direct line sometimes laterally; the smallest crevice for my feet, or the slightest knob for my grasp, was sufficient. I was so rapid that not a moment did my body rest on one support, or I must have been dashed to pieces; for often did my spring from a slight projecting point detach that projection from its place, and hurl it into the depth below. My exertion was beyond belief; not once had I lost my balance, and my rapidity had saved me by quickly springing from points that could not have supported me more than a second. Soon my strength was gone—my breathing thick; I had not reached even the middle of the eminence. My hair swam around; my arms became more feeble; I was giving up the struggle—a small landing-place or ledge appeared to my left and above me; hope gave me strength; I struggled through a few more efforts; and breathless I fell prostrate on this narrow shelf of the rock.

"Here I remained for an hour, when casting my eyes around, how terrific was my situation. I was about 1,500 feet above the sea; as great a height of rock yet remained to ascend. I was resting on a ledge of not three feet wide, nor above seven feet long. I seemed suspended midway between heaven and the ocean; I shrunk within myself from the edge of the rock, and yet I was less than one foot from that edge. At another time the very thoughts of my situation would have made me dizzy; now I lay viewing the ocean beating beneath me, with the certainty that one false step would dash me to atoms.

"I continued in this dreadful state for many hours, irresolute and in horror. To descend was impossible; to attain the summit was hopeless; the line of rock from where I stood, to the ridge, was almost perpendicular, and, except the numerous holes where the birds had built their nests, it appeared without fissure, or any irregularity of surface sufficient to give me a firm grasp or safe footing.

"I lay a long time supinely and stupified by terror and despair. I renovated my strength by the draught of liquor contained in my case-

bottle; but the time arrived when it was absolutely necessary to do something. My strength was now recovered by rest and refreshment; but my food was exhausted, and my strength would necessarily fail, and become less at every increase of delay. To lie there and perish by hunger was by no means preferable to being dashed instantly to pieces, and my miseries at once brought to a termination. With this thought I was inspired to attempt the further ascent, and rising from my prostrate position, I sprung boldly at a cavity a few feet above me, and catching a firm grasp, I began my awful task. I moved rapidly from point to point, often springing an incredible distance; every effort brought the summit nearer to my view, and inspired me with hope; hope renovated my expiring strength: I had reached within a few yards of the top; but here I was stopped by the projecting ridge of the summit, which beetled over its base; I hung suspended by my arms; my knees trembled beneath me; my heart beat with wonderful quickness; my whole body seemed dissolving into cold perspiration; I screeched most piteously with terror; nature made her last effort. I stretched forward to a hold which a fissure afforded me; I repeated my effort, and, springing with supernatural strength, the middle of my body rested on the edge of the very summit: with my arms I raised my knees, and then my feet above the edge. I staggered forward, and the projection I had been resting on, by my effort to spring from it, was hurled from its place, and rolled like thunder into the deep. I was on firm earth, but nature in me was overcome; a confused vision of flying savages flitted before my eyes; I reeled forward, and fell senseless on my face. When I awoke, and found myself safe, and the joyous landscape around me, I fell on my knees, and with fervour adored the God of my deliverance."

Thus terminates the story of Mandeville, *Part the First;* from which it may be inferred, that a *sequel* thereto is intended to appear, in a *Second Series* of Tales. We hope that, in the said *Second Series*, the author will not afford his enemies an opportunity of charging him with the propagation of deistical sentiments; and we as sincerely hope, that, if it be only in regard to good taste, he will not suffer his politics to intrude. Politics and the *Belles Lettres*, be the former Whig, Tory, or Radical, make a sad mixture.

Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the Years 1819, 20, 21, *and* 22. *By John Franklin, Capt. R.N., F.R.S., and Commander of the Expedition. With an Appendix on various Subjects relating to Science and Natural History. Illustrated by numerous Plates and Maps. Published by Authority of the Right Honourable Earl Bathurst.* London, 4to. pp. 768.

(Concluded from page 269.)

On the 7th, (says Capt. F.) we were gratified by a sight of the sun, after it had been obscured for twelve days. On this and the several following days, the meridian sun melted the light covering of the snow or hoar frost on the lichens, which clothe the barren grounds, and rendered them so tender, as to attract great herds of rein-deer to our neighbourhood. On the morning of the tenth, I estimated the number I saw, during a short walk, at upwards of two thousand. They form into herds of different sizes, from ten to a hundred, according as their fears or accident induce them to unite or separate." p. 240.

At this place, the Expedition remained ten months, waiting for the return of spring.

" As it may be interesting, (says Capt. F.) to the reader to know how we passed our time at this season of the year, I shall mention briefly that a considerable portion of it was occupied in writing up our journals. Some newspapers and magazines that we had received from England with our letters, were read again and again, and commented upon, at our meals; and we often exercised our elves with conjecturing the changes that might take place in the world before we could hear from it again. The probability of our receiving letters, and the period of their arrival, were calculated to a nicety. We occasionally paid the woodmen a visit, or took a walk for a mile or two on the river.

" In the evenings we joined the men in the hall, and took a part in their games, which generally continued to a late hour; in short, we never found the time to hang heavy upon our hands, and the peculiar occupations of each of the officers, afforded *them* more employment than

might at first be supposed. I re-calculated the observations made on our route. Mr. Hood protracted the charts, and made those drawings of birds, plants, and fishes which cannot appear in this work, but which have been the admiration of every one who has seen them. Each of the party sedulously and separately recorded their (his) observations on the Aurora (Borealis), and Dr. Richardson contrived to obtain from under the snow specimens of most of the lichens in the neighbourhood, and to make himself acquainted with the mineralogy of the surrounding country.

"The sabbath was always a day of rest with us; the woodmen were required to provide for the exigencies of that day on Saturday, and the party were dressed in their best attire. Divine service was regularly performed, and the Canadians attended, and behaved with great decorum, although they were all Roman Catholics, and but little acquainted with the language in which the prayers were read. I regretted much that we had not a French prayer-book; but the Lord's prayer and creed were always read to them in their own language. Our diet consisted almost entirely of rein-deer meat, varied twice a week by fish, and occasionally by a little flour; but we had no vegetables of any description. On the Sunday mornings we drank a cup of chocolate; but our greatest luxury was tea (without sugar), of which we regularly partook twice a day. With rein-deer fat, and strips of cotton shirts, we formed candles; and Hepburn acquired considerable skill in the manufacture of soap, from the wood-ashes, fat, and salt. The formation of soap was considered as rather a mysterious operation by our Canadians: and, in their hands, was always supposed to fail if a woman approached the kettle in which the ley was boiling. Such are our simple details." p. 259.

"By the arrival of Mr. Wentzel, who is an excellent musician, and (who) assisted us *con amore*, in our attempts to amuse the men, we were enabled to gratify the whole establishment with an occasional dance. This is an amusement of which the voyag rs are very fond; and not the less so, as it was now and then accompanied with a dram, as long as our rum lasted." p. 262.

On the 6th, the expedition passed the mouth of Fairy Lake River, so called by the Indians; and here the narrator expresses a degree of uncertainty whether the notion of fairies is native with the Indians, or has been derived to them from their intercourse with the traders. There is no ground for this hesitation. The Indians, not less than all the other children of Adam, have their fairies; and these resemble, as it appears, in a very striking manner, the "gude neighbours" of Scotland, and similar fancies throughout the world. "The Northern Indian fairies are six inches high, lead a life similar to the Indians, and are excellent hunters. Those who have had the good fortune to fall in with their tiny encampments have been kindly treated, and regaled on venison."—p. 333.

Always, hitherto, the rein-deer had been the object of the chase; but on the 4th of July, in about the latitude of 64 and a half degrees N., the musk-ox took the place of the former. "The musk-oxen feed on the same substances with the rein-deer, and the prints of the feet of these two animals are so much alike, that it requires the eye of an experienced hunter to distinguish them. The largest of these animals killed by us did not exceed in weight three hundred pounds. The flesh has a musky disagreeable flavour, especially when the animal is lean, which, unfortunately for us, was the case with all that were now killed by us."—p. 332. Is the musk-ox in reality a deer? We are told in the Appendix, No. 5, that "M. Blaniville has proposed to place this animal in a new genus, to be named Ovibos; that is, the sheep-ox. Again: "The Crees call the musk-ox, mathek-mongsoo, or ugly moose." The Cree words imply ugly moose *deer*.

On the 10th, the expedition was in latitude 67° 1′ 10″ N.; and on the 10th it reached the Copper Mountains, formerly an occasion of warfare between the Copper Indians and the Esquimaux of the coast. In those days both parties resorted to these mountains, for the metal of which they formed their knives and other instruments; but since iron has been introduced among the Indians by the traders, the Copper Mountains have been left in undisturbed possession of the Esquimaux, and nothing remains of the ancient national hostility on either side, except mutual fear and dislike. Capt. F., who, it will be recollected, had been particularly charged to make observations on the Copper Mountains, reports that "the impracticability of navigating the river upward from the sea, and the want of wood for forming an

establishment, would prove insuperable objections to rendering the collection of copper at this part worthy of mercantile speculation." Wood was become a rarity in the part of the country where the expedition now was. The stunted "trees were reduced to a scanty fringe on the borders of the river, and every side was beset by naked mountains." p. 341.

Precautions were now taken against the too sudden meeting of the Indian guides and hunters with the Esquimaux, with whom the expedition was hourly expected to fall in. They frequent a salmon-leap, named by Mr. Hearne "Bloody Fall," on account of a massacre committed by his Chipewyans on the Esquimaux whom he found there; and here, as had been expected, a small band was actually met with by the expedition. The particulars given by Capt. F. are too entertaining for us to pass them by, if we were not anxious to pursue, with as little interruption as possible, the simple thread of our history, and if the passage in question had not a general resemblance to all the accounts usually given of the meeting of Europeans with uncivilized nations. We are, nevertheless, struck with the facility with which the friendly Indians resorted to the usual means of Europeans for conciliating such rude strangers. Having, when alone, met with a party of Esquimaux, with whom they could not converse, they cut the buttons off their clothes to present to the Esquimaux. We observe, also, that these latter people are by no means so universally short of stature as is usually understood, and that their whole aspect has much affinity with the European. The Esquimaux interpreters were great favourites with the expedition, and it may be observed, that the nation in general is universally spoken of with pleasure, whenever brought into contact with the English. In reality their manners are cheerful, and such as are much more easily sympathized with by Europeans than those of the Indians. The sterling good qualities of the latter, in the mean time, are borne ample testimony to in the volume before us.

At Bloody Fall, on the 15th of July, the expedition "had a distinct view of the sea from the hill behind the tents; it appeared choked with ice, and full of islands." p. 351. The Indians were now dismissed, on their return up the river; arrangements were made for a winter's supply of provisions along the banks, should the expedition itself return that way; and, in any case, for the deposit of a store at Fort Enterprize. The party was also reduced in number, Mr. Wentzel and four Canadians taking their leave; and now the officers, with Hepburn, Augustus, Junius, and the remainder of the Canadians, with Michel, the Iroquois, prepared for performing the great object of the whole undertaking; namely, that of exploring the coasts of the Arctic Sea, from the mouth of Coppermine River to the eastward, in the same birch-bark canoes in which they had descended the river.

The tenth and shortest chapter of the "Narrative" contains the account of this main part of the undertaking; but though this, of all other parts of the volume, is that which is of the greatest interest to science, and to the solution of the agitated question of a passage from the north-east to Behring's Straits, it is that which we are most content to pass over with but few observations, leaving the reader to its entire perusal in the words of the work itself. Its general substance, at the same time, is readily told. Capt. F. navigated the Arctic Sea in two canoes, for the distance (following the indentation of the coast) of five hundred and fifty-five miles to the eastward, where he left a low cape, to which he gave the name of Cape Turnagain. His course lay through a narrow channel, bordered to the northward by a range of islands, to which he gave the name of the Duke of York's Islands; and the most considerable feature which his voyage and observations has added to the map of North America, is a gulf lying between Cape Barrow and Cape Turnagain, called by Capt. F. King George the Fourth's Coronation Gulf, at the bottom of which is an inlet, now named Bathurst's Inlet; and a sound, named Arctic Sound, which receives the waters of Hood's River, up which stream the party ascended on their overland return. No additional Esquimaux were met with, though traces of the residence of those people presented themselves; and too much of the season was spent in the necessary examination of the parts discovered, to admit of a further progress eastward, especially to-

ward the known point of Repulse Bay, in Hudson's Bay, or, indeed, as it soon fatally appeared, of a safe return for the exploring party.

A map, judiciously placed at the end of the volume, exhibits the connected discoveries of Captains Ross, Parry, and Franklin; and by this the reader is led to perceive that the North Georgian Islands, and other newly-discovered lands, lie due north of, and at no considerable distance from the coast explored by Capt. F. To the general eye, it will probably appear, that the Prince Regent's Inlet of Capt. Parry, or some neighbouring passage, may one day open a road to Capt. F.'s Cape Turnagain.

"Our researches (says Capt. F.), as far as they have gone, seem to favour the opinion of those who contend for the practicability of a North-West Passage. The general line of coast probably runs east and west, nearly in the latitude assigned to Mackenzie's River, the Sound into which Kotzebue entered, and Repulse Bay; and very little doubt can, in my opinion, be entertained of the existence of a continued sea, in or about that line of direction. The existence of whales, too, on this part of the coast, evidenced by the whalebone we found in Esquimaux Cave, may be considered as an argument for an open sea; and a connection with Hudson's Bay is rendered more probable from the same kind of fish abounding on the coasts we visited, and on those to the north of Churchill River. I allude more particularly to the Capelin,* or Salmo Arcticus, which we found in large shoals in Bathurst's Inlet, and which not only abounds, as Augustus told us, in the bays in his country, but swarms in the Greenland friths. The portion of the sea over which we passed is navigable for vessels of any size; the ice we met, particularly after quitting Detention Harbour, would not have arrested a strong boat. The chain of islands afford shelter from all heavy seas, and there are good harbours at convenient distances."—p. 389.

On the foregoing we shall only remark, that notwithstanding the advantage of shelter from heavy seas, afforded by the chain of islands, we should expect a passage to the northward of the islands, and at a distance from all lands, if discoverable, to be still more free from the obstruction of ice; and that the probability of a connection between Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Sea does not strike us in the manner it does Capt. F. The argument founded on the shoals of Capélin, common both to Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Sea, is plainly destroyed as soon as we are told that they are equally found in the Greenland friths; and we confess ourselves disposed, particularly on the strength of a fact attested by Capt. F. himself, to look at least for the main eastern outlet of that current which is supposed to set to the northward through Behring's Strait, neither through Hudson's Bay nor through Davis's Strait, but to the eastward of Greenland. Capt. F. informs us, that in his outward voyage, *after entering Davis's Strait*, it was ascertained by experiment that the temperature of the water of the sea, at the depth of six hundred and fifty fathoms, was four degrees colder than that of the water of the surface; and that the coldness was in proportion to the depth.

"This experiment (says Capt. F.) shewing the water to be colder at a great depth than at the surface, and in proportion to the increase of the descent, coincides with the observations of Capt. Ross and Lieut. Parry, *on their late voyage to these seas*, but is contrary to the results obtained by Captain Buchan and myself, *on our recent voyage to the north, between Spitzbergen and Greenland*, in which sea we invariably found the water brought from any great depth to be warmer than that of the surface."—p. 10.

Now, is there no probability that this body of water between Greenland and Spitzbergen is the same with that which enters the Arctic Sea from the southward, through Behring's Strait, and which cools in its progress, particularly towards its surface, from contact with the northern atmosphere? and is it not probable that the water of Davis's Strait, and still more that of Hudson's Bay, is cold in proportion to its depth, owing to its forming no part of the great current from the eastward? And are not the comparatively stagnant and cold seas of Davis's Strait, as well as the abundance of the islands which contribute to the stagnation, the cause of the great quantity of ice, and consequent low temperature, on the north-eastern coasts of America; while the opposite causes produce the more genial climate of those on the

* Also written Kepling.—Rev.

north-west? Capt. Scoresby persuades us to believe that the "firths" of Greenland are for the most part no other than straits, which divided that supposed extensive tract of land into innumerable islands; and even this configuration of the surface corroborates the idea of the eastern discharge of a great current of water which has forced its way into the Atlantic through innumerable passages. Indeed, if this view of the subject can be maintained, we have the waters of the ocean circulating like the blood in an animal body, and for the same of sustenance and purification; passing from the equator, and fraught with the spoils of the tropics, through Behring's Strait into the Arctic Sea, and returning into the great basin, cooled and disencumbered, as it descends from the north. As to the superior warmth of the north-west coasts of America, not only the land animals are larger, but the sturgeon, which, on the eastern side of America Bay, is esteemed well-grown when sixty pounds, is, to the westward of the Rocky Mountains, very commonly found of the weight of several hundred! As to the communication, too, between the Arctic Sea and the Northern Ocean, to the west of Greenland, we find that the herring, as found in Bathurst's Inlet, in the month of August, agrees exactly with that brought to the London market in January. —Appendix, p. 716.

But the interest which the volume before us is capable of inspiring in the public mind, is powerfully divided between the scientific and other information it conveys, and the melancholy detail of the sufferings of the party, which fill the eleventh and concluding chapter! Throughout, we have forced on ourselves the denial of adverting to the incessant scraps of an entertaining nature, which ornament its pages; and at the present stage of the perusal we shall practice almost equal abstinence as to the matters of romantic and tragic allurement with which the recital draws towards its close. To follow in detail the melancholy occurrences which are recorded would exceed our limits; and as to the leading particulars, the Public is pretty generally informed. We content ourselves, therefore, with a view at once less extended and less familiar.

The voyage upon the Arctic Sea was commenced on the 21st of July, and on the 19th of August the attempt to advance terminated. The geese were flying to the southward, the land animals were retiring from the coast, and the canoes were nearly in a state of wreck. Floating ice had always been upon the water. Capt. F., as has appeared, originally proposed to return by the Copper-Mine River; but the voyage westward to its mouth was no longer practicable, and it was therefore resolved upon to make only for Arctic Sound, where the animals had been found more numerous than at any other place upon the coast; and entering Hood's River, to advance up that stream as far as it was navigable, and then to construct small canoes out of the materials of the larger ones, which could be carried in crossing the Barren Grounds to Fort Enterprize."—p. 391.

Ascending Hood's River, as high as the romantic falls to which Capt. F. gave the name of Wilberforce, the further navigation of that stream was given up, and small canoes constructed, with which, borne on men's heads, the party set forward on the 31st of August for Point Lake, distant one hundred and forty-nine miles, in a strait line. The vicinity of Point Lake to Fort Enterprize is within the reader's recollection.

It was in the course of the arduous and winter journey now commenced, through a comparatively small extent of country, that all those fearful disasters occurred which will render Capt. F.'s expedition even less celebrated for the enterprize, the talent, the zeal, and the merit of every kind displayed in it, than for the terrible and afflicting picture of its misfortunes. Want of food, consequent bodily weakness, the difficulties of a mountainous and shelterless track, and the destruction of the canoes which should have transported the travellers across the lakes and rivers, were the causes which led, directly or indirectly, to the death of nearly half the party, and which exposed all to extreme and continued suffering.

September 14. This morning the officers being assembled round a small fire, Perrault presented each of us with a small piece of meat which he had saved from his allowance. It was received with great thankfulness, and such an act of self-denial and kindness being totally

unexpected in a Canadian voyager, filled our eyes with tears. In directing our course to a river issuing from the lake, we met Credit, who communicated the joyful intelligence of his having killed two deer that morning. We instantly halted, and having shared the deer that was nearest to us, prepared breakfast; after which, the other deer was sent for, and we went down the river, which was about three hundred yards wide, and flowed with great velocity through a broken, rocky channel. Having searched for a part where the current was most smooth, the canoe was placed in the water at the head of a rapid, and St. Germain, Solomon, Belanger, and I, (Capt. F.) embarked in order to cross. We went from shore very well, but in mid-channel the canoe became difficult to manage under our burden as the breeze was past. The current drove us to the edge of the rapid, when Belanger unfortunately applied his paddle, to avert the apparent danger of being forced down it, and lost his balance. The canoe was overset in consequence in the middle of the rapid. We fortunately kept hold of it, until we touched a rock where the water did not reach higher than our waists; here we kept our footing, notwithstanding the strength of the current, until the water was emptied out of the canoe. Belanger then held the canoe steady, whilst St. Germain placed me in it, and afterwards embarked himself in a very dextrous manner. It was impossible, however, to embark Belanger, as the canoe would have been hurried down the rapid, the moment he should have raised his foot from the rock on which he stood. We were, therefore, compelled to leave him in his perilous situation. We had not gone twenty yards before the canoe, striking on a sunken rock, went down. The place being shallow, we were again enabled to empty it, and the third attempt brought us on shore. In the mean time, Belanger was suffering extremely, immersed to his middle in the centre of a rapid, the temperature of which was very little above the freezing point, and the upper part of his body covered with wet clothes, exposed, in a temperature not much above zero, to a strong breeze. He called piteously for relief, and St. Germain, on his return, endeavoured to embark him, but in vain. The canoe was hurried down the rapid, and when he landed he was rendered by cold incapable of further motion, and Adam attempted to embark Belanger, but found it impossible. An attempt was next made to carry out to him a line, made of the slings of the men's loads. This also failed, the current acted so strongly upon it, as to prevent the canoe from steering, and it was finally broken, and carried down the stream. At length, when Belanger's strength seemed almost exhausted, the canoe reached him with a small cord belonging to one of the nets, and he was dragged perfectly senseless through the rapid. By the direction of Dr. Richardson, he was instantly stripped; and, being rolled up in blankets, two men undressed themselves, and went to bed with him; but it was some time before he recovered his warmth and sensations. As soon as Belanger was placed in his bed, the officers immediately sent over my blankets, and a person to make the fire. Augustus brought the canoe over, and in returning, he was obliged to descend both the rapids, before he could get across the stream; which hazardous service he performed with the greatest coolness and judgment. It is impossible to describe my sensations, as I witnessed the various unsuccessful attempts to relieve Belanger. The distance prevented my seeing distinctly what was going on, and I continued pacing up and down the rock on which I landed, regardless of the coldness of my drenched and stiffening garments. The canoe, in every attempt to reach him, was hurried down the rapid, and was lost to the view amongst the rocky islets, with a rapidity that seemed to threaten certain destruction; once, indeed, I fancied that I saw it overwhelmed in the waves. Such an event would have been fatal to the whole party. Separated as I was from my companions, without gun, hatchet, or the means of making a fire, and in wet clothes, my doom would have been speedily sealed. My companions too, driven to the necessity of coasting the lake, must have sunk under the fatigue of rounding its innumerable arms and bays, which, as we have learned from the Indians, are very extensive. By the goodness of Providence, however, we were spared at that time, and some of us have returned to offer up our thanksgivings, in a civilized land, for the signal deliverance we then and afterwards experienced. P. 411.

The heavy sufferings of the party, to which, in the end, the lives of Lieutenant Hood and eight others became the sacrifice, are partly to be ascribed to the lateness of the season at which the return was made from the Arctic Sea, and which itself obliged the least convenient route, and partly to a failure in the fulfilment of directions given by Capt. Franklin, to Mr. Wentzel, of the North-West Company. The ultimate rescue of Capt. F., Dr. Richardson, and one or two others, at the moment when all hope of escape from death by famine seemed at an end, was effected through the benevolence and zeal

of the Indians. The whole story of these sufferings is tragic and affecting in the highest degree; and its unaffected narration interests our best feelings, and deals forth the most valuable lessons.

It is but justice to add to these remarks, that the superb volume whose contents we have been reviewing, reflects infinite credit, not only on all concerned, but on the country in which we live. The talents, and, we subjoin, the moral character of the travellers, appear to the highest advantage, and confer honour upon the soil which gave them birth. To the government, it is honourable to have projected and supported the expedition; and, even in the production of this volume, the engravings, and other matters of art, testify the advancement of the age. In the Zoological Appendix, the list of quadrupeds of America, though possessing great merit, does not wholly satisfy us; and this is the only fault we shall find.

*** In the early part of this article, page 282, col. 2, "*Asiatic* Sea" is a misprint for "Arctic."

The Life and Opinions of Sir Richard Maltravers, an English Gentleman of the Seventeenth Century. 2 Vols. post 8vo. finely printed. pp. 561.

This is a work of much singularity, and one which at the same time displays very unusual powers of language and thought. It is generally understood to be the production of an Irish peer, Lord Viscount Dillon; a nobleman who has obtained an honorary degree from the University of Oxford, in acknowledgment of his merits as the translator of Ælian,* and who is also known by other publications, all distinguished by strength of mind, though often questionable as to the soundness of the doctrines they inculcate.

Sir Richard Maltravers is an ideal personage, whom Lord Dillon seems to have fixed upon as the entertainer of all his own "opinions," and as the representative of some parts of his own personal history. Sir Richard, indeed, lived at the era of the Grand Rebellion, and took the side of Parliament against the King; but Lord Dillon, we must suppose, esteems that to have been the right side of the question.

Of narrative we have, in these volumes, little, or almost none; but the descriptions and lucubrations are many, and eminently striking. Among the "opinions" of Sir Richard, one, very strongly expressed, is in favour of family, or patriarchal government, against civil government, or that body of general laws which forms the distinguishing feature of civilized countries. Sir Richard is an ardent friend of civil liberty, and yet it is certain that patriarchal government is the worst enemy of that liberty; and there is this much whimsical in the inconsistency of the "English Gentleman," that the Grand Rebellion, which he so much approves, was the very death-blow of that patriarchal or family government in England, the loss of which Sir Richard so much laments. Before the Grand Rebellion, children in England, and in families of condition, scarcely sat down in the presence of their parents; and the whole frame of society was of a corresponding description!

Sir Richard complains that men are too gregarious, too fond of uniting themselves into "great herds," of extending their "families beyond blood;" that is, of forming themselves into communities and nations; and, as far as this "opinion" stands opposed to the dreams of Mr. Owen, of Lanark, and his "Villages of Unity," it has our cordial assent. But a similitude, which the noble writer has chosen, for the exemplification of his doctrine, is not the most fortunate: "Look!" says our author, "at a flock of sheep; there is the exemplification of the philanthropic system: look at the dog that tugs them by the ear; see how they circle and cower—they pant and bleat, and hold down their heads; the shepherd feels for the fattest, which he hands over to the shambles. But the stag

* The Tactics of Ælian, comprising the Military System of the Grecians, illustrated with Notes and thirty-nine explanatory Plates, &c. &c. &c. With a preliminary Discourse, by Henry Augustus Viscount Dillon.

——— ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
HORACE.

will not let himself be so handled; unsocial and aloof in the deep forest, or in the wild waste, his quick sensations require not the aid of the watch-dog to give the alarm, who thereby becomes the sheep's master; you must bring down his stately antlers by a cautious shot, or pursue him with the well-trained pack. Man! man! see yourself in these examples: extend not your families beyond blood—a thousand times will I repeat it; in the one case, you are as sheep—in the other, as the stag. Join with your fellows; but occasionally only, when the hurricane of the passions drives you." Vol. ii. p. 124. But this is false natural history; the stag is as gregarious as the sheep; and a herd of sheep is more helpless than a herd of deer, only because the first is domesticated, while the other continues wild.*

We might point out other inconsistencies and other misrepresentations in these volumes; as, for example, the picture which the noble author presents to us of the North American Indian, whom he is pleased to array in his own stoicism, and whom he describes, in the language of a modern poet, equally in error with himself, as

"The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear;"

but we hasten to the more agreeable task of bringing under the notice of the reader a few of the many beautiful passages by which the work is recommended.

Our author's fondness for domestic government is closely connected with his ardent feeling of all the domestic affections; and, on topics of this nature, to which he loves to recur, he always carries with him our good-will: "I have maintained," says Sir Richard, "throughout, that all virtue lies in the natural affections; I now go a step further, and humbly propose, that all true pleasure lies in natural associations. Man, his existence, his happiness, is contained in his natural atmosphere. That natural atmosphere need not be his natal one; but it is that one where his feelings, expectations, and interests have been most fixed. He is, then, related to his wife, his children, his parents, his brethren, his friends, his neighbours, his dwelling, his land, if he possess any; if not, his labour, or the means through which he acquires his subsistence;—to brutes, to vegetables, to soil; in fine, his views, his feelings, his existence, is bound round by the Pythagorean curve." Vol. ii. p. 249. With this passage, as an introduction to the noble author's manner of thinking, we have prepared the reader for perusing one of greater extent, and in which the question of "second marriages," in particular, is warmly handled:—

My father was born toward the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was educated in the height of the principles of those "good old times." Our family having always taken the popular side in all political contests, were, consequently, in high favour at the court of that Queen: certainly the wisest and greatest monarch that ever sat on the English throne; and, by her example and policy, one of the greatest benefactresses of the human race, whatever her detractors may pretend, who are to be found among the apologists for the Stuarts, and are, necessarily, the partizans of tyranny. But the common consent of all reasonable men allows that one of Elizabeth's greatest merits was, that she had penetration enough to discover a rare secret, generally concealed from the dim eyes of most sovereigns, that the dignity, and happiness, and prosperity of their people, are the principal ingredients of their own power. This secret, however, is almost as recondite in events as the philosopher's stone, and probably will be discovered as soon.

My father would often plume himself upon his appearance in the world at this period, which he considered as an auspicious æra; when much of the romance of chivalry remained without its extravagance, and a high state of civility existed, unripened as yet into corruption of morals. It was also an age of learning, which some might call pedantry; but, after the long fast of the human mind, it swallowed with so voracious an appetite all that was presented to it, that no wonder it should have appeared to be cloyed, and that it should frequently have received more than it could digest. But great philosophers have since flourished, and have reduced this chaos of information into some mould, scientifically arrayed; and we now see landmarks in the boundless ocean of science and philosophy. Let us revere the memory of such skilful pilots. I fear that both our morals

* The natural history of the sheep is a subject little understood. An interesting paper on *wild sheep* (which animals are still found in Asia and America, as they formerly were in Europe) has appeared in a recent number of the Asiatic Journal.—Rev.

and our manners may have deteriorated since that period; I fear that which is termed politeness, conventions of society, phrases that are courtly, and common-place communications of men, have softened down our energies, and may have in some measure destroyed our honesty, and attacked the dignity of our character. A ready excuse is now found for every laxity, and the distinction between right and wrong is too feebly marked: particularly with regard to those who may in some sort be invested with power or authority in the state.

In that age my father was educated. He took in his full share of instruction; his *sanguine, melancholy* disposition, his adust complexion, led him to converse more fondly with books than with men. He was of a temper too independent to be a courtier: he was too full of abstract notions of virtue to be a successful politician, and his manners were too punctilious for general society; for even in that day he had been accounted to be more addicted to duels than became a man of his gravity. However, having found, most happily, a great and distinguished lady, in all respects perfectly agreeable to his humour and disposition, graced with every accomplishment that can soften the ills of our condition, and relieve the tediousness of our existence, he retired with her to his paternal domains, where he delighted in country sports, in books, and in the converse of a few friends of probity and learning. This life he led with as much dignity, and enjoyed with as much tranquil pleasure, as ever fell to the lot of the most polite of the ancients; and his delight can only be understood by those formed after the true models of taste and refinement.

But such a state of sweet solace was only fleeting. My mother, in the prime and pride of life, in the meridian hour of beauty, in the happiest age of joy and fancy, was snatched from him, and from her infant family, to create a blank which never, during his existence, he could again fill up! Could such a man fly to a second marriage for refuge? For I have often heard him hold these sentiments upon that subject. He would exclaim with warmth, and even with some degree of indignation, "A second marriage, where there are children of the first, is a dreadful catastrophe: it is generally the most unhappy, and often the most fatal calamity that can fall upon a family: no ill, no misfortune, that can visit the heads of such devoted offspring in after life, can come into competition with the dire and heart-suffocating grief that they must feel, from such a rash step of their father. What! in their helpless and innocent infancy, are they to be compensated and comforted for their heavy loss by a stranger, who occupies that place which the tender source of their existence hath left? What a dismal contrast! The void is filled up, then, by one who naturally must root out the earliest and tenderest affections of their father towards them, and must necessarily overspread their hearts with a cold, morbid, despair—the despair of retaining their parent's love, and *even duty*. They are to feel that the loss of one parent is to be compensated for by the daily estrangement of the affections of the other, and by the introduction of an *intruder*, who, according to all the rules of nature, must at least be their secret enemy! Life's best joys, the relation between parent and child, are nipped in the bud; and, while their orphan solitude is haunted by the tenderest recollections of their tenderest parent, their afflicted hearts are harrowed up by two of the most conflicting passions, duty and repugnance, and the keenest sorrow at the heart-rending sensation of misplaced or ill-returned affections, they daily view base selfish interest worming them out of their own warm and joyous nest." Thus would he express himself; for the essence of his feelings were those of justice.—Vol. i. p. 18.

To the "opinions" of our author, as before intimated, we are by no means pledged. Among these, a favourite, and with us a very idle one, is that in favour of predestination. What we bear testimony to is the vigour of genius which pervades these volumes, and which is not the less for the careless penmanship with which they are too frequently blemished. Of the interest which the successive chapters almost uniformly inspire, we might easily produce examples, did our limits permit us to do more than simply refer to such parts as those which contain a description of the character and manners of the Anglo-Norman, or Franco-German baronage of England, in the first chapter; the description of the ancient male and female nobility of France, in the second; that of the feelings of Sir Richard on the death of his father, in the third; the contrast between town and country life in England, in the fifth; the account of the court of Charles I, in the seventh; or that of female society in England, in the same reign, in the ninth. The female character, and the relative position of women in society, are, indeed, among the most cherished topics of the writer, and those upon which his observations are always ingenious, even when we can say no more. The following,

with which we conclude, is unquestionably just:

I think it may be fairly said, that, in a happy marriage, a wife is our good genius; our destinies being then so interwoven, that she draws us into the sphere of her attraction. Yet there may be agreeable marriages, in which the husband may be the passionate lover, and their personal intercourse may be attended with warm affection and conjugal joys, such as prognosticate happiness, and yet she may prove an evil genius, and warp our prosperous fortunes. Such was the case of Henrietta Maria, the wife of the King. She was his delight, and at the same time his evil genius; for her malign influence drew him into the vortex, and swallowed him up. A wife sometimes diminishes our riches, and yet filleth up the interstices of time between event and event, which break into the monotony of our existence. In this case, doth she not furnish a compensation? On the other hand, may she not bring us great wealth, and still cause time to roll more tardily on, from the misery of our being obliged continually to view and suffer the defects of her person or her mind? Particularly the latter, for to them we can never become reconciled.—Vol. i. p. 151.

Portraits of the most Illustrious Personages of Great Britain: with Biographical and Historical Memoirs of their Lives and Actions, by Edmund Lodge, Esq. F.S.A. Norroy King of Arms. Part 1. Imp. 8vo. and Royal 4to. London, 1823.

This is a judicious and beautiful republication of a work which, in a folio size, has been a short time before the public, and which may safely be described as one of the most noble ornaments of our libraries, whether we refer to the excellence of the typography; the execution and authentic character of the engraved portraits, or the literary merits of the Biographical and Historical Memoirs. It was to be expected of the publishers of the present superb and costly collection, that they would offer to the world no stale repetitions, either of unauthentic or ill-copied portraits, or of unexamined and ill-written biography or history; and the pledge so justly exacted has been in the most ample manner redeemed. Pictures of undoubted authority, in public or private hands, have been the sole originals depended on; and in the selection of Mr. Lodge as the author of the accompanying memoirs, they secured to the reader the benefit of a pen, not less singularly versant in English history and biography, than distinguished by justice of thought, elegance of composition, and purity of English diction. It was a disadvantage, in a literary point of view, attendant upon the magnificent scale of the original publication, that the memoirs were comparatively eclipsed by the blaze of graphic attractions. "Letter-press," as similar satellites upon fine engravings are commonly termed; "letter-press," we say, of a very inferior pretension, might have passed without reproof; and the actual merits of so many pages, the result of extensive research, and written with much more than ordinary taste and ability, must, in point of fact, have hitherto escaped the observation of many possessors of the work, and have been wholly shut up from the access of the reading public. In the two forms now adopted, the book will be esteemed, not as one of pictures only, but of biography and history, and will enter, in no obscure character, into the general stock of our national literature.

The present part contains the portraits of Sir Philip Sidney, from the collection of the Duke of Bedford; of Lord Chancellor Bacon, from that of the Earl of Verulam; of Sir Walter Raleigh, from that of the Marquis of Bath; of Queen Jane Seymour, from that of the Duke of Bedford; and of Sir Thomas Gresham, from the picture at Mercer's Hall, London. To the drawing and engraving of these portraits only an actual inspection can do justice; but, to those who are acquainted with the plates of the larger publication (the destruction of which has rendered future impressions unattainable), it may not be superfluous to say, that their exact similarity, on a reduced scale, has been exquisitely preserved.

In bringing under the notice of the reader the memoirs which accompany these portraits, we might not unnaturally arrest our steps with the first in order, that first being at the same time the biography of one so popular with all English readers; the accomplished, the brave, the loyal, the patriotic, the early-lost Sir Philip Sidney!

But it so happens that, on various accounts, this identical memoir is perhaps that alone with which the Public has already been made much acquainted; and at the same time the recent exhibition, in a popular novel, of a fanciful portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, inclines us, if other incitements were wanting, to make the life of that celebrated statesman, soldier, writer, and wit, the principal subject of our present extracts and remarks. From the memoir of Sir Philip Sidney, therefore, we are contented to make only the two short extracts that follow:

This ended (says Mr. L., after recounting the circumstances of the death of this true hero, with the beautiful and celebrated anecdote of the glass of water, "resigned" to the dying soldier;) "thus ended a life, doubtless of great designs, but of few incidents. The jealousy and timidity of Elizabeth denied to Sir Philip Sidney any share in her state confidence; excluded him from a cabinet which he would have enlightened by his counsels, and purified by the example of his honour and integrity; and devoted him to an honourable banishment, and a premature death. Such a man should have had such a master as Henry the Fourth of France; and a concord of all that was wise, virtuous, and amiable, might have gone far towards gaining the empire of Europe, by winning the hearts of the people. But he was consigned to almost private life, and a strict observer of his mind and heart would have been his best biographer. Most of the inestimable story, which such a one might have preserved for our delight and instruction, is lost for ever.

As a writer, as well as under a more general view, Mr. L. defends the reputation of Sir Philip Sidney against the assaults of a late noble critic:

Lord Orford, in his sketch of the life of Sir Fulke Greville, calls Sir Philip Sidney "an astonishing object of temporary admiration;" discovers his Arcadia to be "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance," and insults the sublimity of his exit by ascribing it to "the rashness of a volunteer." But the noble writer delighted in biographical paradoxes, and perhaps in controverting received opinions and high authorities. It was natural enough for the champion of Richard the Third to turn his weapons against Sir Philip Sidney, as well as to endeavour to pull down the character of Lord Falkland from the height on which it had been placed by the glowing pen of the immortal Clarendon. But a truce with such species of criticism. Let them who are able and willing to judge for themselves, turn to the Defence of Poesy for the prodigious extent and variety of Sidney's studies, and for his judicious application of the results of them; let them contemplate, even in the very first pages of the Arcadia, the readiness and playfulness of his wit; and in the whole, innumerable scattered proofs of his speculative and practical wisdom. Let them compare his style, both in verse and prose, with those of contemporary authors: and they will turn, with a sentiment almost amounting to anger, from a solitary judgment founded in caprice, and uttered at least with indiscretion.

Of the circumstances which led to the very full account that has reached posterity of the life, actions, and even sayings of Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. L. presents us with a very just exhibition:

The history of Raleigh (we are told,) has always been an object of busy inquiry; and the pains that have been taken to render it complete, seem to have been rewarded with the most ample success. This will ever be the case with one who moved in so many spheres of action, and shone so brightly in such various classes of fame. The soldier will cherish the reputation of heroes; the critic, of writers; the politician, of statesmen; but in this individuality of attention, in this unconscious singleness of fellow feeling, how many estimable notices of general character are overlooked, and irrecoverably lost! The life of Raleigh, on the other hand, was a sort of public property, in which every taste and every profession had an interest, and each therefore has lent a helping hand to raise and perfect the biographical monument which has been erected to his memory. To endeavour to add to such a story would be hopeless labour; to select from it, can be little better than dull repetition.

Raleigh was descended from a family of high antiquity in Devonshire. He was a younger son of a gentleman of his name, who was seated in a mansion called Fardel, in the parish of Cornwood, near Plymouth, by his third wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir Philip Champernoun, of Modbury, and widow of Otho Gilbert, of Compton, all which parishes are in that county. He was born in 1552, and exactly well educated, first under the care of his father, and afterwards in Oriel College, of which he was entered at about the age of sixteen, and which he left, though his residence there had little exceeded one year, with a high reputation for academical attainments. In the autumn of 1569 he entered into public life in the character of a soldier, in a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, raised by his relation Henry Cham-

pennon, which attached itself to the expedition then fitted out by the order of Elizabeth, for the succour of the Huguenots in France. In this service, which was of the most arduous character, he remained for not less than five years, and is supposed to have returned in 1576, in which year it is evident that he resided in chambers in the Middle Temple.

We have extracted the above account of the early life of Sir Walter Raleigh, chiefly with the view of warning our readers of the little reliance which, notwithstanding what might be mistaken for pretensions to the contrary, they can suffer themselves to glance, for historical information, on the pages of the Northern Novelist. The commencement of the career of Raleigh, it will be remembered, is very differently pourtrayed in "Kenilworth;" and though, in that novel, the youthful aspirant is made a retainer of the Earl of Sussex, the rival of Leicester, in this memoir, we find, on the authority of Sir Robert Naunton, a doubt advanced, whether his favour with Queen Elizabeth was not helped by "a good word cast in for him by my Lord of Leicester."

The anecdotes of the cloke, and of the writing on the window occur in this memoir; but, among the "second causes" of the growth of Raleigh, we find one, suggested by Naunton, which is full of instruction, inasmuch as it shows us the making of a fortune through an incident which, at the moment of its occurrence, must have seemed to threaten a future life of clouds. During Raleigh's service in Ireland, a difference occurred between himself and the Deputy, Lord Grey of Wilton, which was referred by a Council of War in Ireland to the Privy Council of England, before which it was heard in the spring of 1583.

I am somewhat confident, adds Naunton, among the second causes of his growth was

Grey, in his descent into Ireland, which drew them both over to the Council Table, there to plead their own causes; where what advantage he had in the controversy I know not, but he had much the better in the telling of his tale; insomuch as the Queen and the Lords took no slight mark of the man, and his parts; for from thence he came to be known, and to have access to the Lords, and then we are not to doubt how such a man would comply, and learn the way of progression.

Born upon the western coast of England, Raleigh, though he began life as a appears to have entertained a ruling propensity for maritime pursuits; and he became, in reality, the Columbus of his country. His discovering and planting of Virginia, the region so named in honour of Queen Elizabeth, are parts of his history well known; and he was actively engaged, with Sir Adrian Gilbert, one of his half brothers, in an enterprize to explore the North-West Passage, the attempt at this moment renewing by Captain Parry, and to which the journey of Captain Franklin, the subject of some of our present pages, is also to be referred. It was in this voyage, too, concerted with Sir Walter Raleigh, that Davis's Strait, so called from the ill-fated commander, was first laid open.

The several acts of perfidy, on the part of King James, of which the life of Raleigh was finally the sacrifice, are perspicuously stated by Mr. L., and are such as to challenge our entire disgust; but when we are told that the eminent man in question "descended to the grave with an exactness of moral reputation, not only unstained, but, with the single exception lately referred to, wholly unsuspected," we confess that we scarcely know how to yield our assent to so unqualified an eulogium. The exception referred to was "an amour with Elizabeth Throckmorton, one of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour," whom Raleigh subsequently married. But what was his conduct in the several affairs of Essex, of Cecil, and of the conspiracy to place Arabella Stuart upon the throne? We invite our readers to consult the memoir itself, (pp. 7, 8, 9) for a narrative which, in our judgment, does not leave the "moral reputation" of Sir Walter Raleigh "unstained." So far from this, we cannot but think that a moralist, in search of examples of retributive justice, might insist upon his guilt in the three instances mentioned, and show us his punishment in his overthrow and death. If it is said, that his denunciation of Cecil to King James, "as a main instrument in causing the death of the unfortunate Mary," was an act of public justice, we answer, that he did it through personal resentment, and not from any love of virtue. He had "thirsted for the blood" of Essex; he had leagued himself with Cecil, for the destruction of that

rival; deserted or opposed by Cecil, he became, in the same spirit as before, the latter's accuser; and, neglected by the King, he engaged, still from the same private motive, in the conspiracy to place Arabella Stuart upon the throne!

The short memoir of Queen Jane Seymour, and the more extended ones of Bacon and Sir Thomas Gresham, would furnish agreeable and interesting extracts, did our limits permit, and were we not warned to brevity by the remembrance that we shall have other opportunities of recurring to the pages of a publication, the future progress of which, we are thoroughly persuaded, will at least display an equality with the visual beauty of the part now under our eyes, and all the literary merit of which is already ascertainable by the Public.

The Loyal and National Songs of England, for One, Two, and Three Voices; selected from Original Manuscripts, and Early Printed Copies, in the Library of William Kitchiner, M.D. Folio. Pages of Music, 136. Letter-press, 20. London, 1823.

(Concluded from page 269.)

We had overlooked, at a first perusal, the promise of Dr. K. to give the "remainder of our National Songs," and thence found occasion to regret a few omissions; but the objects of that regret, as we now conclude, are only deferred, and not rejected. In the first rank of the National Songs not yet printed by Dr. K., we should be disposed to place "While happy in my Native Land;" a song which breathes the genuine spirit of British freedom, and which runs no danger of being confounded with the *radical* nonsense of Mr. Thomas Moore, "Oh! for the Kings of former Time," at the Norwich Dinner. Of claims entirely equal to those of the foregoing is "Our Country is our Ship d'ye see." "Arouse, Britannia, seize thy lance," belongs to the heroic order of compositions, like that of "Britons strike home," printed in the sheets before us. May we express a hope that "Over the hills, and far away," will not be left out; and may we say a word in behalf of an old favourite, worthy, in our estimation, of a place by the side of "While happy," but which, perhaps, has never yet been regarded among us as "national?" This favourite of ours is "The Model." It is a perfect "model" of what every Englishman ought to be, and can hardly be sung too frequently at public meetings, proud or humble. The burden of one of the stanzas gives us the spirit of the whole:

> "For dear to him his Wife, his Home,
> His Country and his King."

"The white cliffs of Albion" should be placed upon record.

"Scots, wha ha' wi' Wallace bled," and the "Sprig of Shelelah," are also among the best of our national songs. The first superb production was some time seized upon as *radical*, but it has been judiciously reclaimed as loyal; and what other character can belong to a song which calls upon Scots to fight for

> "—— Scotland's King and Law?"

The felicity, gaiety, patriotism, and loyalty of the second are indisputable:

> "Long may the Boyne, the Thames, Tweed, and Shannon,
> Thresh the foe that would plant on their confines a cannon;
> United and happy, at liberty's shrine,
> May the Rose and the Thistle for ever entwine
> Round the Sprig of Shelelah, and Shamrock so green!"

But to the admission of these two latter songs it will be objected, that they are respectively Scotch and Irish, and that the title of the work points exclusively to the "Songs of England." We know that such is the title, and we regret that it is so, if intended to have an exclusive signification. "The Loyal and National Songs of *the United Kingdom*" would, perhaps, have been a better title. In this kingdom, wherever loyalty and patriotism are concerned, (and they are eminently so, both in letter and in spirit, in the work of Dr. K.) either the name of "England" should be taken as the name of the whole, or the name of the whole should be otherwise conveyed. The work belongs to British feelings, and we are so little satisfied with

seeing any exclusively *English* feeling pervade it, that we heartily wish two lines, at page 9, had not been printed. They are as follows: "The year 1745 is rendered as memorable by the *loyalty* of the *English*, as by the *rebellion* of the *Scotch*." The rebellion of the Scotch is hardly to be called "disloyal," for it savoured strongly of loyalty itself. Will Dr. K. excuse us, then, if we venture to recommend either a more comprehensive title, or else a large interpretation of the title already adopted, and the admission of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh "loyal and national" songs; it being always understood, that by "national" songs, on the present occasion, we mean songs upon national themes. Nay, we are desirous of going a step still further. Three or four "loyal" or "national" songs might possibly be collected from the British dominions beyond the sea. A Græco-British loyal song, from the Ionian Islands, has lately appeared in print; and we have already alluded to a French Canadian song, formed from "God save the King," and which begins thus:

"Grand Dieu! conserve notre Roi, &c."

In conclusion, we must call the attention of our readers to two original pieces, composed expressly for this work; the first, a "Thanksgiving Anthem for the Victory of Waterloo," by Mr. Charles Wesley, Organist in Ordinary to His Majesty; and the second, a glee, "All hail, Britannia," by Dr. Kitchiner.

Advice to Young Mothers, on the Physical Education of Children. By a Grandmother. 12mo. pp. 374. London, 1823.

The education of children obviously divides itself into at least three branches; of which the first, or "physical education," refers directly to the health and perfection of the body, and indirectly to all that modification of the moral character which depends upon physical causes; the second, or moral education, to the direct cultivation of the moral character, as relating to temper, goodness, principles of virtue and manners or breeding, or politeness; and the third, which is properly to be called *technical* and philosophical education, or that which relates to arts, science, and *book-learning*; in short, all that branch of *education* which belongs to *schools*, which is too often vulgarly mistaken for *education* in the entire, and which, in reality, is no more than its least important part. There is still another branch of *education*; namely, that which anticipates the experience of life, and teaches what we are practically to expect from our fellow-creatures and from the things of the world. Of this fourth subdivision we have nothing further at present to say; the first is the immediate subject of the volume before us, and the second and third enter incidentally into the purview of the "Grandmother," to whom we are here to listen.

The PREVENTION *of the diseases of children* is properly announced by the experienced authoress as the chief object of her work; and it is plain that to the success of this aim at *prevention*, the whole of a judicious "physical education," must directly lead. But the "Grandmother" rightly judges, and repeatedly insists, that moral causes are rarely to be overlooked, even in simple reference to bodily health; and even *school* teaching, or *technical* education, unavoidably shares in her animadversions under the same aspect. Thus, at p. 172, we are told that "mothers would do well to be more than commonly attentive to their daughters in these circumstances, and to prevent whatever may interrupt the circulation of the blood, or retard the establishment of the constitution; and, above all things, those who are about young persons at this period of their lives, are earnestly intreated to remember, that *uneasiness of mind is likely to occasion far more injury than drugs can ever remedy.* The moral feelings are often too little considered, and the physical too much; for mothers, who make no scruple of wounding a daughter's sensibility, or mortifying her pride, will yet be very ready to cram her with pills and draughts if she happens to look pale, or (to) complain of a head-ache."

In the seventh chapter, the initiatory paragraphs on "praise" and "forgiveness," however judicious in themselves, have no

connection whatever with the subject of "physical education;" but all that follows is evidently of the mixed physico-moral character, and should, in each of its parts, be deeply imprinted in the minds of those who have the direction of children:

The first principles of religion conduce much to the physical welfare of children, and should be taught them as soon as possible. Those who are not accustomed to observe them, can scarcely believe how early children are capable of understanding and rejoicing in the notion of a Supreme Being, on whose protection they rely, and whom they feel satisfaction in endeavouring to please. But it is of the utmost consequence to the health of children, that all gloomy and terrific ideas connected with this subject should be concealed from them; for, as much as may be the benefit derived from the consoling thought of a protecting Providence, so much injury may they receive from the fear of an Evil Spirit, wandering about on the face of the earth, seeking whom he may devour. In truth, the more every thing can be represented under a cheerful aspect to children, the better for their health of body and mind.

It is extremely difficult to determine, with respect to the physical welfare, at what time a child ought first to learn to read; and, indeed, it should depend entirely on the constitution and character of the individual. Lively, healthy children are more likely to find occupation for themselves, and therefore have less necessity for being taught early than those who are indolent and inclined to chronic diseases; yet these latter are more injured by coercion of any kind, and *all* children cannot be taught *in play*. The moment a child of any age or disposition appears to be at a loss for employment, it should begin to learn; and those of delicate constitution should perhaps be taught earlier, that they may advance by slow degrees. Generally speaking, when children do not appear at a loss for something to do, it is by no means necessary that they should begin to learn till after four years old; and with proper management, during the first year or two, it ought not to occasion any uneasiness. Strength of body should be the first object of our care, and whatever can interfere with that should be avoided; but the instruction of children, if conducted with discretion, will increase rather than diminish the physical welfare, as habits of regularity, and the alternation of labour and amusement, must ever promote health and happiness.

In summer-time, children should be accustomed to rise early, by allowing them to begin the day with exercise in the open air; indeed, at all times of the year, they should get up with the prospect of some agreeable exercise for the first quarter of an hour, and for this purpose, some large hall, or unfurnished room, should be allotted, by those who can afford it, for their children to play in, where, in bad weather, they may divert themselves with skipping-ropes, battle-doors [dores] and shuttle-cocks, and other active sports.* A child, who gets up in a cold morning with the dreary prospect of sitting down to study immediately, will not leave his bed with the same cheerful alacrity as one who knows he can warm himself by play, for a quarter of an hour, before he goes to his books. It is very unwholesome for children to study in a morning by candlelight, and likely to occasion inflammations of the eyes; especially if the time of sleep has not been so long as is necessary for those who are still growing.

Moral virtue and physical welfare are so nearly connected, that they must unavoidably be cultivated together; but the improvement of mere talents should always be considered as a secondary pursuit, by those who esteem health of body and purity of mind the most important objects of education. Female children, particularly, are often made very unhappy, for the purpose of acquiring what are called *accomplishments;* and one of the most valuable of social qualities, a cheerful temper, is sacrificed to the doubtful chance of being able to excel in some fine unnecessary needle-work, or to display astonishing skill on some useless instrument of music. The utmost success in these (even when cultivated for the laudable purpose of obtaining a livelihood) is but a poor compensation for the loss of good health, or good temper; and if the physical and moral well-being of children be counted the most desirable attainment, I have no hesitation in asserting, that whatever makes them miserable in the acquirement of it is better not learnt at all.

At the same time that I appear averse to the cultivation of *accomplishments* (the general meaning of which comprehensive term is a smattering of ornamental but useless arts), it is only when they are held in more than due estimation: on the contrary, considered as a means of filling up the time of children, and giving them habits of regular employment, it must be confessed that they contribute much to their physical and moral welfare. The me-

* The language of our wise and worthy "Grandmother," is not always of the most perfect description. In reading the sentence above, it will not fail to be remarked, that skipping-ropes, battle-dores and shuttle-cocks, are not *sports*, but only *instruments of sport*.—Rew.

chanical exercise of the hands on the piano-forté may be taught as early as four or five years old with great advantage; the position is not unwholesome, the variety of sounds amuses the imagination, and the exercise of three of the senses at once assists the memory of children: so that if the teacher be gentle and judicious, great progress may be made in the art, at a very early age, without injury to the health or the temper.

It is a great and most hurtful error to oblige children to devote those hours to study which ought to be employed in exercise in the open air; and so far from confining them against their will, even those who desire to continue beyond the regular hours should not be permitted. Nothing should interfere with air and exercise; and it will generally be found, that the child whose body is strengthened by a proper physical education, although less time be daily given up to study, will, at the end of the year, have done more than one whose constitution has been rendered weak by too much confinement and application, and whose studies have been consequently interrupted by frequent indispositions."—p. 350.

It is time, however, that we should do our author the justice of presenting something of a more systematic view of the contents of the volume before us; and we shall, therefore, state, that after two preliminary chapters on "pregnancy," "child-birth," and "nursing," its pages present us with five "parts," each comprising numerous chapters, and severally devoted—(1.) To the "treatment of infants from their birth till after two months old, and the maladies to which they are liable during that period"—(2.) To the "management of children from two months to two years old"—(3.) To the "treatment of children after two years old" (4.) To the "diseases common to children of all ages"—And (5) to "general observations respecting children of all ages." To all which is added an "Appendix," on medicinal drugs and their doses.

Our "Grandmother" pleases us by the enlightened zeal for improvement, and aptitude to learn, which induces her to import useful practices from foreign countries, and even to urge an imitation of the "domestic animals." It gratifies us also to observe, that, while she condemns pernicious established customs, she equally rises superior to those fantastic innovations and unnatural systems, which are so often the delight of half-thinking and self-complacent reformers, and to which, in the article of educating children, health and happiness are not unfrequently sacrificed.

In all that regards the body, and in much that regards the mind, the animal world is very commonly our surest guide; and it may safely be reckoned among the disadvantages of civilized and luxurious life, that it withdraws us, for the most part, from that intimacy with the habits of animals, which man, in ruder stages of society, so largely and so beneficially enjoys.

Amid the numerous passages on which we are tempted to fix for our concluding extracts, we cannot pass the following, which is equally recommended by the utility of its doctrine, and by the bold assertion which it contains concerning *dolls;* an assertion which, coming as it does from the lips of a "Grandmother," will startle at least all the grand-daughters in the kingdom:

To develope the forms of children, and give to every part its proportionate degree of growth and strength, a great deal of exercise of various sorts is required; and when they are in health, nature (if not counteracted) will always lead them to continual movement. This should be encouraged by giving them all those toys which promote activity; for the more exercise is united with amusement, the more it will conduce to the well-being of body and mind.

Mothers need not be afraid that their daughters should [will] acquire masculine habits, or rough manners, because, as growing children, they are permitted to have the free use of their limbs; for there is no doubt that those girls are likely to be the most graceful, as well as the most healthy, who have been active in their infancy.* It is a great improvement in the

* We confess that we do not see the connection which should justify the union of the two members of the above sentence by means of the conjunction *for*. Early activity is an undoubted source of gracefulness of figure and motion (*ungracefulness*, by the way, is said by Lord Chesterfield to *begin with the dancing master*); but we can have no assurance that gracefulness of figure and motion will not be united with "masculine habits" and "rough manners." The truth is, that "masculine

modern education of females, that they are allowed such plays as promote strength of body; and nothing is a greater acquisition in this respect than the *skipping-rope*, which was formerly the exclusive property of school-boys. Dolls are useful to girls for the purpose of making them acquire the necessary knowledge of needle-work with pleasure (for when instruction can be united with amusement, it is always advantageous to the health); but, as a constant employment in the hours of relaxation, they are too apt to lead to sedentary habits, which must invariably injure the physical welfare.

Nothing can be more false than (what is asserted by several male authors) that female children have a natural propensity to amuse themselves with dolls. I never saw a robust healthy girl who did not prefer those plays usually appropriated to boys; and I have known sickly delicate male children as much diverted with dolls as females could be. The truth is that weak children like sedentary amusements, while the strong prefer those that are active; and, besides, girls are early taught that a doll is a very reputable companion, whilst boys are ridiculed if they look at one. *These* sort of prejudices often produce effects injurious to the moral and physical welfare of children, and therefore I think it right to point them out here.*

So far as air and exercise are concerned, there ought to be less difference made (at least till nine or ten years old), between the physical education of boys and girls than usually is. It is a great disadvantage to females, that at thirteen or fourteen years of age they are often obliged by the persons above them, or induced by their own vanity, to relinquish those active sports which are necessary to the health of growing creatures, and which instinct would lead them to continue to a much later age, if art or affectation did not put a restraint upon their movements, extremely injurious to both their physical and moral welfare. The longer those childish, sportive feelings, which lead to active amusements, can be preserved, the more healthy in body and innocent in mind are young females likely to be; and mothers would do well to cherish rather than suppress such propensities.

Male children, as they grow up, should be inured to more violent exertions than female; they should be more strengthened by muscular exertions; but both sexes ought to be equally accustomed to the open air."—p. 313.

habits" and "rough manners" have not the shadow of necessary connection with "activity in infancy;" and this, as it seems to us, is the real proposition upon which our "Grandmother" should have ventured.—Rev.

* "*These* sort of prejudices," "*these* sort of maladies," &c., are phrases which we regret to see repeatedly occurring in the pages before us.—Rev.

The observations on "punishments," on "ornaments," on the means by which youth may be "educated into beauty," and many others, strongly invite our pen, which, however, we must now lay down, only subjoining, that a book like the present, so full of remark, and so moderate in price, ought, even if indifferently executed, to be in the possession of every "young mother," because it is scarcely possible that even in that case it could be read without advantage; while the good sense, just sentiments, enlarged information, and perfectly intelligible and familiar directions of the present venerable "Grandmother" make her pages really invaluable. In conclusion, we shall content ourselves with adding, that the just and wide distinctions which our author constantly makes, and teaches others to make, between the different constitutions and different inclinations of different children, are among those points in the performance upon which we dwell with more than usual satisfaction.

Heraldic Anomalies; or Rank Confusion in our Orders of Precedence. By It matters not Who. 2 Vols. 12mo. pp. 706. Price 20s. London, 1823.

If it matter not by whom these amusing volumes may be written, it is material, at least to the author, and perhaps to the public, that we, in common with other critics, are able to pronounce that they exhibit unequivocal marks of being the composition of a gentleman of some learning, of varied information, of much ingenuity, and withal "a fellow of infinite jest and of most excellent fancy." The author has, moreover, evinced much judgment in the choice of his subject, for it is of a nature to afford him a fine scope for the exercise of his vein of humour, as well as

for the display of his higher powers in disquisitions, which may be at least as instructive as his wit and humour are entertaining. The plan of the work is that of tracing the origin, nature, and utility of the different titles bestowed on the various conditions of men; of shewing how inadequate the classification or nomenclature of heraldry is to meet the diversified features of modern society; and to represent with humour the inconvenience and inconsistency which often arise from this discrepancy; and finally to intersperse disquisitions of a philosophical, moral, or historical nature. All this is done with great ability, and the work moreover abounds with anecdotes of much point, generally novel, and, if not true, always what the Italians would call *bene trovato.*

The author's preface is rather loosely written, but it is excellent in its way, and it affords a fair specimen of the nature of the entertainment to be expected at least from the humorous parts of the work itself. We like this preface much better than we do the introduction, for in the introduction we suspect that the author displays something of the cloven foot of prejudices, or of views not exactly in tone with the liberal spirit of the age, and such prejudices are amongst the numerous things which, with Hamlet, we "hold it not honesty to have thus set down." We agree with our author that equality is a mere chimera, the dangerous theory of visionaries and enthusiasts, but it is equally evident that a system of nobility is a trespass upon the common rights of mankind. It may be a trespass rendered necessary by the weaknesses of the human character, but in writing upon such a branch of the social system, every philanthropist ought to guard mankind against that blind and excessive veneration for aristocracy which has, in every nation of modern Europe, affected the administration of justice and of the executive government, to the deterioration of human happiness. We are great advocates for giving unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; but let reason, and not a deference for precedent determine what things strictly are Cæsar's, bearing in mind that all privileges and immunities must succumb to that which is conducive to the happiness of the multitude.

But reverting to the general complexion of the work, we must observe that the best proof of an author's merit is where his critic will allow him to speak for himself; and so conscious are we that these Heraldic Anomalies will prove a source of amusement and of instruction to readers of every class, that we shall confine ourselves to giving specimens of the work itself, rather than indulge in shewing our acumen in detecting errors or in appreciating beauties. Our extracts will shew the author's mode of treating his subjects.

The first chapter relates to the Ladies, "Place aux Dames." Here we find that the title of lady and ladyship is a generic term, including from a marchioness to the wife of some city knight or lady mayoress —and many odd mistakes have occurred in the world from this "Heraldic Anomaly." The title of lord is of almost equal extent in its application, and exceeds that of lady in inconsistency. Our judges are lords on the bench, and take precedence of all other lords on the circuits, but doffing the robe and the wig, they become plain misters, with perhaps the addenda of justice, which confounds them with country 'squires and such justices of the peace. The judges of the exchequer are inferior to the other puisne judges, yet they are all barons, whilst the other puisne judges, their superiors, are only humble misters. Lords of the treasury and admiralty, &c. &c., are only lords when spoken of, not when they are spoken to: we address them as "My Lords of the Treasury," &c.; but speaking to them, or even of them individually, we must say plain Mr. Vansittart or Mr. Robinson, although such misters are of the highest of the board. This chapter upon lords has some remarkably witty lines of Sir Hanbury Williams, and it has an [illegible] quarian speculation upon the etymolo[illegible] the title. Next we have two chapters upon the titles of captain and of doctor, both of which subjects afford scope for ingenuity and wit, and of which our author has availed himself. We have a very long chapter of about forty pages upon titles in general, in which there is much about Cromwell and the Emperor Napoleon, which appears to us common-place. We may further observe, that in page 75 (vol. i.), the author decidedly misrepresents the sentiments en-

tertained of Napoleon by Miss Helen Maria Williams, who, always consistent to the principles of freedom, converted eulogy into positive vituperation from the moment that her paragon Bonaparte sacrificed the cause of liberty to his personal ambition. In spite of the defects, the chapter upon titles opens well, and contains much that will awaken, in every intelligent reader, a chain of reflections upon the servility and arrogance engendered in our nature by poverty or by power. In a chapter upon "significant titles," our author finds fault, and very properly, with all titles denoting moral worth—the title of Grace, for instance, is from the Latin "*Gratia, decor, venustas,*" &c., but how strange it would appear to say to a duke, or an archbishop, "will your 'comeliness,' 'beauty,' or 'fine mien,' do me the honour of dining with me, or, I shall be proud to wait upon your 'felicity' or 'becomingness:'" or if the title of grace imply that those who bear it are really graces, what archbishop would wish to be taken for Thalia or Euphrosyne. The folly to which such titles have been carried is certainly contemptible; for instance, who can tolerate such hyperbolical appellations as "right reverend father in God," "your excellency," &c., or such as the "most magnificently illustrious," used about the time of Justinian; or, "your admirable or wonderful sublimity," which, as our author wittily observes, we should never think of giving to any man unless he were in a balloon. But we read of such titles as "your eternity, your divinity, your perpetuity, your clemency, your prudence," and of such clerical titles as the "extatic," the "seraphic," the "angelical," &c., not one of which, we suspect, the most proud and arrogant of modern prelates would much like to be appended to the name of his see. But perhaps these are all preferable to the titles adopted by the saints in the days of Cromwell, such, for instance, as "faint not," "be thankful," or that far-famed title of Mr. Barebone, "praise God Barebone." Our author next makes allusion to the frightful sounds of the Turkish titles, such as Yenytcherydghery, or djebchdjy-bachy, a commissary; topdjy-bachy, a commander of artillery; counparhdjy-bachy, a bombardier; sam-soundjy-bachy and zaherdjy-bachy, keepers of the war-dogs; and to the long German compound titles such as Die Reichsgeneralfeldmarschallieutenantstalle, but even this is nothing to the title of the King of Candy's drum-major, Tamboroo-puram-pectoo-cruo-mohandiram-nicharmi. This chapter is closed by observations on the nick-names which have from time immemorial been given to sovereigns and leaders of men; such as the Victor, Faustus, Felix, Probus, &c., of the Latins, and the Henry Beau-clerc, Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward Long-shanks, among the English. The French have had, perhaps, more of truth but less of taste in the cognomena which they have attributed to their sovereigns, such as Charles the *bald-pated*, Lewis the *stutterer*, Charles the *simple*, Lewis the *fat*, Philip the *fair*, Lewis *lazy-bones*, cum plurimis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est. Our author very properly remarks upon the singular prostitution of the moral titles bestowed upon the popes, "the unchaste was praised for his chastity; the liar for his regard to truth; the drunkard for his sobriety; the fraudulent for his honesty; the proud for his humility; and the cruel for his hard-heartedness."

Such allusions to the substance of isolated parts of the work, afford, however, but an unfair specimen of its merits, and give but a faint idea of its effects upon the reader of taste and judgment; for even the most valuable parts frequently derive much force and beauty from their contiguity to other matter, as well as from their being considered in relation to the chapter to which they belong. We shall, therefore, discontinue such extracts, and proceed to give our readers some few specimens of the anecdotes and of the entertaining nugæ which are interspersed amongst the more material parts of the volumes, and which are often highly illustrative of the points to which they refer.

Speaking of the way in which the family of the Tremellii at Rome acquired the name of Scropha, or sow, we are reminded of the anecdote, that the lady of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Hardwicke having ordered her bailiff to procure a sow of a particular size and breed, "The man suddenly accosted her Ladyship one day when she had much company with her, 'I have

been to Royston-fair, my Lady, *and got a sow, exactly your Ladyship's size and breed.*'" The following is a good classical pun: Barberini, Pope Urban VIII., having despoiled Rome of some of its antiquities in order to decorate the palaces of his nephews, "the following slur was put into Pasquin's hands, '*Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barbarini.*'" The celebrated pun upon the name of Doctor I. Lettsom, was of his own composing, and first appeared in a publication of the Doctor's; the quatrain, if we mistake not, was as follows:

When persons sick to me apply,
  I physics, bleeds, and sweats'em;
If after that they choose to die,
  Why, what cares I? I. Lets'em.

In the volume before us, the first line is given, "When *any* patients call in haste," which spoils the rhyme of the third line, and the effect of the whole quatrain. Upon Dr. Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, being appointed to preach before the House of Lords, we have the following pun, containing, perhaps, as much of truth as of wit:

'Tis well enough that Goodenough
  Before the Lords should preach,
For sure enough, they're bad enough
  He undertakes to teach.

But the following pun on the bankruptcy of a person named Homer, is much better.

That Homer should a bankrupt be,
Is not so very Odd, d'ye see,
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So Ill-He-Had his books conducted.

In writing the chapter from which we are now quoting, the author must have been possessed with a cacoethes for punning, for his puns are as copious as the proverbs of honest Sancho. We must remark, that he has given us only one-half, or we believe one-third, of the celebrated pun made upon the death of Lord Kildare, by which omission the merit of the lines is diminished. In page 216, vol. i, we have a remarkably good story of Francis the First going to war with the Swiss, rather than comply with their request of giving a very non-heroic Israelitish name to the Dauphin, but the story is rather too long for us to quote, and it is told so tersely by the author, that we cannot injure it by an abridgment. There is much of humour and of satire in the chapter upon bishops; and our author's disposition for pity is marvelously great, for he bewails that our prelates are seldom able to confer large fortunes on their children. We should, however, like to know what are our author's ideas of a great fortune; from the preceding quotation, we might imagine that he holds a few hundred thousand pounds as a thing of naught, or at least as a thing of naught for a bishop. We must refer our readers to the chapter upon law, for some very amusing anecdotes relative to pleaders and pleadings, some of which rival the well-known case of the black, the white, and the pie-bald horses.

Knight is a title of the most comprehensive nature, including from an Emperor, who may be a knight of the garter or of the Saint Esprit, to the wealthy hosier, grocer, or other successful candidate for the civic honours attendant upon prosperous trade. In law and in heraldry, a knight is esteemed a bachelor, and in law the children and, as we can not say the wife, the cohabitant with a bachelor, are— what we must not name. And yet this title is of more antiquity than some of the highest grades of nobility, and was formerly in such estimation, that we read of William Rufus being knighted by an Archbishop of Canterbury. We are reminded of the celebrated story, that James the First had such a dread of even touching a naked sword, that, in his tremor, when about to knight Sir Kenelm Digby, instead of courteously laying the sword on Sir Kenelm's shoulder, the trembling monarch had nearly thrust it in his eye. The order of the garter is explained, by the author, to have arisen from a very different source than that of King Edward's gallantry with the Countess of Salisbury. We cannot refrain from giving the reader an account of one of the most ridiculous orders of knighthood that formerly existed, and may yet exist, in the kingdom of France. The order de *la Sainte Ampouille*, or the holy bottle or phial. It consists of four persons of the highest rank, family, and fortune. At the coronation of the kings of France, these four Barons or Knights are delivered to the Dean, Priors, and Chapter of the cathedral of St. Remy at Rheims, as hostages for fulfilling the engagements entered into

by the great officers of the crown, to return the *holy phial* in which the oil for anointing the king at the coronation is . Now this phial having been from heaven, and put into the hand of St. Remy, at the coronation of Clovis in the sixth century, we suppose that, were the phial to be cracked or broken, these four hostages would, by decapitation or other means, be sent to heaven to bring back another. Really all the follies of our coronation are rational compared to this. Having orders of knighthood derived from the Virgin Mary, from saints, from the cross of Christ, and from the Holy Ghost, we cannot but reprobate the derivation of recent orders from less pious sources; such as the Russian order of St. Catherine, named after the queen of Peter the Great, a libidinous prostitute and ferocious tyrant.

We enjoy our author's wit and humour, and appreciate his ingenuity and learning, but we cannot say that we always accord with his sentiments or are converts to his reasoning. For instance, we do not agree with him in the impropriety of bestowing the title of knighthood upon eminent merchants, or even tradesmen; and still less do we agree with him upon the propriety of inventing for such classes "titles more appropriate." A rich tradesman or merchant would, of course, rather silently merge into the general body of wealthy gentlemen, than accept any species of title that would perpetually point out his origin to have been trade or even commerce; especially if that very exclusive description of title had been instituted on the basis of trade and commerce being ignoble vocations. Few knighthoods or other titles are bestowed for services more beneficial to mankind, or more consistent with independence and moral worth, than those which are given in reward for successful private or professional exertions through life. Every military or naval knight is not necessarily brave—every professional knight is not necessarily learned in the laws, nor in medicine, nor is every man who wins his spurs and knightly banner in the warfare of St. Stephen's chapel, the very paragon of independence and of knightly qualities. It is straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, to be very fastidious about the pollution of the peerage or of the knighthood by the admission of civic candidates.

We cannot agree with our author that titles, ribbons, stars, medals, &c. "cost the crown nothing, the state nothing, you and I nothing," &c. On the contrary, the dearest possible mode of rewarding public services, is that of distributing titles and honours. In the first place, patents of nobility are generally accompanied by places or pensions in possession or in reversion. Courts are seldom very parsimonious of their titles, and a numerous, of necessity, implies a poor nobility—and a poor nobility as necessarily implies an exchange or barter of their public functions and constitutional independence for a considerable portion of the public revenue. No government possessing an aristocracy has yet existed without exhibiting a practical illustration of these principles, and the same opinions were entertained by Lord Bolingbroke, a man who understood the secret springs of courts, of cabinets, and of legislature, as well, perhaps, as any man that ever existed.

Our transatlantic brethren have a most thorough contempt for every thing relating to aristocratical distinctions. Now although this uncourtly fact is well-known even to us "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," it was not known, or at all events not attended to, by that celebrated personage Jerome Bonaparte. For when that redoubtable *parvenu* and child of republican revolution arrived at Charlestown, South Carolina, he forthwith exhibited a carriage bearing the "heraldic anomaly" of a crown, of such a portentous size, that it bore to the coat of arms and supporters, almost the same proportion as

Ossa to a wart." Such a crown looked like an insult, or at best a quiz upon the *bonâ fide* republicans of America; and however it might have been in good keeping with any of the old aristocratic families of Europe, they could not tolerate such a crown on the carriage of a man, whose brother had just ceased to be the first consul of a republic, eschewing every title but that of citizen, and every armorial bearing but that of the cap of liberty. Now some of the wags of Charlestown contrived to enter Jerome's coach-house, in the dead of the night, and uncourteously effacing

days after, the great reformer preached on the subject, in the High Kirk of that city.

"No man who had ever seen him before could have thought that one so frail would have had ability to have given out even the psalm; but when he began the spirit descended upon him, and he was so kindled, that at last his voice became as awful as the thunders of wrath, and his arm was strengthened as with the strength of a champion's. The kirk dirled to the foundations; the hearts of his hearers shook, till the earth of their sins was shaken clean from them; and he appeared in the whirlwind of inspiration, as if his spirit was mounting, like the prophet Elijah in a fiery chariot, immediately to the gates of heaven.

His discourse was of the children of Bethlehem, slain by Herod, and he spake of the dreadful sound of a bell, and a trumpet, heard suddenly in the midnight hour, when all were fast bound, and lying defenceless in the fetters of sleep. He described the dreadful knocking at the doors; the bursting in of men with drawn swords; how babies were hurled by the arms from their mother's beds and bosoms, and dashed to pieces upon the marble floors. He told of parents that stood in the porches of their houses, and made themselves the doors that the slayers were obliged to hew in pieces before they could enter in. He pictured the women flying along the street in the nakedness of the bedchamber, with their infants in their arms, and how the ruffians of the accursed king, knowing their prey by their cries, ran after them, caught the mother by the hair, and the bairn by the throat, and in one act flung the innocent to the stones and trampled out its life. Then he paused, and said, in a soft and thankful voice, that in the horrors of Bethlehem there was still much mercy: for the idolatrous dread of Herod prompted him to slay but young children, whose blameless lives were to their weeping parents an assurance of their acceptance into heaven.

"'What,' then," he cried, 'are we to think of that night, and of that king, and of that people, among whom, by whom, and with whom, the commissioned murderer twisted his grip in the fugitive old man's grey hairs, to draw back his head, that the knife might the surer reach his heart? With what eyes, being already blinded with weeping, shall we turn to that city where the withered hands of the grandmother were deemed as weapons of war by the strong and black-a-vised slaughter, whose sword was owre vehemently used for a' the feckless remnant of life it had to cut? But deaths like these were softer and blessed compared to other things—which, Heaven be praised, I have not the power to describe, and which, among this Protestant congregation, I trust there is not one able to imagine, or who, trying to conceive, [illegible] but in dark and misty vision the [illegible] of [illegible] gled mothers; babes untimely and unquick[illegible]ened, cast on the dung-hills and into the troughs of swine; of black-iron hooks fastened into the mouths, and riven through the cheeks of brave men, whose arms were tied with cords behind, as they are dragged into the rivers to drown, by those who durst not in fair battle endure the lightning of their eyes. O, Herod! Herod of Judea! thy name is hereafter bright, for in thy bloody business thou wast thyself no where to be seen. In the vonts and abysses of thy unstained palace, thou hidst thyself from the eye of history, and perhaps humanely sat covering thine ears with thy hands, to shut out the sound of the wail and woe around thee.' But this Herod; let me not call him by so humane a name. No: let all the trumpets of justice sound his own to everlasting infamy. Charles the Ninth of France! And let his ambassador that is here, aye yet, yet to this time audaciously in this Christian land, let him tell his master that sentence has been pronounced against him in Scotland; that the Divine vengeance will never depart from him or his house until repentance has ensued, and atonement been made in their own race; that his name will remain a blot—a blot of blood, a stain never to be effaced; a thing to be pronounced with a curse by all posterity; and that none proceeding from his loins shall ever enjoy his kingdom in peace!"

The preacher, on saying these prophetic words, paused, and with his eyes fixed upwards, he stood some time silent; and then, clasping his hands together, exclaimed, with fear and trembling upon him, 'Lord, Lord, thy will be done!'"

This is by the hand of a ma[illegible]

The grandfather of [illegible] battle of Langsi[illegible] unusually f[illegible] [illegible] an picturesque in [illegible]

The same [illegible] his last respects to the Earl of M[illegible]y, who permitted him to take away, as a trophy and memorial, the gloves which his Lordship had worn that day in the field, and they have ever since been sacredly preserved at Quharist, where they may still be seen. They are of York buff; the palm of the one for the right hand is still blue with the mark of the sword's hilt, and the fore-finger stool is stained with the ink of a letter which the Earl wrote on the field to Argyle, who had joined the Queen's faction; the which letter it has been thought caused the swithering of that

nobleman in the hour of the onset, by which Providence gave the Regent the victory—a conquest which established the gospel in his native land for ever.

The examination of Gilhaize in the tolbooth of Ayr, the year after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, is given with fine dramatic tact, but it is too long for our present purpose, and indeed we had marked many other passages for extract from these interesting volumes; but having already exceeded our limits, we must desist. We think, however, our quotations have been sufficiently ample to show that the work is worthy of commendation in no slight degree. Notwithstanding what the author is pleased to allege, in his Postscript, respecting "an idiomatic difference in the structure of the national dialects of England and Scotland," we do not perceive that any advantage can result to the writer, or to the reader, from a narrative couched in a semi-provincial or obsolete phraseology, that would not result, with greater force and effect, from a narrative in pure modern English. It is particularly deserving of remark, too, that where the author is most eloquent, most impressive, and altogether most effective—as, for instance, in his admirable address to the covenanters—his style is least distinguished by Scotticisms, and approaches nearest to the southern standard of excellence.

The character, however, of the presumed writer is finely sustained throughout. All is energy, yet all is in the spirit of mild resignation to the will of heaven. "Oh, that mine eyes were clothed in death, and that this head, which sorrow, and care, and much misery have made untimely grey, were laid on its cold pillow; and the green curtain of the still kirkyard were drawn around me in my last long sleep." How sweetly poetical is this! and such is the pervading genius of the book.

FIVE HALF LENGTH FIGURES OF FASHIONS FOR 1823.

Fig. 1. Carriage airing dress, represents the Gallo-Greek costume a tunic of pink gossamer satin ornamented with puffings of crape down each side of the front, and the border of the petticoat trimmed to correspond. White veil *à la religieuse* of the Brussels fabric, with border beautifully harmonizing with the whole The shape of this elegant article is quite novel, being oval. One of the round points is worn as in the design, the other falls down the back, reaching to the middle; the others, which are pointed, fall gracefully from the face below the waist. The *dames de Paris* sometimes tie those under the chin in a loose knot necklace and ear-rings of large rubies. It is but due to Messrs Dixon and Wilson, Regent Street, to state they are the inventors of this truly elegant addition to the female costume.

Fig 2, Opera costume. Dress of silver grey double levantine, bordered with a scalloped rouleau of satin, each point headed by a trefoil; the mancherons on the sleeves puckered very full, and the puckerings confined by bands of satin. Basque cap of black satin, with gold band next the hair, and ornamented by a bird of paradise white plume. Ear-pendants of rubies, and necklace of gold and rubies, beautifully wrought in chain-work.

Fig. 3, Walking dress, of fine India muslin or cambric, under a plain pelisse or spenser of levantine. The hair arranged in the *semi-Madonna* style, and covered with a summer bonnet of a novel shape and material, known by the name of Lane's patent *chapeau de paille*, this elegant bonnet is ornamented in the most chaste and beautiful manner, as may be seen in the engraving.

Fig. 4. represents an evening dress of gossamer white satin, simply and elegantly ornamented with gold four rows of gold lace, of a light and open pattern, are placed round the border, and three across the beautiful wrapping front covering the bust; the *mancherons* on the sleeves are lightly ornamented with the same costly material; the head-dress is a turban of pactolus and ruby-colored gauze. Bracelets of wrought gold, with a ruby for a clasp, encircle the wrists, and the ear-pendants and necklace are of rubies.

Fig. 5. is a carriage visiting costume. A dress of fine cambric is trimmed with a superb border of fine muslin *bouilloné*, and in full narrow plaitings, laid crosswise and horizontally, till they form a broad and rich ornament *à l'antique*; the spaces between the *bouillons* and the plaitings are all filled up with the most exquisite embroidery; and over the whole is one narrow flounce of muslin, surmounted by six of the narrowest tucks that it is possible to conceive. The spenser worn with this dress is of light

FASHIONS FOR JUNE 1823.



1

Marriage Morning Dress.



2

Opera Costume.



3

Paris Chapeau de Paille.



4

Evening Dress.



5

Carriage Visiting Dress.

W. Read Sculpt.

London, Published 1st June 1823, for La Belle Assemblée, No. 27.

lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*, ornamented down each side the bust with broad *languettes*, on every one of which is a cockle-shell in satin. The mancherons are in the half melon style. The spenser is surmounted by an immense lace ruff, four times double, which, of course, requires the lace to be of a very fine texture. The bonnet is of white chip, adorned with a very full plume of white feathers, highly curled. On each temple, under the bonnet, is placed a bow of white satin ribbon.

SUMMARY OF FASHIONS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.

In contemplating the changes that have taken place since the commencement of the present year, amongst the votaries of the "Goddess of the varied Bow," we find that, on a steady investigation, there is more importance attached to Fashion than on a superficial view may be imagined. Peace brings with it that increase of wealth, which enables the higher classes of society liberally to encourage the skill and industry of the weaver, the artificial florist, the lace-maker, and various other artificers employed in the decoration of the "human form divine;" and, where the love of fashion does not absorb every other, by its being founded only on extreme vanity, but proceeding solely from that fine tact, to be found in the minds of females possessed of refined taste and native elegance, it may then be regarded almost as a virtue, as it certainly gives birth to much active beneficence.

For such of our fair readers, and among Britannia's daughters we trust there are many, we present these pages; they will be pleased in observing the progressions of taste, and the continual improvements in Fashion's empire, in this faithful compendium of her fluctuations, both in England and France, for the last six months.

In the month of January, a whimsical change took place in evening costume: the skirts of all dresses had been for a long time of gauze, crape, or fine net, and the *corsage* of satin; now, it was *vice versâ*, the skirt was white satin; the corsage of puckered gauze or *tulle*, with *rouleaux* of white satin; the waving ornaments at the border of the petticoat were of a very curious nature, as if fashion was in search of something novel, invention almost at a stand, as if not knowing what to adopt. To describe this trimming so as to give any idea of it, is almost impossible; we, therefore, refer our readers to a very excellent engraving for the January evening costume, published the last day of December 1822.

The beautiful Indian red was a favourite colour this wintry and piercing cold month; turbans of this refulgent hue looked well by candle-light, and were sprinkled with short ears of gold corn. The ball dresses for young ladies consisted of fine net over white satin, ornamented with double Indian roses; these flowers were mingled also in the hair. The favourite corsage was in the Gallo-Greek style: a fashion still in favour, but not becoming to every bust. The morning dresses, in spite of the severe cold, still continued to be of fine cambric trimmed with muslin; they were made with pelerines to correspond.

The pelisses were of dark coloured velvet, trimmed with ermine or other costly fur; many of these fastened down in front, towards the left side, with diamond cut, polished-steel buttons; the fine Modena-red was a favourite colour for the January pelisse: the pelisses of this rich colour were generally of very fine cloth, and the cockle-shell trimming, in satin or *gros de Naples*, was its chief ornament. The carriage bonnets were small, of figured Nerine silk; they were generally black, and the most stylish ornament was the bright scarlet Indostan rose: the feathers on hats were uncurled; but they were short, and played beautifully over the front of the hat or bonnet. The evening dresses were not all of *white* satin; pink, blue, and other good candle-light colours were adopted by many ladies. The corsages for these coloured dresses were admirable; the fronts were made so as to form a flower, from which depended leaves; at the point of each leaf hung a tassel and button; the sleeves were very short, made of gossamer gauze, and slashed in the Spanish fashion. The head-dresses for home costume consisted chiefly of *cornettes* ornamented with flowers; they were, as they are now, very flat, and were placed backward, with the fulness of the border thrown on each temple. The Grecian toque, edged with pearls and crowned by white feathers, was the favourite evening head-dress. Malabar turbans were adopted in half dress, and young ladies who had fine hair, wore diamond diadems, and combs ornamented with pearls and amethysts. Artificial bouquets, that beautiful finish to full dress, were universally worn *en grande costume*. The jewellery articles for un-dress consisted in a button of gold, elegantly wrought, clasping a simple bracelet of red morocco leather. Necklaces of rows of pearls twisted, or ruby ear-rings, necklace, and cross,

were generally sported at evening parties; where a small, elegant reticule, shaped like the shepherd's pouch, of rose-coloured satin, was richly adorned with tassels formed of pearls, and gave employment to the graceful movements of the hands of the fashionable belle.

From our frequent accounts, and the punctuality of our continental correspondent, we were given to understand that the season of winter was as dreary and severe on the banks of the Seine as with us. The Gallic dames, in the month of January, wrapped their warm cachemire shawls tight over their high Merino dresses; and these envelopes were of dark-wintry colours, Hortensia blue, or bright orange. Cachemire spencers of rose colour, and pelisses of white cachemire trimmed with bias folds of rose-coloured satin, were much admired for their peculiar elegance; but they were ill made, having three large falling capes like a driving-coat, that completely covered the shoulders, and the pelisse itself was of a wrapping, clumsy-looking kind: the *colerettes*, however, of lace that fell over were very handsome, and were fastened in front with one very valuable gem made into a brooch. The hats were of that kind generally known by the name of Spanish; the brim was trimmed at the edge with feather fringe, and round the crown was placed eleven feathers, the longest falling over the shoulder; the whole, very heavy and unbecoming. The fire colour now began first to dart forth its refulgent rays, and has continued in high favour with the Parisian ladies till within these last two months. The dresses were made delicately chaste and elegant over the bust; and we must ever give the French ladies praise for the modesty they observe, and have observed now, for some time, in this part of their attire. Let not the world tax them with coquetry on that account; whatever is their motive, it is praiseworthy. A few of the ugly blouses made their appearance again this month; they were of cachemire, with short sleeves, and a little apron was worn with them. The Barbary Jewess's turban was introduced, and very improperly, placed very backward; we who have seen the Jewesses in the states of Barbary, know that the *bourrelet* part of their turbans comes across the forehead. When the ladies were dressed much at the French theatres, which seldom happens except at a benefit or first representation, small dress caps chiefly prevailed, ornamented with velvet flowers. The hair was not well dressed; it was arranged in long large curls brought over the forehead, with a few large curls falling on the neck behind.

Such was Fashion at the commencement of the month of January 1823, and as she took her farewell of 1822. Behold her now, at the festivals of the new year, when the ball succeeded to the splendid dinner party, after the end of the Epiphany, when the masters and misses of the boarding schools had enjoyed those holidays long sanctioned by custom. White *tulle* over pink satin distinguished the full dress of the lady of fashion; the border elegantly ornamented with white satin, roses, chenille, and pearls, and terminating by two broad flounces of rich blond; the hair richly arranged in curls, with puffings of blond mingled among the hair, and a plume of white feathers inclining carelessly to the left side: *vide* a beautiful engraving entitled *Christmas Festival Dress*. No. 170, for January 1823.

The braided pelisses of fine cloth were again in favour for the promenade; they were braided in the most beautiful patterns; some representing a fine imitation of the Caledonian thistle. The bonnets were generally of the same colour as the pelisse, and were lined with white satin; the bonnets were beautifully becoming, as to shape and size. Muffs and tippets of sable, or of the white Siberian fox, were in general request. Black velvet pelisses, lined with amber-coloured sarsnet, were much in favour for the carriage; and spencers of rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed in the most elegantly fancied style, in ornaments forming a semi-military plume, were worn by young ladies whenever the rigorous cold abated into a degree of mildness. The present beautiful fashion of tipping white feathers with different colours first made its appearance this month: whether marabouts, paddi, or ostrich, they were all tipped, and chiefly with amber; and so much was this colour in favour, that satin bonnets of this hue, lined with white, and ornamented solely with black velvet *languettes*, were in high estimation for walking. Home costume consisted of dark coloured silks, poplins, and Norwich crapes: the trimmings were never more versatile; and the frightful old fashion of pinking prevailed, which, had it not been chiefly confined to black and dark colours, would have given the exact idea of a shroud. Cachemires and poplins were ornamented with three broad layers of satin, the colour of the dress; and evening dresses by folds of gauze in bias, fastened down by ring-straps of satin, and interspersed with bouquets of flowers. The front of the corsages was ornamented in gauze, *en demi chevrons*. The morning cornette was slovenly and unbecoming, the border much too broad and full, unappropriately ornamented with lupins and other small flowers, while its size and shape resembled an ugly night-cap. The *Valois toque* was a favourite head-dress at the theatre; it was elegant and becoming, and we were sorry to see its reign so

short; the careless tassel over the left shoulder, the little sprigs of bright geranium resting on the hair, as they peeped from beneath that part of the toque above the temples, looked so pretty and so *unique*, that we regretted much the almost sudden disappearance of a head-dress so universally becoming. Persian tiaras and Ottoman turbans prevailed for full dress, the latter of Oriental red or of crystallized velvet.

When the French ladies this month threw away their *slamekin blouses* (we know the term we have made use of is not very refined, but we declare we know not what other appellation to give them), they rushed into the contrary extreme, and from this wrapping morning dress they became all finery. Their evening robes were all profusely trimmed with gold lace; the dress itself was of bright amaranth or crimson, with three flounces, each flounce headed by gold lace; gold girdles, with long ends terminated by tassels, confined the waist; the short, full puckered sleeves were confined round the arm by a band of gold; and they wore gold bracelets over their gloves, confined by one large ruby: the dress, the colour of which was glaring, in itself, thus ornamented, cut a prodigious glitter, and appeared as if all the gaudy fashions had been revived in France from the good old times.

But though the French ladies were so emulous of glittering in full dress, they affected a deal of simplicity and plainness in their walking dresses. A wrapping pelisse of light coloured *gros de Naples*, very slightly ornamented, with a close bonnet, was a favourite costume for the promenade: a scarf shawl tied round the throat, if the weather was cold, was sometimes added. Spiral cocks' feathers were the favourite ornaments on black velvet bonnets; this fashion was introduced into England: but with us, as with the Parisians, lasted but a short time. The carriage hats were chiefly of white satin, ornamented with bunches of small field flowers. A favourite evening head-dress was a hat of vermillion-coloured satin, fastened up on one side, and crowned with superb plumes of white feathers, very richly coloured. The fine, dark Brazil ruby was much in request this month for ear-pendants, which were set in the form of a cross.

In the month of FEBRUARY we were watchful in observing the dresses most likely to prevail at that true criterion for elegant fashions, the King's Theatre; but as yet there was nothing determined; the head-dresses, at that early period of the opera season, could not be depended on. It was imagined that ladies would only have their hair arranged in the newest style of fashion, and place on it an Inca diadem, or some other Peruvian ornament of fine pearls, while a dress of light coloured satin, it was expected, would be the prevailing mode. It was too early, however, to decide; but we certainly did inspect the dress made for a young lady of fashion, to be worn by her at the opening of the opera season, and of which we gave a beautiful engraving in our number for February, 171.

The ball dresses were simply beautiful: broad stripes of coloured satin laid on *tulle*, were placed lengthwise on the skirt, till they reached a double festoon ornament, formed of *rouleaux* of net; the points of the scallops or festoons finished by rosettes of pearls. A flounce of broad blond terminated the hem next the shoe, and being of a rich and striking pattern, gave a costly, yet light effect to the dress. The sole ornament on the *corsage* was a falling tucker of blond, so contrived as to form a *mancheron* on each sleeve. *Wützchoura* pelisses were very general this month, owing to the extreme cold, which rendered them truly appropriate; boots and gloves were also lined with fur, and muffs became universal. Black velvet pelisses, lined with ruby coloured satin, made us already anticipate the blustering winds of a severe March. Pelisse dresses were so warm about the shoulders, that the British ladies made them their favourite home costume. Evening dresses were of coloured gauze, both figured or plain; they were trimmed with blond or *soufflée* gauze. The ball dresses were of fine net, with borders of flowers, in coloured crape, beautifully embossed; the *corsages* all in the Anglo-Greek style. The morning *cornettes* were very plain this month; very flat on the head, and unbecoming in shape: but caps were more in favour than *cornettes*, and those for receiving friendly dinner parties were truly pleasing: formed of net, blond, and coloured satin; they were of a becoming shape, and were ornamented with full bouquets of roses and myrtle blossoms. The *demi-négligé* cap was a beautiful head-dress: but it died away with the month of February, and we have seen no more of it; we hope it may be revived, as it is peculiarly adapted for ladies who have fine hair, and who do not look well in a turban. Its front was like a dress cap, but all the luxuriance of ringlets or Sappho braids were displayed behind, by its being without any caul. The materials for turbans at evening dress parties were of white gossamer gauze, with green gold stripes; rainbow, or iris gauze on a green and gold ground, with the gauze called Pactolus, representing golden sand.

The Parisian ladies this month wore scarcely any other out-door envelope than mantles: they were reckoned most elegant when of black, with the hoods lined with flame coloured velvet; in which they actually looked like officers of the

Inquisition, about to celebrate an *auto da fé*. The dresses also of the Gallic ladies were of black velvet; these were made so short, that they discovered a portion of a white satin petticoat worn underneath. The *Clothilda* cap was the favourite head-dress at the public spectacles, and was a complete garland of flowers, which came down to the ears, and was by no means becoming. Their scarf-drapery dress shawls were of fire colour, with a border of black stripes and black fringe. A new kind of hood to a mantle was, however, during this month, which was not much distinguished by any thing tasteful, invented by a lady of fashion; it was adorned with several knots of ribbon, and when a lady quitted the Opera or a dress party she drew the hood of her mantle over her face, it formed a most becoming and charming head-dress.

M. D'Arlincourt, that indefatigable romance writer, has given names by his characters, to colours, &c. most in fashion; accordingly there is *Ipsiboë* crape, and the *Ipsiboë* yellow; these made their appearance this month, and are universally patronized, though we should imagine that *Ipsiboë* would as soon set the fashions as the *Bridgetina Botheram* of Miss Hamilton! Not so D'Arlincourt's *Elodia*, which gave name to a beautiful blue, still much admired by *les belles blondes* of Paris. Fire-coloured crape was much made up in ball dresses, and gave a very *heated* appearance to the sprightly dance; it was actually *un Bal à la Tartare!* The sleeves were frightfully short, and the female dancers looked like the *attendants* of Proserpine, instead of her fellow nymphs who accompanied her

"—— In the field of Enna
Gathering flowers."

A reform, however, took place in fixing the bouquets; whereas it had been the mode to place them so backward, that they were at last stuck under the arm, they now shifted their station to where they ought to be, in front of the bust.

In March the English evening dresses were splendid: beautiful frocks of British lace were worn over spring-coloured satins; these dresses were finished by a border of white crape or net trimmings, interspersed with ornaments resembling Oriental turbans entwined with pearls. The head-dress was in the Grecian style, with white ostrich feathers. *Vide* a beautiful engraving of an Evening Dress, in No. 172 for March.

Spencers of bright coloured velvet now made their appearance, and fur trimmings began to decline. The pelisses were of silk, of dark but not sombre colours; such, for instance, as Waterloo blue, slate colour, and Spanish fly green. The black velvet bonnet still maintained its station for the promenade: in the carriage it was relieved by a plume of white marabout feathers. The trimmings at the borders of dresses, which had been for some time preposterously heavy, began this month to be distinguished for their lightness, and consequent elegance; while the waists and skirts became of a proportionate and proper length. The morning *cornettes* were very plain, and the home head-dresses were not becoming. The turbans were in the Turkish style, made of white satin and Oriental crape; they were truly classical, except that the crescent was not placed in front, where it ought to be, but just above the ear. Young ladies wore the beautiful and appropriate head-dress, so adapted to their early age, of a wreath of flowers, with a few ears of corn, formed of pearls. The jewellery was all arranged in the Oriental style. Eastern diadems of pearls, and pearl necklaces, with a cross of Malta, formed of topazes.

At Paris, the severe cold still made the Spring fashions tardy in their appearance. Chinchilla tippets and fur caps were very prevalent in the different promenades, and even the white satin carriage hats were lined with fire colour, and ornamented with velvet flowers of a correspondent colour. Black dresses were worn for home costume, and at the theatres, with coloured ornaments; and ball dresses were chiefly of Iris gauze or *tulle*. The hair was arranged *à la Cérès*, with ears of corn; but the curls bore a disagreeable and woolly appearance, by being craped before they were curled. The favourite ball head-dress was composed of a multitude of little flame-coloured feathers, forming a diadem, with a bunch of currants at the base; the leaves of green gauze, with gold currants. Gauze handkerchiefs were thrown over the shoulders while dancing; they were richly embroidered in gold or silver lama at each corner. The bracelets were made of horse hair, dyed green, and represented a serpent, with its tail in its mouth; the head was finely enamelled, and the eyes made of small rubies. The mantles were all clasped with gold, in various devices.

The month of April, though it came in rather chilly, yet reminded our *marchandes des modes*, who were most eminent for taste, that they must usher in the Spring fashions, for it was not likely that the wind would continue easterly for any length of time. Accordingly, delicately white cambric and India muslin dresses were seen on the fair forms of the young and gay, with a beautiful Spring mantle, the colour of the Ceylon ruby. A new kind of bonnet also made its appearance, but did not please universally; the crown was like the caps worn by the Chinese mandarins, whence it obtained the appellation of the

this crown with a paint brush, they substituted, with the art of Raphael, an equally large representation of that utensil of domestic comfort which, if the Greeks speak truth, Xantippe once took the liberty of throwing at the head of Socrates, who, be it remembered, at that moment possessed the best head in Europe, without any exception. The carriage of Jerome drove about the next, and part of the succeeding day, without any of his suite or attendants discovering, or at least revealing the hoax; and when it was revealed to the master, he had the good sense to enjoy, or at least to pretend to enjoy, what he knew he had not the means to resent.

We have hitherto spoken only of the amusement and information which the reader would derive from the perusal of these volumes; we must now, therefore, speak of the *consolation* which they are calculated to afford him, that is to say, if he have the good fortune to be a plebeian; for reading the inconsistencies relative to claims of precedence, and reflecting upon the countless anxieties of such disputed pretensions, and the mortification of feudal disappointment; reverting moreover to the numerous absurd and ridiculous minutiæ that have so often given rise to contention between the possessors of titles and heraldic honours, we are convinced that every man who is sufficiently wise to consider rational enjoyment the great object of existence, will feel any thing but respect or desire for such "baubles of fame."

Happy is it for the great body of mankind, and for the cause of moral and political perfectibility, that the wealth and intelligence diffused through the middle classes of society have reduced all heraldic consistencies, as well as heraldic anomalies "to mere objects of personal pride or of political insignificance. That the *nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus* should be a maxim pervading public and private life, is "a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

Ringan Gilhaize; or The Covenanters. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "The Entail," &c. 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1823.

In the present day, when, at least in polished society, political and religious feelings are but rarely allowed to exacerbate each other; when, even as respects religion itself, the mass of mankind may be said to worship their God, rather in dull conformity with prescribed rules than in the fervent simplicity of unsophisticated nature, it is difficult to comprehend or enter into the spirit of those wild devotions, that sublime energy, that martyr-like firmness and determination, by which the ancient Scotch covenanters were so eminently distinguished. Imagination seems to flag in attempting to behold them, as they were—"proscribed, outlawed, hunted down like wild beasts; lurking in dens and caves, and lifting up their voices in enthusiastic devotion on the hill-side, or the desert, beneath the inclement skies, or amidst the roar of the water-fall, clinging, amidst want, and famine, and torture, to their covenant, with a constancy and single-mindedness which almost tired the malice of their enemies, and which commands our sympathy and admiration, while we detest *their fanaticism*, and the sanguinary spirit which it engendered." Perhaps one of the most faithful, one of the most vivid pictures which the pencil of history ever pourtrayed, is that which Bishop Burnet has given of the character, the manners, the sufferings, and the conduct of these men. Of the Bishop's work, and of some less generally known publications which we could point out, the author of "*Old Mortality*" has most happily availed himself. In that impressive romance of real life, he has transported us back into the administration of that bold bad man, the Duke of Lauderdale; of that man, who, in fury of mind and wickedness of heart, invoked his God for the rebellion of the Scotch, that he might "bring over an army of Irish Papists to cut their throats;" of that man, who, after the Highlanders had been sent into the west to live on free quarter, and the gentlemen of the country had refused to deliver up their arms upon oath, or submit to keep no horse above the value of £14, suffered himself to be put into "such a phrenzy, that, at council-table, he

made bare his arms above his elbow, and swore by Jehovah he would make them enter into those bonds!" In the lively representation of such scenes, the popular writer of whom we are speaking may truly be said to make "forgotten generations live again."

To venture upon ground thus occupied was a delicate and a daring task. True genius, however, is not easily daunted; and, in the present instance, we think we may fairly congratulate the author of "Sir Andrew Wylie" upon his success. In the self-written memoirs of Ringan Gilhaize, and of his father and grandfather, he has carried us back to the origin of the religious persecutions in Scotland, in the days of John Knox; and he has presented us with a continuous narrative from that period, to the death of Claverhouse, Lord Viscount Dundee, at the epoch of the Revolution. Gilhaize, the grandfather, is from his youth attached to the service of the old Earl of Glencairn, and a devoted, active, pious partizan of the reformers. The plot, however, is nothing. We are apprehensive that our fair readers will think we are keeping them too long from an introduction to the work itself: instead, therefore, of sketching the fable, or of presenting a tedious analysis, we shall content ourselves with transcribing, here and there, a striking passage.

The landing of Queen Mary, that loveliest vision of the historic page, on her arrival from France, is thus described:—

Alas! it was an ill-omened landing. Few were spectators, and none cheered the solitary lady, who, as she looked around and heard no loyal greeting, nor beheld any show of hospitable welcome, seemed to feel as if the spirit of the land was sullen at her approach, and grudged at her return to the dark abodes of her fierce ancestors. In all the way from Leith to Holyrood, she never spoke, but the tear was in her eye, and the sigh in her bosom; and though her people gathered, when it was known she had landed, and began at last to shout, it was over late to prevent the mournful forebodings which taught her to expect but disappointments and sorrows from subjects so torn with their own factions, as to lack even the courtesies due to their sovereign, a stranger, and the fairest lady of all her time.

Mary is thus more sweetly pourtrayed:—

The queen was on the upland when they drew near to the field, and on seeing them approach, she came ambling towards them, moving in her beauty, as my grandfather often delighted to say, like a fair rose caressed by the soft gales of the summer. A smile was in her eye, and it brighted on her countenance like the beam of something more lovely than light; the glow, as it were, of a spirit conscious of its power, and which had graced itself with all its enchantments to conquer some stubborn heart. Even the Earl of Murray was struck with the unwonted splendour of her that was ever deemed so surpassing fair; and John Knox said, with a sigh, 'The MAKER had indeed taken gracious pains with the goodly fashion of such perishable clay.'

With this, what a contrast is formed by the return of Mary to her capital, after her flight with Bothwell, and her subsequent surrender to the covenanters, at Carberry-hill:—

On the banner of the league was depicted the corpse of the murdered king her husband lying under a tree, with the young prince, his son, kneeling before it; and the motto was, 'Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!' The standard-bearer rode with it immediately before the horse on which she sat, weeping and wild, and covered with dust, and as often as she raised her distracted eyes, the apparition of the murder in the flag fluttered in her face. In vain she supplicated pity; yells and howls were all the answers she received, and volleys of execrations came from the populace, with 'Burn her; burn her; bloody murdress! Let her not live!'

We stop not to repel the foul calumny with which the memory of Mary has been stained, in charging her with the murder of Darnley; nor do we feel it necessary, in this place, to lay bare, with the critical scalping knife, the true character of that sturdy and bitter-souled reformer, John Knox. In perusing these volumes, it must ever be borne in mind that they assume to be written by a covenanter, and in the full faith of that inspiration which exalted its own heroes into demi-gods, and sunk its opponents into demons. John Knox, or rather the author of Ringan Gilhaize, appears to great advantage in the subjoined excerpt. The dreadful tidings of the massacre of the Protestants in France, on the festival of St. Bartholomew, produced "a terrifying solemnity in the streets of Edinburgh; and on the ensuing sabbath, three

mandarin bonnet. For the evening full dress, the gowns continued to be made of light coloured satin; the prevailing colours pink or celestial blue; the hair arranged in the Milanese fashion, with a Grecian bandeau enriched with pearls. Rich shawls of double levantine, with broad variegated borders, were worn over high dresses of poplin or *gros de Naples,* for the carriage and for the promenade; though the fur tippet was not entirely laid aside. A large hat, in the Mary Stuart shape, placed very much on one side, was a becoming head covering for young people; but these hats required some beauty of countenance. The bonnets were chiefly of white figured *gros de Naples,* and were more ornamented with feathers than flowers. The gowns were made in the wrapping style over the bust; and indeed the evening dresses evinced a chaste simplicity. During the season of Lent, black was more worn than we have seen it for some time during that sacred season; this fashion we could not but approve, because it was confined to home costume, and not carried to pharisaical excess: for dresses of light and lively colours, with flounces of white blond, prevailed much at evening visits and dinner parties.

The cornettes for *déshabille* were ornamented this month with a profusion of ribbon. Greek and Malabar turbans were worn by middle-aged ladies, and we hope never to see them thrown aside: they are ever genteel, truly becoming both to their time of life and to the countenance of almost every female; these were adorned in evening dress with a few pearls, and jet or bugles if in mourning, and sometimes a plume of feathers. The jewellery this month was superb; rubies, pearls, chrysolites, and brilliants: indeed, many ladies wore tassels of pearls on their shoes, instead of rosettes, when in full dress.

The Spring set in at Paris rather warmer than with us. Over a high dress of silk a scarf was twisted in elegant folds, more for shew than use; the bonnets were of light green, ornamented with bunches of the Persian lilac. The gowns for half dress were made low, with a *bouffont* drapery over the bust of silk netting. A new and beautiful dress, called the sultana tunique, was invented this month; and we expected to see, amongst our English imitators of foreign fashions, that we should have followed one so light and gay; but it was suffered to pass almost unnoticed: we suppose the English ladies were fearful that it would be thought they had revived the curricle dresses so long in favour; but this was totally different, and had rather more the appearance of the short Polonese robe; notwithstanding this faint similitude, the sultana tunique was original in its kind. Ball dresses were made of *Crêpe lisse,* flock gauze, and other light articles, trimmed with flowers, *rosaces* of satin, and pearls, intermingled with little plumes of feathers. The bodies of gowns were made with the becoming *bouffont* drapery crossed over the bust; the ball dresses were all made very short. The Russian toque of green velvet, with a hussar's band and long tassels depending, was a favourite head-dress; the caps were ornamented with tulips, sweet peas, and other flowers; married ladies wore turbans. Flame colour was as much in request as *ponçeau* was some time ago; and feathers of the former colour were spread out like a fan, and *blazed* in the front of white satin dress hats. Wreaths of oak, the leaves silver and the acorns gold, were much in favour: but they were only becoming to a very few. Wheat-sheaves of diamonds were worn in *grande costume,* and seemed to issue from a cluster of hair, dressed in very large curls. The Basque caps, which are truly becoming, had the lower part richly embroidered with pearls. The clasps which fastened the necklaces formed two hands united; they held up a knot of gold, from which hung a cross, made of some valuable gem. No hair was now to be seen in the nape of the neck; the temples were, however, plentifully furnished with curls. Glauvina pins of gold were worn on the summit of the head. The ridiculous fashion of wearing rings over the gloves was partially displayed this month.

We now come to the delightful month of MAY; which was, indeed, delightful, and most cheering in its commencement; promising, from a tardy spring, a plentiful summer. Fashion now fixed, for a while, her court in the metropolis: balls, routs, concerts, the Opera, every elegant amusement was prepared for the goddess and her votaries. The ball dresses were of lace, over white satin; and the white ostrich plume waved gracefully over the glossy tresses of the British fair. *Vide* an engraving of an elegant ball dress for May, No. 174.

The morning home costume, for receiving early visits, was of light coloured, figured *Gros de Naples,* which was trimmed in a novel style *à l'Indostan:* leaves of the Indian lotos, in satin, formed the ornament at the top of the long sleeves, and the whole dress was remarkable for its chaste simplicity. *Vide* a fine engraving of a morning dress for May, No. 174.

The fur tippet had now vanished, and a few spencers appeared; but there was nothing decisive yet marked out, either for them or the new summer hats. The dresses were trimmed in various ways, scarce two were seen alike; but all were ornamented in a more light

simple manner than they had been for some time past.

White dresses were by no means general this month: but frocks of white Italian net, trimmed with coloured satin, were much worn by young ladies, at social and domestic parties; and early Spring flowers ornamented their fine net ball dresses: black lace dresses, over bright coloured satins, were very prevalent for evening dress. The cornettes were large, and more stylish and indicative of fashion than they were becoming. Fancy flowers were more admired than those imitating nature. The waist was encircled with an elastic belt of polished steel; the most favourite bracelets were of gold, beautifully wrought, six rows forming one wide bracelet.

In Paris, a short pelisse, descending no lower than the knee, was extremely fashionable; the evening dress-party robes were of crape trimmed with lace: printed cambrics and muslins were very prevalent for in-door costume. The *cornette* worn with them was of fine lace, simply tied with a rich broad ribbon. An ugly fashion prevailed this month in the placing of wreaths of flowers on the hair; there were three rows, resembling a horse shoe. The college caps of white satin required a pretty face underneath; and to a youthful one they gave a pleasing archness by their having an aigrette placed just above the left ear. Gold ornaments were much worn in half dress; and rubies and pearls, with large convent crosses of the same, in the evening.

For the month of JUNE, we find the dresses half low, with demi trains; the waists shorter than formerly. Bonnets of white figured *gros de Naples* prevailed. Over the shoulders was carelessly thrown, when the weather was warm, a party-coloured handkerchief of curious fabrication; it appeared like the paper net cuttings for a *filet de mouches*; it had, in its different shades, a beautiful and truly novel effect; turbans of this article are extremely elegant. The hats worn at the Opera were all of the Spanish form, with full plumes of white marabout, ostrich, or vultures' feathers. Hats also of coloured gauze are much in favour at the King's Theatre; the white feathers worn with these are all tipped at the ends with the same colour as the hat.

Notwithstanding the promising appearance of the weather, white dresses came but slowly into favour amongst our fair countrywomen, who seem to confine the adoption of them to their rural residences: we think they are right—there they preserve their snowy hue; while, during the stay of the higher classes in the metropolis, they laudably encourage the silk manufactures; for silks of the most beautiful summer hues were now seen to cheer the [illegible] with the most delightful variety. The pe[illegible] were made in the most chaste and elegant style; and reckoned most genteel when simply fastening down the front without any trimming on the skirt; the busts, however, were handsomely ornamented; the mancherons as simple as possible. Veils, both white and black, were universal.

In Paris, streamers are much worn on hats: they are by no means an attractive ornament; but the French, like the Athenians, must have something new: they now *clasp* their shoes instead of wearing rosettes or buckles: and this is truly an *enfantilage*, which adds nothing to the beauty of the foot. Paris is now beginning to thin, but it is not deserted. many go but to the distance of a few leagues; they frequently visit the capital for a day or two, and return again; we shall catch them as they fly, and faithfully report to our fair readers every fashionable change that takes place in the French metropolis.

Our last accounts from Paris inform us that crape hats of delicate Spring colours, ornamented with flowers, are now the most prevailing mode; the bonnets are shaped like the wings of a bat, and the ribbons that are laid on the brim are formed in the same manner: the bonnets for walking are of white *gros de Naples*, made quite plain. Ball dresses are of coloured *tulle* or *crêpe lisse*; the sleeves very short and full, and finished round the arm by a narrow quilling of lace. On the corsage are numerous *rouleaux* of satin, in form of a fan. The hair is much elevated on the summit of the head, and formed of plaits, held together by a comb, and the remainder ornamented with wreaths of hawthorn, lilac, and lilies of the valley. The new cachemire shawls are far from handsome; they are bordered with rows of blue stripes, on a white ground.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY COX AND BAYLIS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

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